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THE FLOWING ROAD

A RECORD OF THE PERFECT HOLIDAY OF AN AUTOMOBILE JOURNEY OF 1,300 MILES, THROUGH FIVE COUNTRIES, ACROSS TWELVE FRONTIERS, AND OVER FIVE ALPINE PASSES

By Henry Norman, M. P.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

IT was within a few days of the close of the session of Parliament. Party passion had run high and had ebbed, leaving everybody cross and exhausted. Only formal business remained, but the Whips were keeping us all strictly in attendance, on the chance that the Government might once more be caught napping. The members' smoking-room of the House was hotter and stuffier than usual, and the smell of the kitchen below, which is never absent from it, seemed greasier than ever. The rattle of the Irish members' draughts, the heavy sighs of the poring chess-players, the petulant calls of "Collins!" for refreshment, rasped one's tired nerves. Over it all lay the crushing reflection that six precious months of life had been virtually wasted so far as concerned legislation and the public weal. There was to be another late sitting, with the prospect of getting home at daybreak after four or five hours' purposeless sauntering through the stifling division lobbies. How tired one was! And how one longed for field or moor or sea! I had, for once, no plan, and was wearily wondering where my holiday was to be, and if I were not too tired even to take the trouble to make one. The world is a dull place.

The glass door swung open and an official messenger, with the gold badge of Mercury hanging over his waistcoat, entered and looked round. He had a handful of visitors' cards and letters and telegrams for members. His eye fell upon me and he walked across and handed me a telegram. It was from Paris.

Will you join us in automobile tour to Italian lakes. Please arrange necessary papers for Swiss, Italian, and Austrian frontiers. Greatly hope you can come.

Did I say the world was a dull place? What a foolish remark! One may be, as Professor Darwin says, a microscopic being living on a puny planet circling round an inferior star, but all the same the world is a gay, sweet home, where joy lies in ambush round every corner. Would I motor to the Italian lakes? Would a bird stretch its throat at dawn and sing? Would a bee wing to a clover-field? Would water run down-hill? The open road, the rush of vitalizing air, the delicious thrill of silent speed, the instant response of almost living mechanism to touch of hand and foot, the sunny vineyards, the Alpine pass, the purple waters, the *Asti spumante* under gray-green olive-trees—why, one might, perhaps, get to Venice, and—what a thought!—it might even be possible to motor over the terrible Stelvio, the highest carriage-road in Europe. I walked straight across the lobby to the telegraph office.

The invitation was from American friends who take a house every summer about ten

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miles from Paris. Madame is an enthusiastic automobilist, and she had hitherto always hired a car for the summer—a costly and unsatisfactory proceeding. But last autumn Monsieur had requested me to buy and get ready for her by spring an automobile of her own. It was to have a large tonneau, to be powerful and fast, to carry six or seven people and luggage, and, Madame added, it was to be upholstered in green leather and painted dark green with a very narrow red line. Beyond these matters, and the private injunction that it should be the best that money could buy, all was left to me. In this, it will be no boast to say, Monsieur acted with his invariable good sense. Nothing is to be gained, and much lost, by a man without technical knowledge attempting to make one of the most difficult purchases possible. A man would not select his own electric-light plant or pumping installation, yet these are simple compared with the mechanism of an automobile. The non-technical buyer either follows his own judgment, and consequently often has a costly car to sell after a few months at scrap-iron prices; or his wife chooses a car because its brasswork is bright and its seats comfortable; or he is entirely in the hands of a dealer, who naturally knows of but one good car—the one he has to sell at the moment. I accepted the commission with alacrity, not only from the desire to render any service to my friends, but also because when one cannot afford to buy a car regardless of cost for oneself, the next best thing is to buy it, with a free hand, for somebody else. So at the winter Paris Automobile Show I spent several days in examining the new types for the coming year (for as the car was for use in France it was clearly best to buy a French one), I decided upon what seemed to me the best, I spent a morning at the makers' works, to satisfy myself that the unseen construction was right and conscientious, and then I placed an order for the first *chassis*—that is, the car without any coach-builder's work—to be delivered in 1905. Some readers may like to know that this cost 22,300 francs

Our first glimpse of Lake Neuchâtel.

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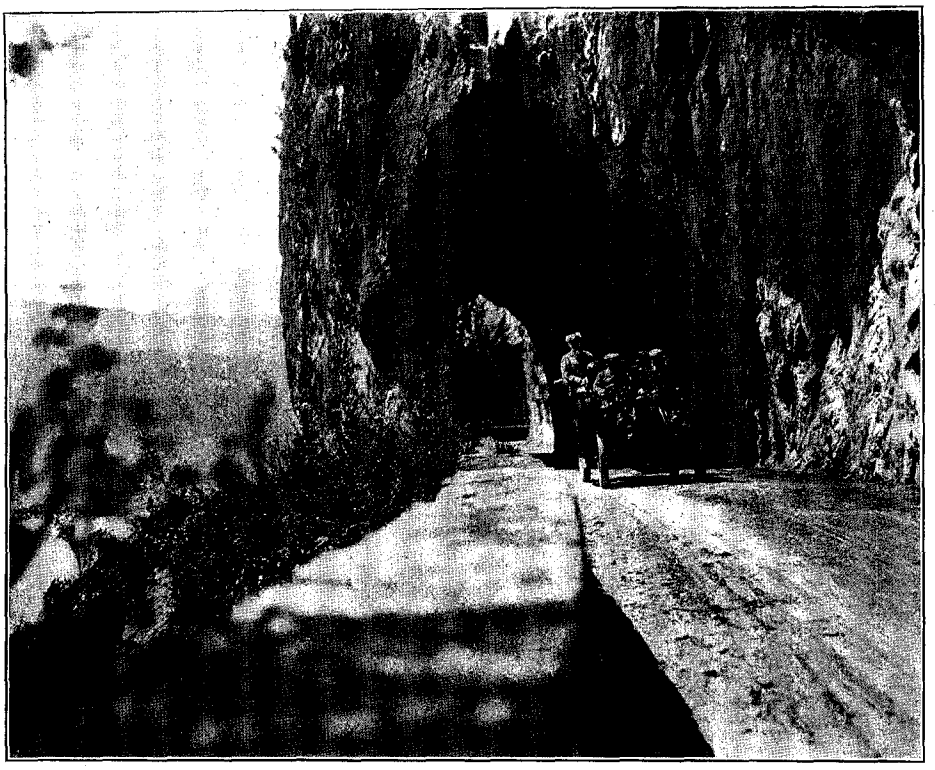
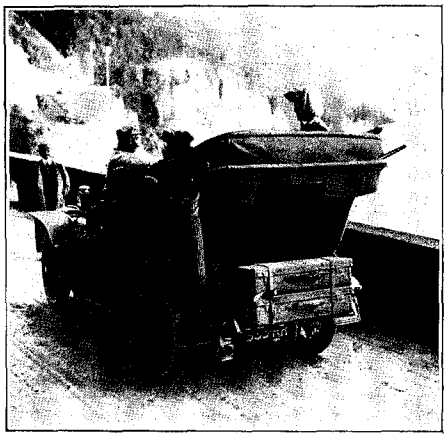


Through the rock tunnels of Lake Neuchâtel.

and that before it was delivered I was offered £100 premium for my claim to it. I tested it upon the road, with a couple of old seats nailed on, caused a few alterations to be made, and sent it to the coach-builders, where the body in the rough was awaiting it. As soon as this was fixed in place, and before any permanent upholstery or painting and varnishing had been done, I drove it for a fortnight—hard. It made no more noise than a cat on a hearth-rug, it responded to movement of lever and touch of pedal like a thoroughbred to turn of heel or pressure of knee, and on deserted roads in the early morning I speeded it at fifty-six miles an hour. I was determined



Our car in travelling trim.

that if there were anything in it to break or get out of order, it should do so then, and not later, to imperil my friends or interrupt their holiday. These tests over, I drove it down to my own workshop in the country, made a few necessary adjustments, fitted it with a number of accessories—a petrol gauge in view of the driver, a petrol filler on the dash-board, that the front passenger might not be disturbed when more gasoline was needed, an electric horn, an electric cigar-lighter, etc., and a complete system of electric lighting. Then it went back to the coach-builders.

The advantage of such a course is that

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no mechanical adjustment of the machinery has to be done when the upholstery is brand new and the paint is spick and span. A finished car sent back to the workshop is always dirtied by greasy hands and by tools being laid upon the cushions, and usually the varnish is scratched. In the result I had the pleasure of meeting my friends at Euston Station in May, with an automobile thoroughly tested on the road, tuned up to perfect pitch, and yet spotlessly fresh from the coach-builders' shop. I think it was the best touring car in Europe at that time. Madame was pleased to express her unqualified approval, and it has since run 9,000 miles without a mechanical fault worth mentioning.

This was the car to take me to the Italian lakes, in delightful company, and the invitation meant that I was to drive it when I wished. The prospect was enchanting.

At the foot of the Monk, Scheidegg

A week later, on a blazing August day, we started—Monsieur, Madame, her daughter, her maid, the chauffeur, and myself. All our luggage for a month was strapped behind in three light automobile trunks, which fitted the car in shape and matched it in color; we carried three spare tires, three cameras, a complete set of maps and guides, and coats for Italian heat and Alpine cold. We were absolutely independent; we needed nothing that we did not carry; we were prepared for any weather; we could go thousands of miles just where we liked and stop when we liked. The whole of Europe was before us, for, as Stevenson says, "the long roads our home we made," careless whither they led, sure only of one thing—that, as Master Gauger sings—

> One and all, or high or low,
> Will lead us where we wish to go;
> And one and all go night and day
> Over the hills and far away.

I do not propose to describe our journey from day to day, or to follow our route from place to place. In the first place, space would not permit this, and in the second, the result would be but a sort of superior guide-book. I wish only to show what a month's holiday in Europe with an automobile may be, what a vast field of beauty and interest it may cover, how incomparably it surpasses any other form of travel on land. Very few people appreciate this; we had no notion of the pleasure we were to enjoy. But to give a connected idea of our journey, and as a thread upon which to string the separate parts of my story, our route had better be outlined here. We left my friends' house, near Paris, therefore, drove through Fontainebleau, Bar-sur-Aube, Chaumont, and Besançon to Pontarlier, where we crossed the Swiss frontier, to Neuchâtel. Thence we proceeded to Berne, Interlaken, over the Brünig Pass, round the lake to Lucerne and on to Goeschenen, at the foot of the St. Gothard Pass, which we crossed to Airolo, Bellinzona, and Lugano, on Lake Maggiore. Thence across the Italian frontier to Como and Milan. There we took train to Venice, and returned after several days to Brescia, whence we drove

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The wonderful road round Lake Iseo. (Notice the car).

along the eastern shore of Lake Iseo, over the Aprica Pass, through Bormio, and over the famous and difficult Stelvio Pass, then over the Arlberg Pass, and through the Austrian Tyrol. Thence across the end of southern Germany at Altkirch back into Switzerland, which we crossed again by St. Gallen, Zürich, and Bâle, back into France at Belfort, and home to Paris by Lure, Vesoul, Chaumont, and Troyes. The general line of our route was planned beforehand, but departed from whenever a more attractive way presented itself. We went fast or slowly, according to circumstances, we put up at night wherever we came to a pleasant place, at several points we halted for two and three days, our total distance covered was over 1,300 miles, and we were absent rather less than a month. Our route took us into five countries, across twelve frontiers, and over five Alpine passes.

Paris has not the dreadful and interminable suburbs of London, but when you live twelve miles to the northwest of it and your route lies to the southeast, it is better to go the long way round rather than to cross the city—especially when your car has a very long wheel-base and weighs, with its passengers and baggage, two tons and a quarter. So we had been travelling for three hours before we were sixty kilometres from Paris and at Melun for *déjeuner*. Motoring in France was not new to any of us, but its charm never fades. France is of all the world the country of the automobilist. The roads are marvellous, to begin with—their surface perfect, accurate sign-boards and milestones all the way, often as straight as a line for many miles, and nearly always shaded by avenues of poplars or willows, planted, however, chiefly to bind together the soil at the edges. Then, the beauties of French scenery are not at all appreciated by foreigners tied to the railways, and with the changing scenes come ever changes of the occupations, the interests, even the characters of the inhabitants. The country hotels, too, are so good, the simple food so excellent, and their owners have such a friendly welcome for the passing traveller. Finally, the motorist is regarded not only with interest, but with approval. He brings money to spend, his appearance breaks the monotony of rural life, and even the laboring peasant understands that the splendid vehicles flying by represent a triumph of French mechanical genius and a vast and growing national industry. At the entrance to every town and village there is a conspicuous notice calling upon the chauffeur to observe a strict speed limit, but in the

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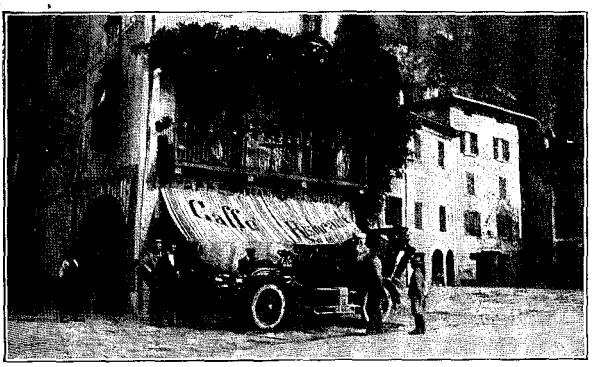
open country you may go as fast as you like, with, of course, responsibility for any harm you do or cause. The law in France pursues the motorist with a leaden heel, but when it does catch him it strikes, as the Irishman said, with an iron toe—which is, after all, what ought to be. I know no greater sense of freedom on land than comes when one is well started upon a long automobile journey in France.

Our thoughts were flying southward faster



A stop for refreshment at Iseo.

even than our car, so we made the best time we could through Provins, that "little Acropolis," as Miss Betham-Edwards calls it, with its great twelfth-century tower, its thirteenth-century ramparts with the "English breach" of 1432 in them, and famous the world over for the crimson roses which the returning Crusaders first planted there; across the plain of the Aube to the valley of the Seine at Troyes, where our "Troy weight" comes from, where the treaty which followed Agincourt was signed, and whence the Edict of Nantes drove its best inhabitants; to Bar-sur-Aube, in the pleasant valley of that river, where the Allies won the victory which prepared the way for Waterloo a year later. Next day through Chaumont, where the Allies made their treaty against Napoleon after the battle; Langres, high up above the Marne; Gray, looking down upon the Saône; and to Besançon, the Roman city lying in the arm of the Doubs, so old that Cæsar's description of it still holds good, so modern that every hill bears one of the forts which constitute it a first-class fortress, and where the Rhine and the Rhone meet in a tunnel. Here we spent our second night, and enjoyed the elaborate baths which are beginning to attract many visitors. It is an exquisitely situated spot, almost theatrically pretty with its bright red roofs in the bright green valley.

In less than a day and a half we had thus driven about 275 miles. "What a rush!" the reader may exclaim. "How could you possibly see or enjoy anything, dashing along always at full speed? A queer kind of holiday!" This is the invariable comment of the non-motorist, and it sounds plausible enough. As a matter of fact, it is made in simple ignorance—based upon a complete misunderstanding. I may pause for a moment, therefore, to deal with it.

What we met in Tirano.

There are two ways of seeing a country: to see it in bits, or to see it as a whole. The former is the old way; the latter is the automobilist's way. In the old way, you took train to a certain spot and went to an hotel. Next day you walked or cycled or drove to the various sights of the neighborhood—on one day, to the cathedral and a picture gallery or two; on the next to some churches and the museum, and bought the local curiosities; on the next to the ruins and a waterfall, and so on. In the evenings you listened to the band, or danced, or played at *petits chevaux*. Almost all your meals you took at the same hotel. Perhaps you re-

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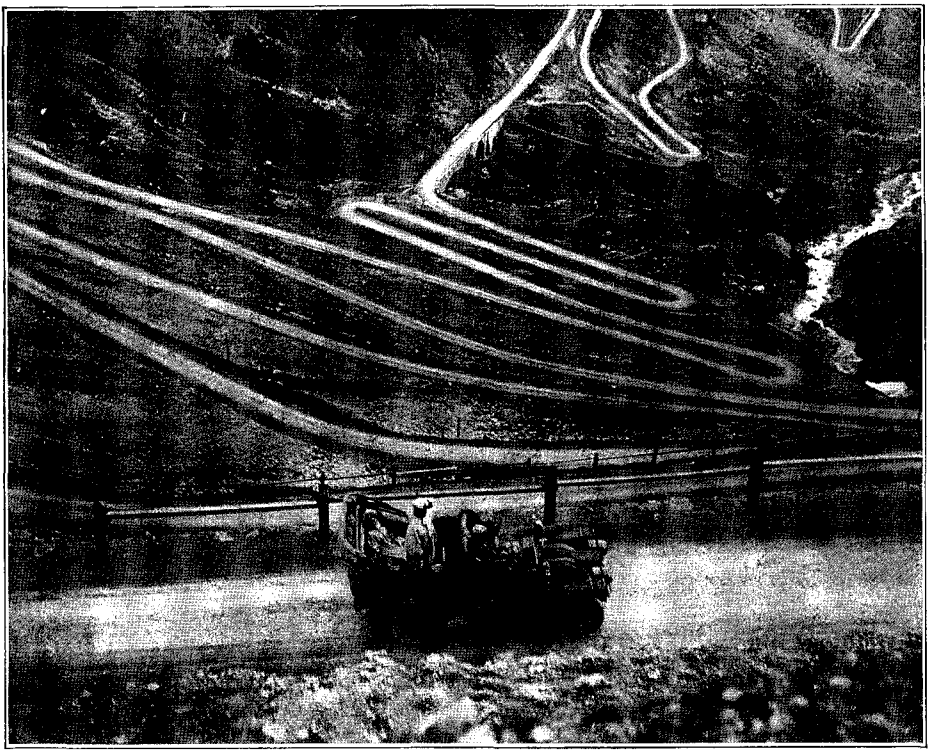

The road up the Stelvio Pass.

The road ascends toward the foreground by all these turns. The automobile is at the highest visible point of the road, which was photographed from the hillside above it. A curious effect in perspective.

peated the process at another place, or you may have gone from place to place, with two cabs and a railway journey, during which you read the papers, between each. All the time you were surrounded by your own compatriots doing the same thing. Then you came home and said you had spent your holiday "in France," or "in Germany." Not at all. Practically you had spent it in several little bits of France or Germany, under the conditions of life, and for much of the time hearing and speaking the language, you had left behind at home.

The new way is absolutely different, both in object and in method. You do not go to "do" places or picture galleries; you go to see what a foreign country really is, how it differs from other portions of the earth's surface, what its topography makes it, what its industries and crops and architecture and climate are, how its people live, how they differ from one another in different parts, what are their manners and thoughts and interests. Instead of the dull monotony of the railway, you have the life of the Open Road, you pass through hundreds of villages off the main track and through a score of little towns where the foreigner is almost unknown; you stay in hotels where you meet only the people of the country, and if you know their language you learn more of that country in a month than a year in its cosmopolitan capital would teach you. Instead of detailed recollections, you carry away broad ideas of land and people. For many years I thought I knew France well; in reality, I have only begun to know it since I have motored often through it. Thus on this trip, from the suburbs of Paris, which you see in no other way, we motored through mile after mile of forest, then came the long gray river valleys, then the great pastoral stretch, then the vineland and the hills upon which the vines grow, with the mountains gradually appearing behind and beyond. It was an epitome of France. Now when we say "France," we see it unrolled before us like a pictured scroll; we bring it

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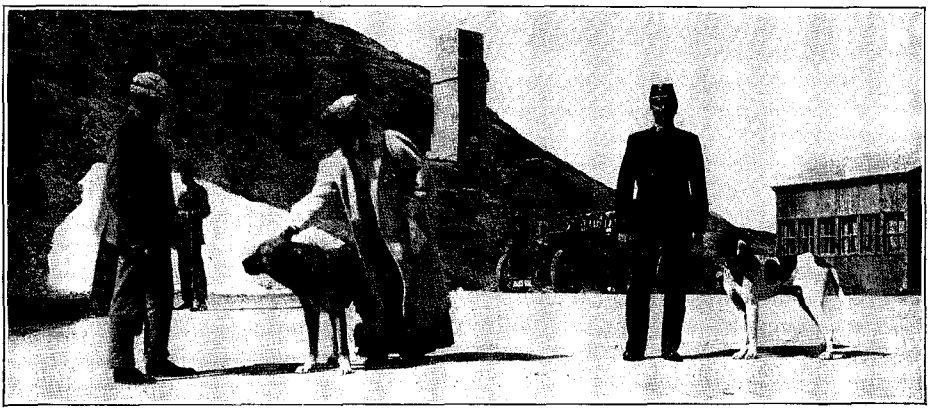
to mind, not in detached bits, but as a living unity. To "see life steadily, and see it whole," was Matthew Arnold's ethical aspiration. That is how the motorist sees the land he traverses. His teacher is the road: a road is the most interesting and instructive thing on earth. It is the chain that binds a country together; it is the artery along which the life-blood of a people flows; it is the story of their past, the exhibition of their present, the presage of their future. It is the book of humanity with a picture and a story and a lesson on every page. The history of Rome is in her roads. Once know and love the road, and you can tolerate no other transit. Too fast? Read the wonderful poem W. E. Henley wrote after a friend's motor-car had revealed England to him:

> Speed, and the range of God's skies,
> Distances, changes, surprises;
> Speed, and the hug of God's winds,
> Beautiful, whimsical, wonderful.
>
> Speed, and the lap
> Of the Land that you know
> For the first time (it seems),
> As you push through the maze
> Of her beauties and privacies.

Read the whole of this "imperishable poem," as William Archer calls it (I had the privilege of giving it to the public), and never talk to me again of "going too fast to see anything." It is just because we go fast that we see everything.

Next morning early we lifted our eyes to the hills, and were soon climbing to the central plateau of the Jura Mountains. By breakfast-time we had covered the sixty kilometres and risen the 2,000 feet to the French frontier at Pontarlier, where the great asphalt deposits of the Val de Travers are, and whence the famous absinthe distillery spreads its green poison over France. Five minutes farther brought us to the Swiss frontier, and the first of the twelve custom-houses we passed through. The process used to be a tedious and worrying one, for several countries charge customs duties according to the weight of the car, so its exact weight had to be known every time, and as the small bureaus have no big scales, it was necessary to go through an important one, often off your route, unless you could provide yourself with a highly-certified official certificate of weight. But the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland has enormously simplified the matter, at least for France, Italy, Switzerland, and Germany. Your car is weighed in London, and all the details of its engine, body construction, and color supplied to the club official, and then for each country a *triptyque* is issued to you on your depositing with the club the amount of the customs duties in each case. This consists of a four-fold paper, the first part retained by the club, the second detached and retained by the customs officer when you enter the foreign country, the third detached and retained when you leave that country, and the last, bearing the official stamps of entry and exit, returned by you to the club on your return, when the sum deposited is refunded



The guardian of the lofty frontier: the Austrian customs officer and his watch-dogs.

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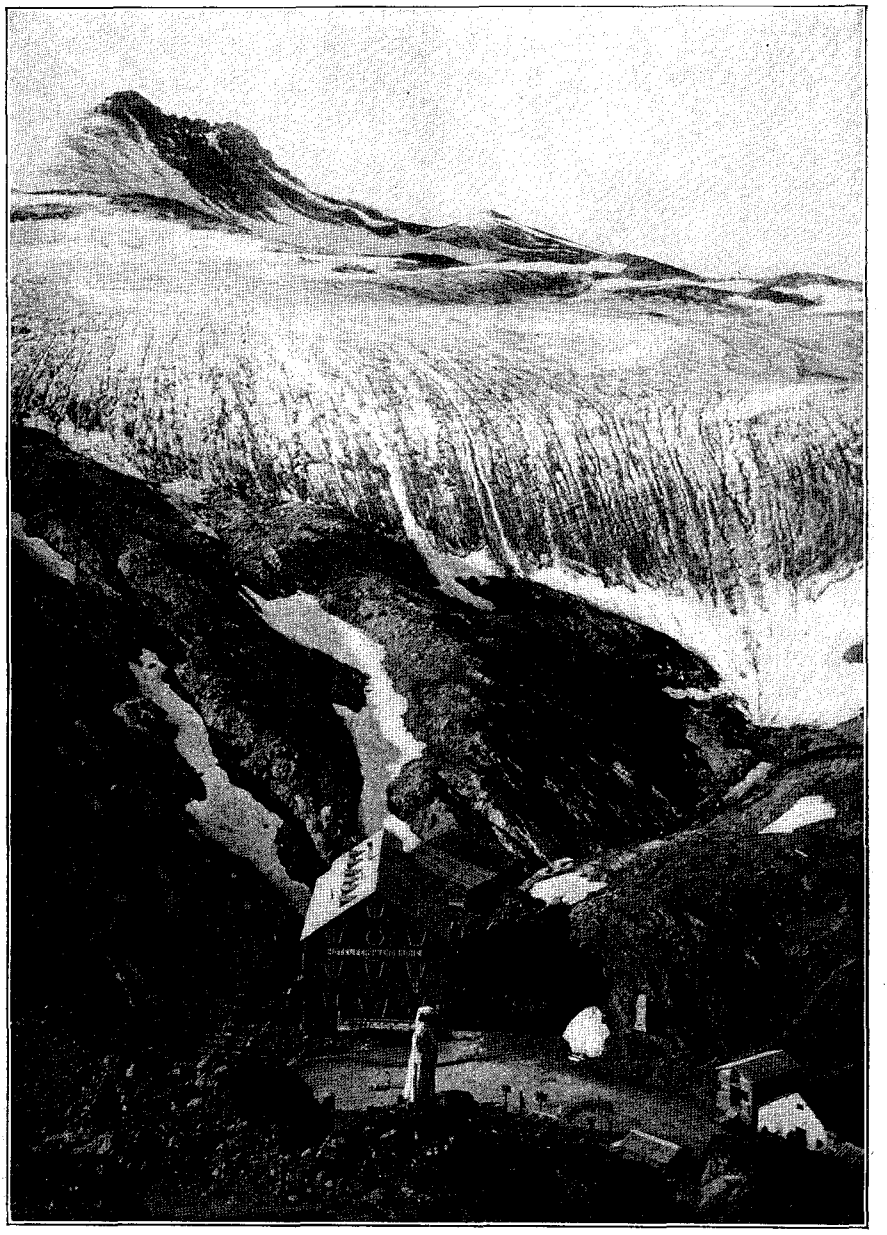

The top of the Stelvio Pass.

Nearly 10,000 feet above sea-level. The road shown is the highest carriage road in Europe. The boundary post on the right of the road marks the frontier between Italy and Austria, and the summit of the Pass. The Madratsch glacier in the background. In the little hotel is the Austrian customs office. This photograph was taken from a small peak opposite.

to you *minus* a trifling fee. There is thus no weighing or paying to be done abroad. An official verifies the number and identification marks, affixes a lead seal, makes a record in his book, which you sign, and you are free to proceed.

We entered Switzerland at Meudon, Italy at Chiasso, Austria at Stelvio, Switzerland again at St. Margreten and quitted it at Liesbüchel; entered Germany at St. Ludwig and left it at Altmünsterol (which was Montreux Vieux when Alsace was French),

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"A hard road to travel."
Our way down the Stelvio as we saw it on looking over the edge towards Austria.

and re-entered France at Montreux Château. As the duties are fairly high (nothing like the United States prohibitive duty, which results in America being behind the times in automobile construction, whereas England, where there is no duty, and therefore free competition, has almost caught up France and bids fair to surpass her before long), amounting on an average to about £20 ($100), there is sometimes this embarrassment, that if you cross the frontier by a small customs-house and without a *triptyque* the officer has not enough money to refund the deposit you made on entering This happened to us in Germany, which we tried to leave at a village called Meiringen. There the official told us that not only had he no money, but that the Government already owed him a hundred marks! So we had to retrace our steps and leave by a main road bureau an hour's drive away. On the whole, however, we had no difficulty of any kind. The officials were most courteous and friendly, and at Chiasso, where the Italian officers made us pay duty on the petrol in our tank they took our word for the amount of it, and politely waved us away when we exhibited our cigars. And this, although in front of us other officials were searching the pockets of peasants on foot before letting them through the gates into Italy! But American automobilists intending to tour in Europe should not fail to join the Automobile Club of Great Britain, which, as non-residents, they can do for a small sum, and procure *triptyques* for all the frontiers they are likely to cross.

Our first day's run in Switzerland gave us some of the most charming scenery of the whole journey, but I shall pass quickly over this, as it is well known to all travellers in Europe and I wish to keep my space for our rarer experiences in the Italian-Austrian Alps, when we were far from the beaten track and the railway. It must never be forgotten, however, that whereas the ordinary traveller sees the beauties of these Swiss landscapes from a few picked points of view, we saw them from every point on the road, and indeed drove through exquisite views for hours at a time. Gliding down the slopes of the Jura our first glimpse of

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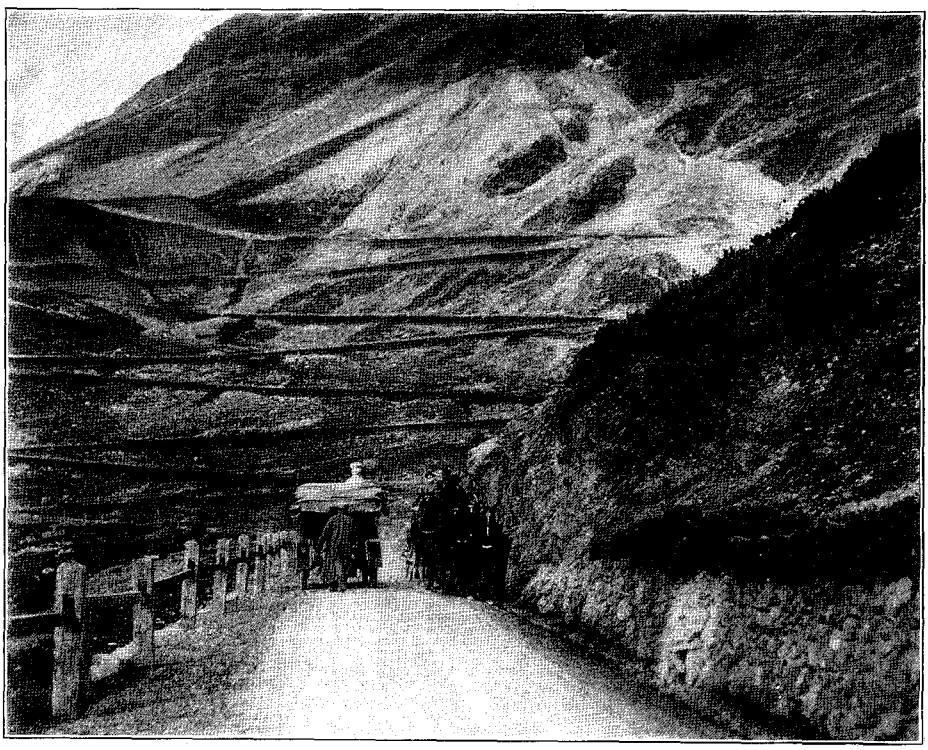
Lake Neuchâtel brought us to a long halt to enjoy it. The vine-clad hills swept steeply down, a stream flowed winding through the valley, below us was a picturesque old château which filled the foreground, at the end a three-cornered bit of deep blue lake, and beyond all the snowy range of the Bernese Alps. No element was lacking to the exquisite picture, but although my photograph shows the composition of it, imagination must furnish the deep and delicate coloring. The road round the lake, too, between the lovely water and the wooded slopes was a succession of enchanting views.

From Neuchâtel we were on our way to the capital of Switzerland. The map told us this, or we should have refused to believe it. This metropolitan highway was about equal at its best to a French road of the third class. It was narrow, broken in surface, it twisted senselessly in and out, often it ran through the back yards of farmhouses and past the rich manure-heaps which these good people invariably place before their front doors. Several times when we found ourselves suddenly with a barn on one hand, a midden on the other, and horses, pigs, and poultry in terror around us, we were sure we had got into somebody's farmyard by mistake. But no, this was the main road to Berne. Black looks we had in plenty, too, and objurgations in *patois*, and once a big stone was thrown at us. On the other hand, we met many kindly people, but on the whole the automobile is not happy in Switzerland, and if we were planning this tour again we should include no more of that country than was unavoidable. There are, with few exceptions, as beautiful scenery and far better manners to be found elsewhere, and Switzerland may well be left to the tourists of all nations and the glum peasants and smart hotel-keepers who fleece them.

Berne calls for no description here. Everybody knows its picturesque situation above the Aar, its quaint streets with their cloistered shops, its old and overrated clock, its bears sprawling their appeals for carrots. On our way to Interlaken we stopped to see a score of youths being in some way tested



We meet a diligence on our way down.

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for military service. They stood in a row, in their shirt-sleeves, their names were called out, and one by one they ran a hundred metres at a slow pace. That appeared to be all. As politely as I knew how, I asked the two men who were conducting the exercises what it meant, but was answered with a grunt. The mountain road to Interlaken above Lake Thun is most beautiful, but the place itself is the paradise of tourists, for whom its elaborate hotels and rows of expensive shops exist. The Lauterbrunnen Valley, however; the Staubbach, the waterfall which "wastes itself in air, like an infirm purpose"; the Trümmelbach, a river roaring horizontally through a hole in the rock; more than all, the stupendous Jungfrau and her companion mountains, are impossible to vulgarize, and fortunately one remembers the beauty and the marvel and forgets the crowd.

Between Interlaken and Lucerne the road crosses the Brünig Pass, 3,648 feet high, and here the automobilist is happy again. It is reached by a steepish winding road through a thick forest, with delightful views of the valley of Sarnen, Lake Lungern, and the triple Wetterhorn from many points. We loved the loneliness and the independence again, and sat happily for a while in the shade at the summit, before gliding down to the exquisite approaches of Lucerne. Everybody knows this city, with its walls and watch-towers six hundred years old, its sea-green river, its background of snowy Alps, and, above all, its glorious history of how a handful of peasants lifted here and kept high the banner of freedom in an enslaved Europe. In the opening song of Schiller's immortal drama, it is the sleeper whom the lake lures—

Ich locke den Schläfer,
Ich zieh' ihn herein.

To-day its memories should fire the imagination and strengthen the hand of every man who is awake to the call of his fellowmen.

The road down the Stelvio.

The house just visible at the top of the Pass is the little hotel shown on page 265.

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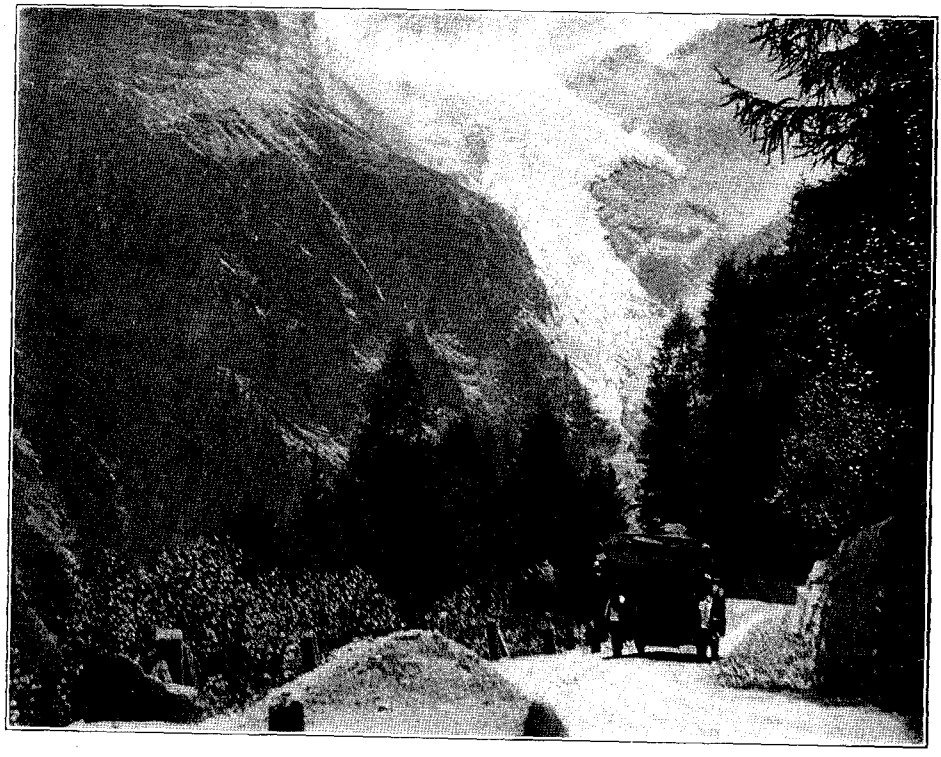

Into the pine woods—down the Stelvio.

Up to the Arlberg: *the road gets bad.*

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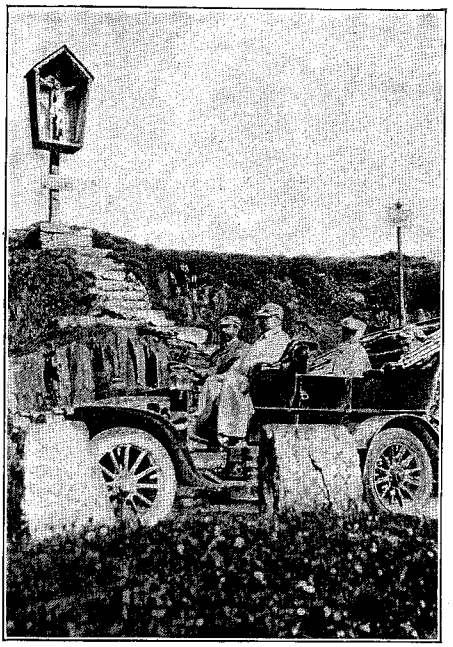
The drive round Lake Lucerne is one of the most beautiful in the world, and an unexpected touch of romance was vouchsafed to us there. Gliding along with purring engine and on silent tires we emerged from one of the rock tunnels and saw ahead of us, on an empty piece of road secluded again by a sharp corner farther on, a young couple standing hand in hand in the middle, a smart young man and a daintily dressed girl, gazing in each other's eyes, blissfully unconscious of our approach. Suddenly he opened his arms, she flung herself into them, their lips met in a passionate embrace, and—we were upon them! There was no possibility of pretence on either side. "All nature loves a lover"—we laughed and raised our hats, and through their blushes they laughed back. I wager it was their first kiss and that we were involuntary witnesses of love's earliest sacrament. May it have sealed the future to their heart's desire!



The summit of the Arlberg Pass, 6,000 feet above sea-level. The crucifixion marks the water-shed between the German Ocean and the Black Sea.

As we were leaving the Glacier Garden our chauffeur

The descent from the Arlberg Pass.

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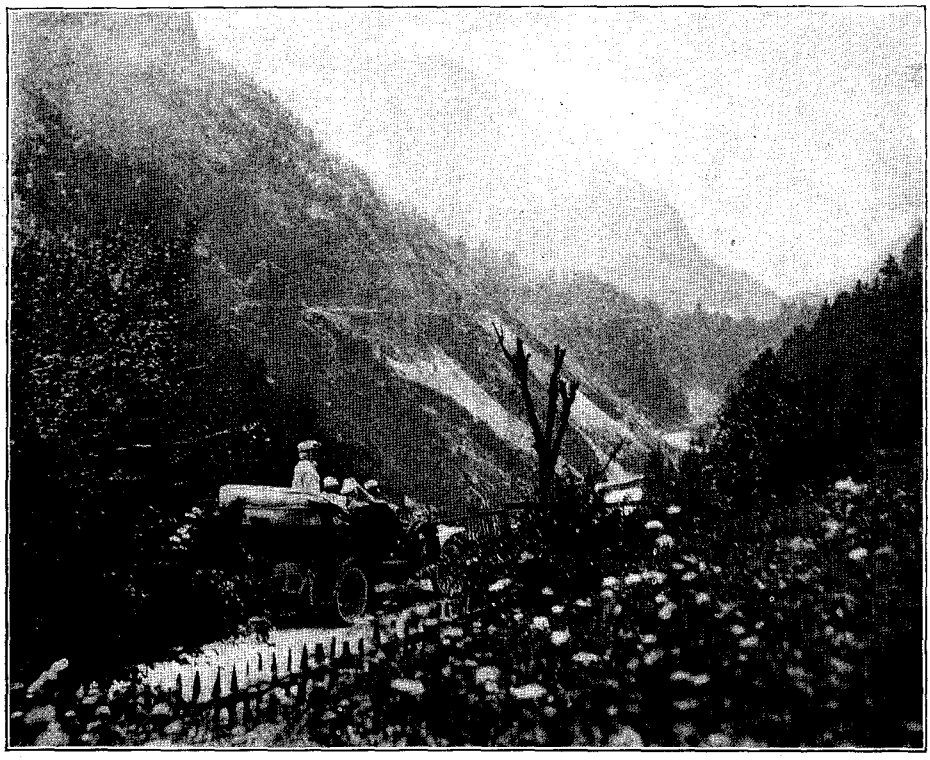

The way into the Tyrol.

drew me aside and asked in a whisper, "Monsieur, avez-vous votre revolver?" I asked the reason for this startling question. "Because the last motorists who went from here to the St. Gothard were attacked by the peasants with scythes and hatchets, and had to use their revolvers to escape!" An alarming statement, if true, but much travel breeds scepticism, and on our way we met nothing more warlike than the statue of William Tell with his legendary bow in the square of Altdorf.

There are few places in Europe where the automobilist is at such an advantage over the railway passenger as in the journey from Lucerne to Goeschenen, at the foot of the St. Gothard Pass. Much of the time the train is buried in tunnels—there is one a mile long just where the surroundings are most magnificent—whereas from the motor car one has every minute the spectacle of the wild Alpine scenery growing more impressive as the road ascends. That afternoon's ride was one of the events of our holiday. Our memory is of a winding and narrowing gorge, a road round precipitous defiles and a green torrent leaping from rock to rock playing at hide and seek, an increasing desolation in the fading light, the approaching chill of the glacier heights, and for the last half hour our big acetylene lamps raising weird shadows from the wild depths.

We had been told that the passage of the St. Gothard is forbidden to automobiles. Therefore we put our car—with much difficulty—on the railway and sent it through the tunnel to await us at Airolo, on the other side of the pass, while we drove over next day in a chaise and four. We found, however, that it is only in the Canton Uri that this regulation is in force, and that we could have had the car towed up to the boundary, and then driven on. But future automobilists should not count upon this, as the Swiss regulations regarding cars are growing daily more severe (I believe the Brünig Pass is now closed to them), and the permission of one year may be the prohibition of the next. With this partial exception all the passes on the southeast of Switzerland are already closed to automobiles.

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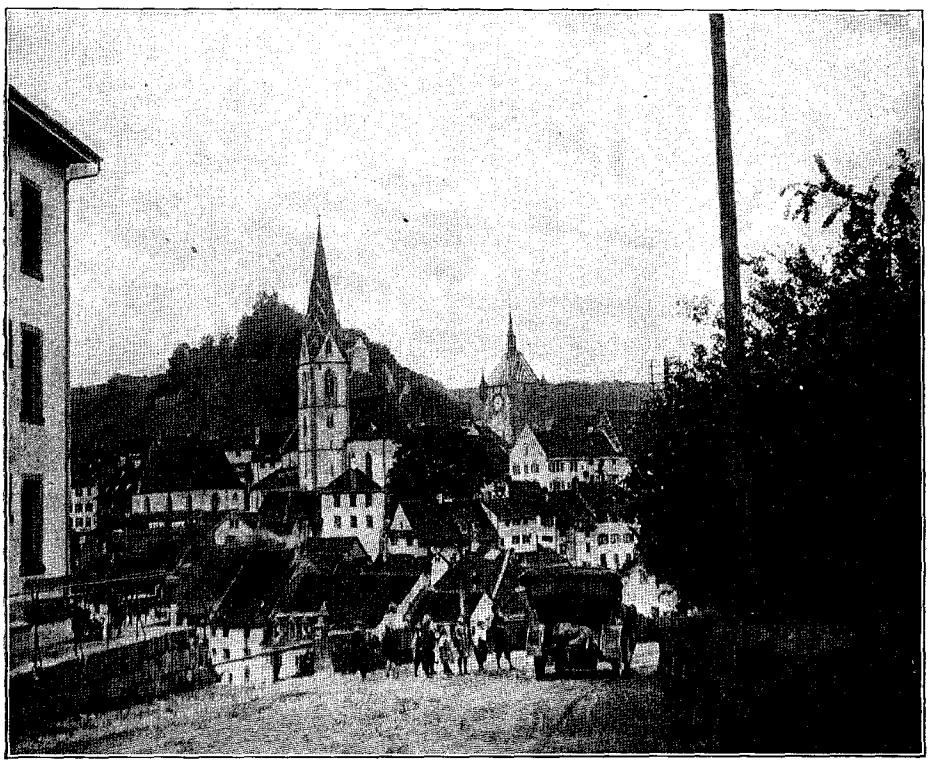

Landeck.

Our drive over the St. Gothard was merely the experience of thousands. It is by no means one of the grandest passes, and except for the savage scenery of the Devil's Bridge it leaves no single deep impression. For myself I was more moved by the thought of the savage conflicts of French and Russians here a century ago, and the unhappy Swiss, alternately slaughtered and pillaged by both. In the rock by the bridge over the Tremola are deeply cut the words "Suwarrow Victor"—a victor who was himself in turn chased by Masséna out of the Alps with his famished and footsore army. One asks oneself, following the great roads from country to country, if there is no single spot of earth's surface where man has not shed man's blood.

Now unless you are interested—we were not—in Desiderius, King of the Lombards, who built a tower there in the eighth century, the stump of which still remains, there is nothing whatever in the politically-Swiss, lingually-Italian townlet of Airolo to detain your thoughts a moment. That is, if you are the common railway-diligence kind of traveller. The automobile, on the other hand, may immortalize the dullest spot on earth for its voyagers. Hence it is that we shall remember Airolo to our dying days. It happened on this wise: Three minutes after transferring ourselves from the post-chaise to the car we were going at a fair pace down the main street of Airolo, a steepish hill, the chauffeur driving. Suddenly a girl-baby came out of a door and toddled at full speed across the road right in front of the car. The man clapped on both brakes and the car stopped short, perhaps six feet in front of her. No harm was even approached, she did not know she had been in danger, and we pursued our way to the post-office for letters. When I came out the car was in the clutches of the law! There stood a magnificent *gendarme*, his hand on the bonnet, in token of arrest, solemnly addressing the chauffeur (who did not understand him) in Italian. "Proceeding at a terrible speed," he said, "you have nearly killed a child, and I am ordered to arrest you." Denial, argument, expostu-

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lation, were in vain. "It is necessary that the owner of the car accompany me to the Sindaco," said the gendarme, so I assumed the rôle of owner, and the resplendent one, our chauffeur, and I trudged up the hill to the police office, and were conducted before the mayor, a portly little gentleman, wearing a straw hat, a frock-coat, and long side-whiskers. As Stevenson said of *his* magistrate—it is wonderful how his sayings come to mind when one is travelling the Open Road—I "perceived in him a broad-based stupidity, a gusto in his magisterial functions."

"Proceeding at a terrible speed," he said severely, "you have nearly killed a child." They had evidently got this by heart. I explained the actual facts. "That is not true," he remarked pleasantly; "there were many witnesses. The law says you must travel at the speed of a horse walking; you were travelling at the speed of a horse galloping." It looked awkward—they might delay us a day or two—so I tried bluff.

"Mr. Mayor," I said severely, "I am a member of the British Parliament, I am a member of the Council of the British Automobile Club," and so on, a long string of everything I could think of about myself, down to Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society. "I have driven in all countries in Europe; never has any complaint been made about me. Is it possible that I should commit a breach of the law?" I thought it sounded rather fine, and our chauffeur was much impressed. Not so the mayor.

"If you are all those things," he blandly remarked, "you ought to know better than to drive like that." My bluff collapsed like a pricked bubble. There was nothing for it but to face the music.

"Very good," I said; "I am in your hands. What is your will?" The mayor looked toward the *gendarme*. "Twenty francs, I think?" he said. "*Sicuro*!" said the *gendarme*. So I paid up, and ten minutes later departed with a long official receipt, which I pocketed without reading it. As we made our way back to the car we passed the mayor in the street. "He seems rather pleased with himself," I remarked. "He looks to me," said our chaffeur, who is a cynic, "as if he had ten of those francs in his pocket."

A fortnight later, in Venice, I found that receipt in my pocketbook and was amusing Madame by translating its official verbiage to her. Suddenly I laughed aloud. "*Il sottoscritto . . . dichiara di recevere fr. dieci* (10)," etc. It was a receipt for ten francs—somebody *had* pocketed the other ten! "J'en étais sûr," said our chauffeur, when I told him; "ce sont des voleurs." So we shall always remember Airolo, and with a smile. Now, travellers by railway would not have enjoyed that experience.

Although the pass was now behind us, we were still among the mountains, and the run down of fifty-seven kilometres to Bellinzona took us through the uninterrupted picturesqueness of the Val Leventina. Gorge after gorge we passed, the road often running high up on the hillside, while the Ticino dashed below through rocky defiles or fell in snowy waterfalls. In old days the road lay lower down the slopes, but the river swept it away so often that the present road was constructed out of reach of its waters. The railway wound above us, losing itself in frequent tunnels, some of them a mile long. Ten miles out, had we been ordinary sightseers, we should probably have gone half a mile off the main road to see the sixteenth-century church of the village of Mairengo, the altar of which was given by Delmonico, of "Ciro's memorable feasts"—in Uncle Sam Ward's verses—the great purveyor of New York banquets having been born there. In this valley there are so many interesting mediæval churches that a Swiss professor has written a learned volume about them. We were content to admire their *campanili* as we passed. Along this road, also, the tide of war has often rolled, for it leads to the key of these Alps. The Uri men strung the heads of their revolting subjects, the men of this valley, upon their own chestnut-trees in 1755. Forty years later a handful of French defended the valley for a whole day against Suwarrow's army, while near Giornico, farther on, 600 Swiss had defeated 10,000 Milanese in the fifteenth century, and won these Alps for themselves forever.

It was an exquisite half-day's run, with—like the fowls of the air, to quote Longfellow's quaint simile—its most delicious morsel at its latter end. Our journey took us to few more picturesque towns than Bellinzona, a little place of five thousand inhabitants, whose history is as romantic as its

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situation. It is at the four cross-roads between Switzerland and Italy, and forms the narrow neck of the highway between Italy and Germany. Whenever the Swiss fought, and for a century they fought pretty constantly, and, with one terrible exception, always victoriously, Bellinzona was sure to be the scene of combat sooner or later, while ages before that the Romans and the Gauls had met in arms in its narrow valley and had fortified it in turn against each other. The town lies on one side of a cleft in the mountains, at its foot is the river, and beyond this the farther mountain-side. There is therefore no road between the passes of the St. Gothard and the Bernardino on the North, and all Italy on the south, except through the town. At the bottom of the cleft lies the group of flat-roofed houses and narrow streets with the towers of two churches of the thirteenth and sixteenth centuries alone rising above it. But the passing traveller is fascinated by its dominating castles on either side—real fairy-tale castles, with long walls climbing embowered hills, frowning battlements, and castellated ramparts. They are the real thing in castles, for they were built for the Duke of Milan in 1445, and when the Swiss secured the town they were each held by a "bailiff" of one of the three great cantons —Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden. Of such military importance is the place that it was refortified as lately as 1853, though the fortifications of the St. Gothard tunnel have now rendered these works more or less obsolete. But it will always remain a spot of striking beauty, with its steep, verdure-clad hills, the dark mountains around, the snowy summits of the Alps above, and the legendary castles, summarizing history, frowning over it on each hand. It was one of the few places where we would willingly have lingered, but to one of our party, at least, Bellinzona remains in grateful memory. Madame has two material passions—for lace, and for little boxes. Pillow or point, Venetian or Carrickmacross—Battersea or Bilston enamel, First Empire miniature or *vernis Martin*, all, if real, are alike to her, and move her to an energy and an enthusiasm which literature and politics can only envy in her. And in Bellinzona she found a shop of laces and boxes whose proprietor philosophically declared "One must sometimes sell as well as buy," and from which, therefore, after keeping her automobile waiting two hours, and reducing her obedient interpreter to a state of hoarse mendacity, she emerged with an armful of treasures.

To make up for lost time we went so fast over the sixty-four kilometres from Bellinzona to Lugano that I have no recollection of what lies between, but I can never forget the first sight of Lake Lugano from my balcony next morning. Well is that shore of the lake called *Paradiso*. Its deep-blue waters of marvellous clearness lie bosomed in hills clad with vine and walnut; Monte Generoso's stony head is reflected in it; Alp after Alp fills the distance; all night the purple gloom is pierced by the search light of the Italian customs poking its bright eye into every corner from which a smuggler might be trying to slip into Italy. And the walks through the "dappled shade" of its hillsides—to Gandria, for instance, a narrow path, with terraced vines above, cactus and aloe and cyclamen beside you, and the blue lake below! Then the swims in its cool waters—remember, we were there in August —"floating between blue and blue, in an open-eyed dream that the world has done with sorrow"! It is indeed an earthly paradise; I have never known a sweeter spot.

We stayed three days at Lugano, and after it all else seemed poor for a while, but the punctilio of the Italian custom-house at Chiasso, twenty-five kilometres farther on, distracted us, and the drive round the foot of Lake Como and the *déjeuner* in the square beside its lake, to say nothing of the perilous passage of the Olympino, gave us other things to think of. I say "perilous" because the French automobile route-book describes this pass as "côte très raide, descente très dangéreuse." I was driving, and in view of this warning was thinking often of the brakes. While breakfasting at Como I mentioned that we had this difficult experience before us.

"Not at all," said my host, who has a genius for routes; "we have done that."

I objected that the French book describes the descent as "very dangerous."

"I can't help that," he replied; "we passed it an hour ago." So it proved. Moral: Do not be alarmed by guidebooks, and travel in an automobile that does not know a pass when it reaches one. As the road rose, I had pressed the accelerator pedal farther down—that was all.

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From Como to Milan is forty-three kilometres, but it took us a long time, as it is atrocious—full of ruts and hillocks, and inches deep in dust—and our progress was further impeded by the fact that the day being an important Church holiday, a considerable portion of the population was intoxicated.

"I have always heard," observed Monsieur, as we steered delicately through the twentieth uproarious crowd, "that access to light, cheap wine was a safeguard against drunkenness. There seems a mistake somewhere."

A mile from Milan the climax came in the shape of an enormous load of hay upset and completely blocking the whole road. The horse was in the ditch and the driver in a besotted sleep beside it. With our hands we had to make a passage through the hay. Then we released the horse, for the driver was beyond rousing. As we passed the first policeman in the suburbs I remarked to the chauffeur that we might tell him of the man's condition and the blocked traffic.

"For Heaven's sake, don't!" he exclaimed. "They would be certain to say that the automobile had frightened the horse and caused the accident."

As shown in the case of the officials of Airolo, this young man's knowledge of human nature, as seen over the dashboard of a motor-car, though cynical, is sometimes profound.

The one thing we most wished to see in Milan was Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper"—and the *Cenacolo* was closed because these days were holidays of the Church! So we took train next morning to Venice, and ordered the car to go to Brescia and await us there. Our happy time in Venice does not come into an automobile tour—though the car gave us the opportunity of it—so I pass over the Doge's palace where we lived, the days of roaming amid the wonders of the silent city, the investigation into the difference between real and dyed coral (a surprising and instructive study), the evenings drifting in the moonlight around the *piccola serenata*, and even the story of how my host sought, found and purchased an unknown and exquisite little masterpiece, the "Virgin and Saint Anne," by Tiepolo, the eighteenth century painter whose works are now eagerly sought by connoisseurs. Too soon we took train again to pursue our journey.

Motoring produces a deep dislike of railway travel. My friends of this car, I may here add parenthetically, journeyed nine thousand miles in it this summer, touring through the most beautiful districts of the south of England, went all the way into Somerset and Devon, drove from London to Paris, and twice from Paris to Cherbourg and back, followed the valley of the Loire, stopping at every castle, toured through Brittany, took two friends to Royat to see the Gordon-Bennett race, crossed Switzerland twice, circled the Italian lakes, drove over the mountains into the Tyrol and traversed its whole length, crossed southern Germany and returned from Paris to London, and on only four occasions did they set foot in a train—from Liverpool to London when they arrived, from London to Liverpool when they left, and on their trip from Milan to Venice, and back from Venice to Brescia. We were thankful when the five hours of the stuffy, dusty, noisy, jolting train were over—though it was a good one as trains go—and we were once more seated in our quiet, comfortable car, with the road flowing beneath us and the delicious air, cooled by our motion, blowing fresh in our faces.

From Brescia to the end of Lake Iseo is only twenty-one kilometres—half an hour's run—and from there the road northward skirts the length of the lake, growing in beauty at each moment. It may be disputed whether Garda or Iseo is the more exquisitely framed water; to my thinking, the latter. Maize-field and vineyard slope down to it in thousand-shaded green, the sun is caught in elfin lights on olive-leaves, the touch of human life, without which no landscape is perfect, is added by an old castle here and there on the hillside, while in the midst a perfect island, Montisola, crowned by a quaint church-tower, "floats double, swan and shadow." All this to our left for hours, as we rolled tranquilly along, and on our right, made more striking by the contrast, a wall of rock, more and more precipitous as we advanced, till at last its protruding forefoot threatened to push us into the lake. It had been no longer possible to make the road at the edge of the hill, so tunnel after tunnel was pierced through the rock, and we alternated between their damp darkness and the August sun of Italy outside. At one point as we ap-

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proached the circle of light at the end we heard a horn blow and saw a score of workmen running away, and one behind the rest hurrying down a rocky path. A railway was under construction along the hillside above, and we realized just in time that the horn was a signal that the fuse had been lighted for a blast. So we waited discreetly in the tunnel till the explosion came and a shower of rocks clattered down across the road and splashed into the lake below. Then the workmen returned and laughingly heaped the stones aside till there was room for us to pass. A mile or two farther a loud bang announced that motorist's bugbear, a burst tire, and we crept under the only tree on the road for the half hour's delay. It was a spot of heavenly beauty, but oh, how hot, when the car was not moving. My host and I smoked lazily in the shade, while the poor chauffeur toiled with the long tire-levers. We missed Madame and little Mademoiselle—and there they were, with shoes and stockings off, paddling in the lake, children both! A group of workmen joined us and watched the strange process of tire-changing with voluble interest. One of them was very curious to know how the tire was filled with air, so as soon as it was in place I put the pump into his hand, showed him how to work it, and promised him a franc if he would pump until the little pointer in the gauge reached the red mark which shows the proper air-pressure. He started, and did not stop or take his eyes off the pointer until the mark was reached and his franc earned. Never before or since have I seen a man pump up a 120-millimetre tire from beginning to end without pausing to rest. It is a very tough job, and his shirt was soaked with perspiration when he had done it.

Then on again northward, through the charming Val Camonica, through Breno, fantastically perched between the rocks, and above the rushing Oglio, with, of course, a ruined castle capping it, to Edolo, another little town amid luxuriant scenery. All the time we have been climbing, though in our powerful car the rise has been imperceptible, and we are now over 2,000 feet up, and snow mountains above the chestnut groves announce the Alpine passes which await us.

The next seventeen kilometres produced for me one of the most memorable hours of my life. We had not left Brescia till after a late *déjeuner* and we had driven more than a hundred kilometres at no great speed with one stop of nearly an hour. Therefore evening was drawing near as we began the ascent of the Aprica—the "sunny"—Pass. The climb was nothing—it is only 3,875 feet above the sea; the scene was everything. I cannot try to describe it; the inspiration of such scenery is inarticulate, like that of music; as well ask me what I feel in listening to the twenty-fourth movement of Rubinstein's "Kamennoi Ostrow." I only know that we rose through an ever-winding valley; that gradually verdure disappeared and the mountains closed in as day died; that now we were in the silence of death, and now amid a rushing as of the waters of life; that we thought each view unsurpassable until a turn of the road disclosed the next more beautiful still; that the valley below us was plunged in darkness, while every summit of rock or snow shone with purple or gold; that after a while we spoke no more, and that at last we turned one corner and before us, by marvellous fortune, lay the most wonderful view of the pass at the moment of the perfection of the crimson sunset at its summit. In a life-time such a moment will hardly recur, and with us, as with Carlyle's Wanderer at sunset, "a murmur of Eternity and Immensity, of Death and of Life, stole through the soul." Silence still lay on us when we pulled up, ten minutes later, at the Hotel Aprica, and were instantly surrounded by German tourists, gutturally enthusiastic over the now electric-lighted car and trying to read the name of the maker on the axle-caps. I have travelled in many lands, and seen not a few of the places that bring superlative adjectives to the traveller's pen, but that day closed for me with an impression that stands apart, and I know that all the days to come will not dim my memory of the night in the Aprica Pass—

> A night more fair than any morning rose.

The next day—it seemed incredible that we had been in Venice yesterday morning! —was to see either the high-water mark of our journey, or—well, something else that had occupied my thoughts a good deal as the time and place drew nearer. For the passage of the Stelvio in an automobile was not to be undertaken without some thought, and certainly some hesitation. I had not found anybody who had done it, either at

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the Automobile Club in London or at the headquarters of the Italian Touring Club in Milan. The pass is nearly 10,000 feet high, the turnings on the road are numerous and sharp, and our car had an unusually long wheel-base and was very heavy. I knew the ascent from Italy would be all right, but that the descent into Austria is very steep indeed, and that the road, for the most part, is unprotected in any way. I felt sure, too, that our car would not take many of the corners without stopping and backing, and the prospect of this, on the edge of a precipice, in an automobile weighing over two tons, was somewhat disturbing. My friends were looking forward to the experience with enthusiasm, but this only made it the worse for me, as I realized better than they that one miscalculation, or the failure of a brake, might motor us all abruptly into the next world. Another risk was that the weather might change quickly, as it often does up there, where there are sometimes several feet of snow even in summer, and to be caught in a storm there would be in the highest degree unpleasant. However, in Venice I determined to make the ascent in any case, weather permitting, and then see how matters looked. In the worst case we could always come back and get out of Italy by some other route. Afterward I found that many automobiles ascend every year from Italy and then turn back.

Happily, when the cows of Aprica in the byre below my bedroom in the barn woke me at milking time, and I looked out, it was a superb morning, without a cloud in the sky or a sign of wind. So in high spirits we made an early start. I should add that the maid and heavier luggage had been dispatched from Venice to meet us later on, when we struck the railway again, so we were travelling as light as possible. Down the Aprica we glided gaily, the good car running at its very best, into the Val Tellina with its vine-clad sides, its figs and pomegranates, and the Adda River rushing through it. Some parts of it are so shut in as to be dreadfully damp and unhealthy and goitre, from the climate and water, and horrible cretinism, from constant intermarriage of the home-keeping people, are prevalent there, but we saw only one or two shocking cases of the former. On the contrary, everything combined to make earth beautiful and life delightful. By and by we began to rise, and when we had covered twenty kilometres we were in sight of Tirano already 1,500 feet up. This valley was ravaged in every war for centuries, hence the many ruined castles upon its heights, and the mansions of many a noble family like the Visconti and the Pallavicini, whose ancestors were the wardens of this great gate of Italy. I drove into the town and stopped opposite the local druggist's to take in our last supply of petrol, or benzine, as it is called in Italy, and in a minute the car was surrounded by an interested crowd. Not till we got out did we discover that we had come to a halt by the open door of the thronged church, and were unwittingly distracting the attention of the congregation from the impassioned eloquence of the preacher. By way of penance we stopped the engine and all went to church. A mile away is a famous pilgrimage shrine of the fifteenth century, in Madonna di Tirano, and as we drove on through the town we met a most picturesque procession wending thither. My photograph, taken from the car, describes it better than words could. Still the road rose, and at midday we drove into Bolladore, 2,840 feet, and what a merry lunch we had, on a sun-dazzled terrace above the splashing and tumbling river! What delicious trout, fresh from its pools! What an omelette, light as thistle-down, yellow as gold! What a good bottle of *vino del paese!* Never had we been so gay—we could not tell why, except that air and scene were intoxicating, that memory was packed with pleasures, while adventure lay ahead. I can recommend *déjeuner* at the Hôtel des Alpes, Bolladore—a pity it is so remote from the track of travel.

Twenty kilometres farther, always ascending gently through the Val Tellina, then the *paese freddo*, or "cold country," then three miles of narrow defile, then in a green valley, Bormio, a little old town looking like a dilapidated porcupine with its many towers, 4,000 feet above the sea. Then a winding ascent to the baths of Bormio, the waters of which Pliny knew, and a good-looking hotel, whose guests gathered round us as we stopped to fill our water-tank and give a last technical look to the car, and waved us a friendly cheer as we started for the real ascent at last.

Considering that the Stelvio Pass is the highest carriage-road in Europe, that it is

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an engineering achievement of the highest order, that it joins two of the most beautiful districts in the world, and that its scenery is of the most magnificent and awe-inspiring description, it is astonishing that so few people pass over it and that there are only rare and brief allusions to it in Alpine literature. One has to go back to Brockedon, in 1828, to find a writer who does it justice. But he is rightly enthusiastic. "Inconceivably grand"; "without a parallel in Alpine scenery"; "a ravine deep and appalling"; "pinnacled rocks of extremely savage aspect"—such are some of his phrases. There are definite records of it in the fourteenth century, and long before that it was doubtless one of the roads by which the Roman Empire surged northward, sweeping all before it, till at last the Germans thrust its legions back and held the Alps. The present road dates from 1820, and was built to enable Austria, rightly anticipating Italian revolt, to have direct military communication with Milan, after this duchy was ceded to her in 1814. But for a time the project was blocked by an unconquerable and unbribable race of mountaineers, the Grisons, who compelled the proud Hapsburg emperor to make his road to Milan a thousand feet higher than through their independent fastness. Across the Stelvio came the troops with which Austria suppressed the successive rebellions against her imperious rule—one of them headed by Mazzini—and back over it the Austrian army must have passed, for the last time, retreating before the victorious French and Piedmontese in 1859. After that the road had no more value for Austria, and it fell into disrepair, until its wonders began to attract the modern world and it was reconstructed for traffic in 1870.

After leaving the baths of Bormio we were past all inhabitants except the few whose business keeps them on the pass. Very soon, above the tumultuous meeting of two torrents, we entered what Ball, the author of the Alpinists' best guide-book, truly calls one of the wildest and most savage defiles in the Alps. The road is well kept, however, and we mounted steadily on the third speed, passing through several tunnels cut through the rock. All trees, except a few wind-bent pines, had disappeared, and around us nothing was in sight but bare rock and the indescribable *débris* caused by its fall in colossal masses, while below us, now on one hand, and now on the other, the slate-colored Braulio dashed over its stony bed. As Ball remarks, it is wonderful that any engineers should ever have contemplated the possibility of making a carriage-road through such an appalling wilderness of rocks. But it creeps upward steadily, sometimes easily, crossing a stony plateau, sometimes clinging to the very edge of the slope, in the most avalanche-swept spots protected by natural roofs of rock left projecting from the mountain-side. After crossing a bridge over the torrent a steep, stony slope faced us, and I had to come down to second speed to ascend its zigzags. Then we entered a sort of vast "punch-bowl" in which the Braulio itself is brewed from the melting snows above, and then an easier ascent brought us to the Cantoniera di Santa Maria, 8,153 feet high, a long, white, barn-like building, where the Italian customs officers must lead a lonely life. We stopped to have our *triptyque* signed and our lead seal, affixed at Chiasso, removed. Bitterly cold it was, as we stamped about on the wind-swept road and resisted the temptation to waste ten minutes at what is much the highest permanently-occupied hostelry in Europe. But it was growing late and this was no place to be benighted in, so right glad we were to switch the engine on again and continue upward.

My photograph of the road we left behind us, coiled like a huge serpent among the rocks, sufficiently describes the rest of our climb, but neither picture nor pen can convey a notion of the infinite waste and awesome desolation of the scene, formed by cataclysm and scarred by avalanche. All adjectives and epithets fail, and one seeks some monstrous metaphor to give one's feelings articulate form. Victor Hugo sought such—and missed it—when he wrote of a mountain:

L'archange à son sommet vient aiguiser son glaive.

Shelley sought it, and found it, when he exclaimed:

Is this the scene
Where the old Earthquake-demon taught her young
Ruin? Were these their toys?

Suddenly, on turning a corner, upon a tiny table-land a hundred yards ahead of us, we saw a square white wooden building,

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with green shutters, two smaller buildings, and a white stone pillar. A vast glacier and ranges of colossal snow-peaks spread out behind them, on our right, while in front the little plateau ended abruptly. It was the summit of the Stelvio, and the hotel of Ferdinandshöhe, and half of our chief task was accomplished. The car was covered with horse-cloths and tarpaulins in the yard, for there was no place big enough to hold it, and we went thankfully in to dinner. Before that, however, I walked across the plateau and looked over the edge. Upon what I saw I reflected much before next morning.

We rose at five o'clock, after sleeping badly at such an altitude, while "the point of one white star was quivering still," to see the sunrise on these heights. If words failed yesterday for the desolation of the pass, what can one say of the almost apocalyptic vision here of how "God made Himself an awful rose of dawn"? The orange light, then the rosy tips of the highest snows, then "softly, slowly, a bright unveiling"—the vast illumination from beneath the edge of the horizon, then, on a sudden, the golden rim and the flashing shafts of light pouring amber and ruby upon a hundred dazzling peaks and glittering glaciers, the superb Ortler dominating all. I must leave it with Browning's ejaculation:

> Oh, heaven and the terrible crystal!

Before breakfast three of us climbed the three hundred feet to the *Dreisprachen Spitze*, where three frontiers meet (Austria, Italy, and Switzerland), and three languages (German, Italian and Romansch), make a Babel-point. At breakfast I produced the result of my reflections. Looking over the edge of the plateau the road lay directly below, zigzagging across the precipitous mountain-side, exactly like the lacing of a football. One could almost throw a stone and strike the road a mile away. The "hairpin corners," in motoring phrase, appeared innumerable, and it was obvious that our long car could not possibly get round them without stopping and backing. In many places there was no fence whatever to the road. Its gradient was much steeper than that of the ascent. We should get down it all right, but it would be slow, fatiguing and nervous work. There was, of course, just the remotest possibility of the brakes failing to hold, or a chain breaking and rendering the foot-brake useless, in which case those on the front seats could leap for their lives. Therefore I ventured to suggest that Monsieur, Madame, and Mademoiselle should take a carriage for the descent, and leave me and the chauffeur to drive the car down. The suggestion seemed wise and convincing, and we looked to Madame for her approval. She listened with interest, and when I had quite done, she said: "Others will do as they like; I stick to the ship." Then she went out to play with the Austrian customs officer's big watch-hound. That settled it, so, after strolling around and photographing ourselves by the pillar, with its inscriptions—on the front "*Confine*, 1828, 2,814 metres above sea-level," on one side *Territorio Tirolese*, and on the other *Territorio Lombardo*, we arranged ourselves in the car as usual, and in a few hundred yards we had turned the first corner and were heading downward—

> Our mistress still the Open Road
> And the bright eyes of danger.

If the reader wishes to know what the descent from the Stelvio looks like, he must ask one of the others or look at the pictures. My eyes were mostly glued to the two front wheels and the road immediately ahead, and all my thoughts were of the brake-pedal and the speed-lever. At Milan I had had made a zinc reservoir, holding several gallons of water, to stand on the footboard, with a tap and an india-rubber pipe ending just above the foot-brake on the transverse shaft under the middle of the car, and which, being iron to iron, would inevitably get red-hot and "seize" during several miles of a very steep descent. We soon turned the tap, and the brake fizzed and sizzled all the way down. The first "hairpin corner" brought us to a dead stop—the car would not nearly turn round it. Therefore we had to proceed as follows: The car was allowed to run down very gently till it was as far round as it would go, and within, at first a yard, later, as I gained confidence, a foot, of the edge. Then the chauffeur sprang out and thrust a big block of wood under the front wheel nearest the cliff, and I relaxed the brakes very delicately until I felt that the block was holding the car. Then I set the speed-lever to the reverse, he grasped the spokes to help me swing the

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big wheels round—it is impossible to turn such large tires with the steering-wheel while so heavy a car is stationary—the engine was accelerated, the clutch slipped in, and with a roar we sprang back a dozen yards, and brought up facing the road in front. Then the chauffeur jumped back with his block, and we slid down, brakes hard on, to the next corner, where the manœuvre was repeated in the opposite direction. There are forty-seven of these corners on the descent, and we got round exactly five of them without stopping and backing! For the first ten minutes it was "jumpy" work, and we were all rather subdued, and I understood what a French motorist we met at Aprica had meant when he said: "Si vous n'êtes pas impressionable, vous pouvez le faire. Si vous êtes impressionable, je vous conseillerais de ne pas l'essayer." Then our spirits rose, and the enthusiasm of the others over the marvellous scene, the extraordinary beauty of the Ortler range, the serpentine twists of the road, the exquisite contrast between the dark pine-woods and the dazzling snow-fields, and the extravagant picturesqueness of the valley into which we were descending, found utterance frequent and free. But when we stopped for a glass of beer at the White Knot, where is the finest view of the whole range around and above, all the steep road behind us, I had several blisters on each hand. However, we were safe down the Stelvio, and the chief objective of our journey had been a memorable success. We drank to the equal safety and enjoyment of those automobilists—and they must be many—who will follow us.

A pass is not only a geologic division, it also often marks a racial distinction. It divides people from people, language from language, habit from habit. Over the Stelvio we were in the Tyrol, and though Italy was just behind us and Switzerland close on our left hand, the mere crossing of these Rhætian Alps brought us to a new world. And what a delightful world! The Tyrol is exquisitely beautiful; its beauty almost weighed us down before we had traversed it, but its people are among the most charming in the world. They have dwelt so much alone that all the old virtues have survived, while modern ways have never drawn near them. Their life has always been hard—guarding their cattle alone for months on the high upland pastures, following the chamois over almost inaccessible peaks, in danger daily from storm and avalanche. Visitors see only the ribbon-decked cows or the village dance and hear but the merry *Ranz des Vaches* or the plaintive note of the long Alpine horn. But one constant sight tells another story. By the roadside every mile there is a Virgin or a crucifixion; on the hill opposite there is another; you look higher, there is another; and still another on the summit where the sun is setting. The Tyrolese are a very religious people, but most of these are memorials of their kin who have perished on those spots. They have held their mountain homes inviolate against all comers—often a handful driving thousands back. Even today the best shot is the hero of the village, and I pity the most efficient army that should try to penetrate these valleys. The Austrian Empire itself practically lets the Tyrolese form their own democratic little part of its vast army. The walk of the man of the Tyrol, as he comes striding along the road with elastic tread, head thrown back and pipe in mouth, the very picture of youth's gay entry into life, as only Meredith can draw it in a line—

> With hindward feather and with forward toe,

reveals to you his character and explains his history. Both attitude and record are fitly imaged in the great bronze eagle of his own heights which we passed at the Bridge of Pontlatz, with "1703-1809" for its simple and sufficient inscription, the former date being when the Tyrolese beat back the Bavarians, the latter when they routed the French. The automobile was much stranger in the Tyrol than anywhere else on our journey—during two whole days we saw only one—yet not a black look was turned our way, but always the cheery greeting and generally the hat with its tuft of feathers behind—the number of the cock's feathers showing the wearer's prowess at the shooting-match—was gracefully lifted to us.

From the Stelvio we made a long descent into a vast and most beautiful valley, opening and closing panorama-like before us as the road turned, on our right the gorgeous snow-range of the Ortler group, with its towering heights and mighty glaciers. Through Trafoi, Gomagoi—I was just fo-

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cussing my camera for a splendid view when I perceived in the foreground below me a very modern little fort, and hastily rejoined the car—Prad, Spondinig, Mals, Nauders, and by that time it was near nightfall and we had passed one village after another in the hope of finding a better halting-place. At a few picked places in the Tyrol there are excellent summer hotels, but otherwise there is nothing attractive about the village inns but their names, and much as one learns to love the Tyrolese, man and woman, their ideas of hostelry are as old-fashioned as their virtues. At last it grew dark, and to drive at night through a country where the motor is unknown and where our search-lights would have scared every animal on the road into the next parish would be both dangerous and very inconsiderate. So it was clear that willy-nilly we must stop in the next village. It was Prutz—I smell it still! The "hotel" was called the "Golden Rose," and its proprietors were most amiable, but it recalled a vegetable—and a decayed one—rather than the queen of flowers. The ground-floor was a dark hall, with dripping beer-barrels and littered with scraps of food, while from the open kitchen and the crowded rooms came the sound of uproarious revelry and foul smells of cooking and dust-bins and rank tobacco.

Exploring, I had discovered quite comfortable bedrooms above, but I recall Madame's dismayed "Oh!" as I introduced her into the hall. The dining-room was enclosed in wire gauze, to keep out the flies, and therefore students of the domestic arrangements of these diptera will not need to be told what was outside, but they were present in quadrillions. I do not remember how much a quadrillion is, but "billions" would give no just idea of their numbers. It was our first experience of the kind, but we forgot and forgave when we passed next day under the castle of Laudegg, the very impetrification—if I may be permitted?—of romance, with others like it on every hill, and the landscape dotted with broad-balconied houses and picked out with painted steeples. At Landeck, where we turned sharp westward, the right-hand main road leading eastward to Innsbruck, we found two things: the railway, which we had left behind us at Tirano, where it ends, and real eagle-feathers—not only the most beautiful feathers that exist, but the only ones that are unaffected by damp and rain. The picturesque little town bestrides the Inn—the river, not the hostelry—and a fine old *Schloss* seems to look with conservative contempt upon the much less picturesque but vastly more effective masonry and earthwork which make the place a modern fortress.

One more pass lay ahead of us—the Arlberg. This is curiously little known, for it, too, is quite overshadowed by the railway, about which the guide-books glow with enthusiasm. Indeed, the railway is very wonderful; its great tunnel is 4,300 feet above the sea, six and one-half miles long, and cost six and one-half million dollars; but you go through it in hot, smoky darkness whereas we went 1,600 feet above it in heavenly light and air. The Stelvio is, of course, 4,000 feet higher and much grander in its wildness, but the Arlberg is more finely picturesque. From St. Anton—I wish space permitted me to tell of the amusing adventure of the watered benzine that befell us there—the climb is both long and steep, and I have never before driven a car so long on its first speed—nearly an hour before I could relieve the tearing engine by advancing the lever to the second notch. Once more, and for the last time with us, vine yielded to chestnut, chestnut to larch, and larch to pine. The road is superbly situated, cut out of the solid precipitous rock far above the valley and the foaming river. Notice how the car seems a speck upon the mountain-side in my photographs, and how from the wild defiles round which we ran there was ever before us a vast perspective suddenly cut short as the road twisted round a sharp corner. The summit, nearly six thousand feet high, is peculiarly interesting as the knife-edge of the watershed between the North Sea and the Black Sea, the spot whence flow—

The infant founts of Danube and of Rhine.

There is, of course, an elaborately carved crucifixion on the spot, and a stone pillar with this rustic inscription:

Wasserscheide
Zwischen Nordsee
Schwarzen Meer.

A glass of water spilled on one side flows down to the hot and perturbed South through

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all the Near East and the Iron Gates of the Danube, and on the other goes northward to swell the torrent of the Rhine and the ambitions of those who dwell beside it.

It was a glorious day, and not a tree shaded us from the blazing sun as we coasted—also the longest coast I have ever made in an automobile—for miles into the Vorarlberg, the Tyrol left behind. The one incident was the need to crawl carefully through the narrow passage and over the broken road, not yet fully repaired from the terrific and overwhelming landslide at Langen in 1892. Then miles upon miles of sweet, green pasture-valley as we glided down to the life of the plains. The Arlberg had become a romantic memory.

When we bade farewell to the Tyrol we regarded our tour as virtually over. Indeed, we did not seek and could hardly have borne more beautiful scenery. We wished to get home. But a long journey through Switzerland and southern Germany and nearly three hundred miles of France was before us, and many lovely scenes we could not escape. At Rorschach we halted by Lake Constance; at St. Gallen, the headquarters of Swiss lace, Madame spent a whole morning in the shops; Zürich is a charming place; and I know of no more romantic hostelry than "The Three Kings" at Bâle with the mighty Rhine rushing below one's balcony. Then the sadness of Alsace, upon which thirty-four years of cession seem to have made but little impression; the French and German frontier posts and patrols never quite free from anxiety about each other, or from the shadow of war; and the entry into Belfort through the maze of its fortifications. Finally, the long straight roads of France once more, and the high speeds through the poplar avenues of the happy land and kindly people we like so well—Lure, Vesoul, Chaumont, Troyes, and home.

None of us had ever known—we had never imagined—such a holiday. For weeks each day had been filled with wonder and delight; hill and valley, lake and torrent, mountain and pass, vineyard and snowfield, sunrise and sunset, had lavished their beauties upon us; not once, but a dozen times, we had declared that nothing could equal what we gazed upon. We doubted if so much had ever been seen in a month's tour before. Certainly it would be utterly impossible except in an automobile. We had travelled through five countries ranged side by side, as it were, for our comparison, and in four of them we had looked upon the very heart of their beauty.

And we had seen it all in perfect independence, with ourselves for sole sufficient company, free alike from the noise and heat and smoke of the railway and the chatter of the crowd. Not the shadow of an accident or an unhappy moment had fallen upon us. We had passed our days in the sunshine, we had breathed the living air and been stimulated all the time by the tonic of swift motion, and we had moved ever through the delights, the mysteries, and the revelations of the Flowing Road. With full hearts and brimming memories we gave thanks for a perfect holiday in a beautiful world.

Among the readers of this article there may be some who will wish to make our journey or parts of it. To such the following details of the route will be valuable. The figures in front of each name give the distance in kilometres from the preceding place. H. N.

FRANCE

Paris.
60—Melun.
170—Bar-sur-Aube.
38—Chaumont.
135—Besançon.
60—Pontarlier.

SWITZERLAND

13—Les Verrières.
42—Neuchâtel.
48—Berne.
50—Interlaken.
(*Brünig Pass.*)
73—Lucerne.
80—Goeschenen.
(*St. Gothard Pass and Tunnel.*)
Airolo.
57—Bellinzona.
32—Valmara (round Lake Maggiore).
32—Bellinzona.
33—Lugano.

ITALY

24—Chiasso.
6—Como.
43—Milan.
(*Venice*)
Brescia.
21—Iseo.
22—Pisogne.
25—Breno.
31—Edolo.

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(*Aprica Pass.*)
17—Aprica.
21—Tirano.
20—Bolladore.
20—Bormio.

(*Stelvio Pass*).
22—Stelvio.

AUSTRIA
14—Trafoi.
14—Spondinig.
11—Mals.
25—Nauders.
32—Prutz.

AUSTRIA
12—Landeck.
27—St. Anton.

(*Arlberg Pass.*)
66—Feldkirch.
23—Lustenau.

SWITZERLAND
4—St. Margreten.
12—Rorschach (Lake Constance).
13—St. Gallen.
92—Zürich.
85—Bâle.
3½—Liesbüchel.

GERMANY
½—St. Ludwig.
28—Altkirch.
18—Altmünsterol.

FRANCE
1—Montreux Château.
15—Belfort
32—Lure.
38—Vesoul.
110—Chaumont.
89—Troyes.
167—Paris.

Total distance, 2,107 kilometres=1,308 miles

SONG OF THE RED CANYON

By Frederick van Beuren, Jr.

WHEN the sun drops down and the shadows creep,
Like a searching hand, along the steep,
And the dusty air hangs a golden veil
Between the rim and the river trail,
There's a curious charm in the canyon.

The river calls to rocky walls,
And red rock walls to one another,
Till all along break into song,
And brother sings to brother.

"When the first day broke on the new-built world
And the new-lit sun looked down,
A silent, mighty, inland sea
Covered our mesa bare and brown;
Then we sang the song of the sea,
But now the song of the river.

"The ice age came, and the frozen world
In a great, white silence slept
For a thousand years and a thousand years
By the sun-watch that we kept;
Then 'twas the shriek of the grinding ice,
Where now the song of the river.

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"Three times was our mesa hurled aloft
And thrice was the flood rolled back,
But the river boiled and spat and toiled
And fled for the widening crack;
Then we wailed for the world in flood,
But now we sing of the river.

"Brown and bare as an empty palm
Was our riven mesa left,
But the echoes rang and the waters sang
As they galloped through the cleft;
That was the new-cut canyon's song,
But now the song of the river.

"For a thousand years and a thousand years,
While its margins drew apart,
The river rolled, and the songs it trolled
Sank deep in the red rock's heart;
Then 'twas the river sang to us,
But now we sing to the river.

"We sing the magical, mystic song
Of the river's source unseen,
And the echoing cry of the river Grand
To the shout of the river Green;
Hark! to the river's magic song;
Hark! to the song of the river."

The river calls to rocky walls
And red rock walls to one another,
Till all along catch up the song
And brother sings with brother.

When the moonlight whitens the red-rock wall,
And the stars look down and soft winds call,
And the river leaps and whirls and swings
To the changeless song the great cliff sings,
There's a curious charm in the canyon.

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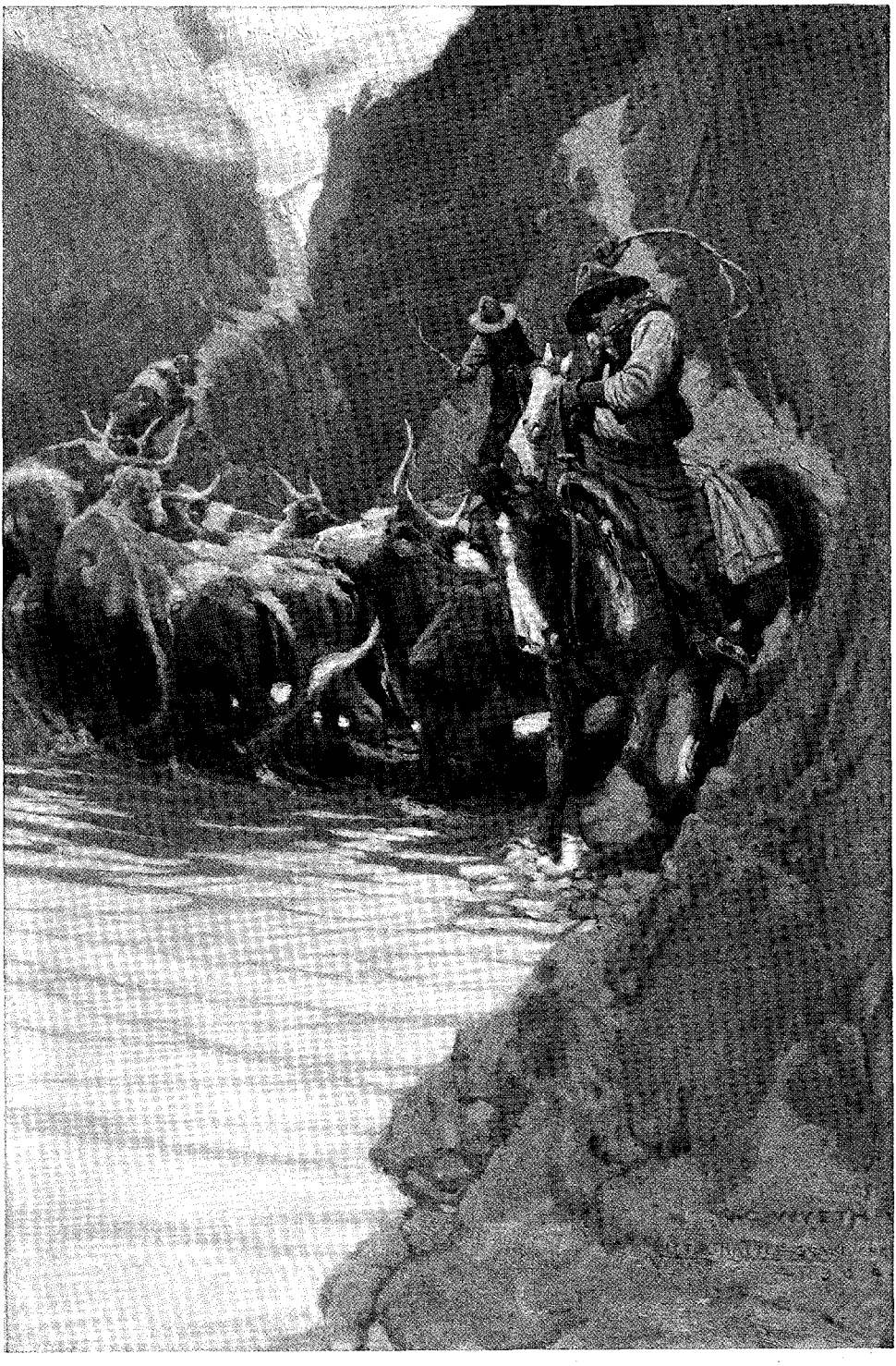

Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

"Rounding up."

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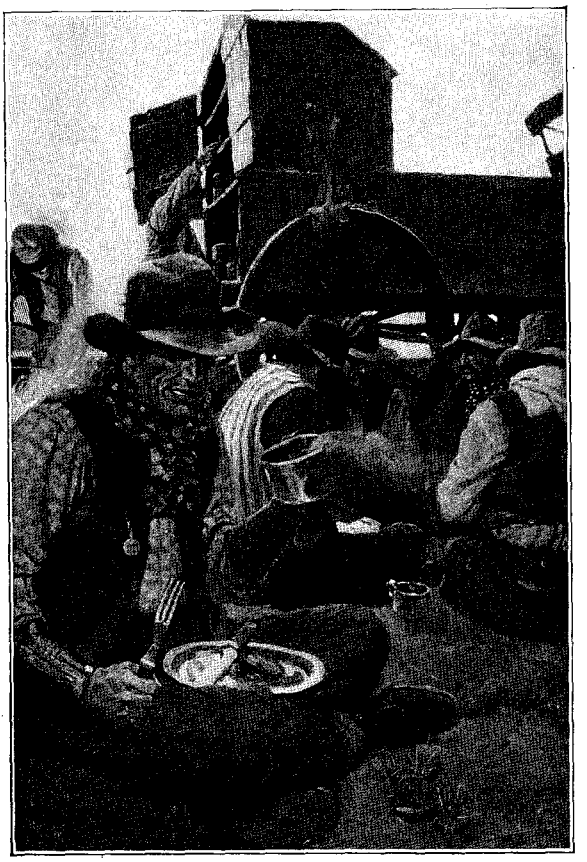

The lee of the grub-wagon.

A DAY WITH THE ROUND-UP

AN IMPRESSION

By N. C. Wyeth

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

GROPING and feeling my way out from beneath three or four thick blankets and turning back the stiff dewy tarpaulin, I peered into the gloom of early morning. The sweeping breeze of the plains brushed cool and fresh against my face. Shapeless forms of still sleeping men loomed black against the low horizon. Near by I saw the silhouetted form of the cook's thick legs and a big kettle swing before the light of the breakfast fire. I stared in wonderment about me—then my confused mind cleared and I remembered that it was the cow-camp of the night before.

I hurriedly pulled on my boots and rolled the great pile of still warm blankets into a huge bundle and tied them so with two shiny black straps. Dark figures were moving about the camp—some crawling from beneath heaps of tangled beds, others trundling their big ungainly rolls, lifted high on their backs, to the bed-wagon. And so I carried mine, joining the silent processions that moved, a vague, broken line in the growing light of the early morning.

Suddenly into this strangely quiet frag-

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ment of wild life, the cook's metallic voice pierced the silence like a thing of steel.

"Grub's ready. Hike, yer bow-legged snipes er the valley; I cain't wait all day; what ter hell d'ye think—I come frum Missoura?"

Then I joined the dark mass of men around a tin pail of water. The cow-punchers do not wash very much on the round-up. A slap of water to freshen the face, a vigorous wipe with a rough, wearisome towel, and the men were ready for their breakfast.

I joined them—a crowd seated in the lee of the grub-wagon. Everything was very quiet, save now and then the click of the spoons on the tin cups. They ate in silence, all unconscious of the rich yellow glow that was flooding the camp.

Then the quiet of the morning was broken by a soft rumbling that suddenly grew into a roar, and from a great floating cloud of golden dust the horse herd swung into the rope corral.

The men tossed the tin cups and plates in a heap near the big dish-pan. There was a scuffle for ropes and the work started with a rush. In the corral the horses surged from one side to the other, crowding and crushing within the small rope circle. Above the sea of round, shiny backs, the thin loops swirled and shot into volumes of dust; the men wound in and out of the restless mass, their keen eyes always following the chosen mounts. Then one by one they emerged from the dust, trailing very dejected horses. The whistling of ropes ceased, and with a swoop the horse herd burst from the corral to feed and rest under the watchful eye of the "wrangler."

By now we had all "saddled up" and mounted, save "The Swede." He was very short, with a long body and bowed legs; his hair and eyebrows light against the burned red of the face. His belt hung very low on the hips, and his blue jeans were turned up nearly to the knee. The ribbon of his high-crowned felt hat was bordered by the red ends of many matches and he wore a new white silk handkerchief that hung like a bib over his checkered shirt.

We watched him as he led his mount into "open country," for the horse was known to be "bad." His name was "Billy Hell," and he looked every bit of that. He was white, of poor breed, and probably from the North.

"The Swede" walked to the nigh side of his horse and hung the stirrup for a quick mount. Then he ran his hands over all the parts of the saddle, giving the cloth a tug to see if it were well set. He pulled up the latigo one or two more holes for luck and spit into his rough hands. The horse stood perfectly still, his hind legs drawn well under him; his head hung lower and lower, the ears were flattened back on his neck, and his tail was drawn down between his legs. "The Swede" tightened his belt, pulled his hat well down on his head, seized the cheek-strap of the bridle with one hand, and then carefully fitted his right over the shiny metal horn. For an instant he hesitated, and then, with a glance at the horse's head, he thrust his boot into the iron stirrup and swung himself with a mighty effort into the saddle.

The horse quivered and his eyes became glaring white spots. His huge muscles gathered and knotted themselves in angry response to the insult. Then with his great brutish strength he shot from the ground, bawling and squealing in a frantic struggle to free himself of the human burden. It was like unto death. Eight times he pounded the hard ground, twisting and weaving and bucking in circles. The man was a part of the ponderous creaking saddle; his body responded to every movement of the horse, and as he swayed back and forth he cursed the horse again and again in his own native tongue.

Then it was over. The cow-punchers nodded in approval and one of them dropped from his saddle and picked up "The Swede's" hat.

"Rounding-up" means to hunt and to bring together thousands of cattle scattered over a large part of the country known as the free range. For convenience in hunting them, the free range is divided into a number of imaginary sections. Into these sections the "boss" of an outfit sends the score or more of punchers, divided into squads of twos and threes, each squad covering a given section. This is called "riding the circle."

The boss of our outfit was a man by name "Date" Middlemist—the cow-punchers called him "Date." He was of a silent nature, of keen perception, and without an equal in his ability to locate the wandering herds of cattle.

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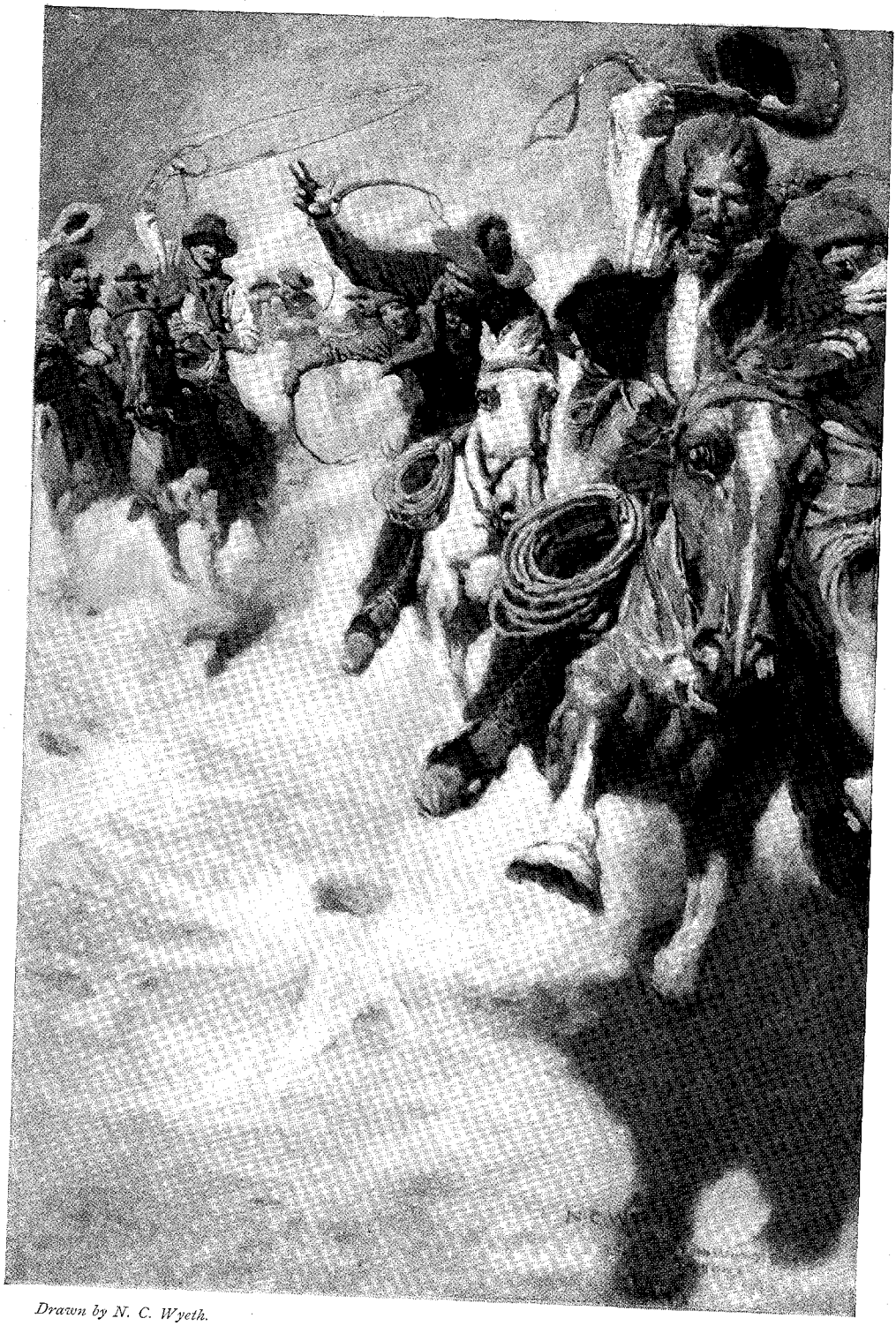

Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

The wild, spectacular race for dinner.—Page 288.

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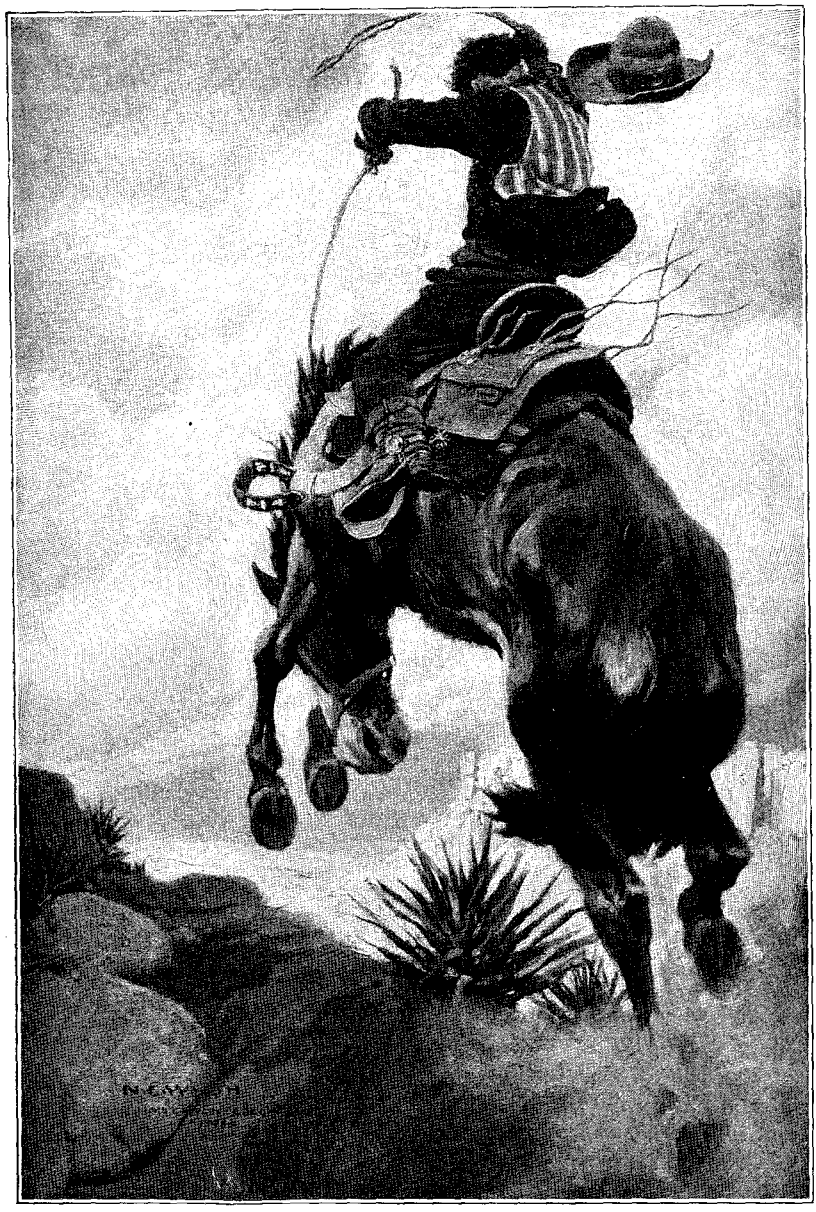

"Bucking."

After a day's round-up he would talk to his men of the work and tell them what section they were to cover on the morrow, and once I remember he came to me and asked how I had fared for the day—and if I were saddle sore. I told him "No!"

"Then," he said, "you can work with Scotty Robinson and Crannon to-morrow. You'll ride the 'Little Cottonwood Crik' country."

And as he was leaving he turned and added, "It's a —— long ride."

And so in the morning I started out with the others on the trail of some four or five hundred cattle.

We rode many miles, finding every little while a few of the cattle, some three or four, perhaps, standing quietly together in a gully. And as we pushed our way toward

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the distant camp of the outfit that had moved to the farther end of the section since we left, our herd gradually increased. With the added numbers the driving became difficult and we had to crowd our horses into the rear of the sullen and obstinate herd. We crossed, recrossed, and crossed again, yelling and cursing and cutting them with our quirts. The herd slowly surged ahead, above them floating a huge dense cloud of silvery dust that seemed to burn under the scorching sun of the plains.

It was well-nigh to noon before we saw a sharp dark line on the horizon that appeared and disappeared as we rose and fell along the undulating creek bottom. We knew the dark line to be the cattle already rounded up, and that we were late. But we had ridden the big circle that morning.

Our cattle soon saw the larger herd, and their heads went up, their tails stiffened, and they hurried to join the long dark line that began slowly to separate itself, as we drew nearer, into thousands of cattle. And as we approached the main herd our cattle became more quiet. From the distant waiting multitude, as if in greeting, came a low, rumbling moan. The sound was faint; it became audible as the hot wind of the plains blew against my face, then it died away again—even as the wind spent itself on the long stretch of level plain.

Soon our cattle were on the run, and from a distance we stopped and watched the two herds merge one into the other. We were late, and the cow-punchers greeted us with jibes of all sorts, but we did not mind them, for the day's drive was over. To the right of the herd, some six hundred yards, stood the grub-wagon. Near by it I saw the smoke slowly rising from the cook's fire, and my appetite was made ravenous. Someone called, "Who says dinner?" and with that came the stinging crack of many quirts, the waving of hats, the whirling of ropes, and with the cow-boys' yells—that I believe have no equal,—there followed a wild, spectacular race for dinner. My horse was tired and streaked with sweat and white dust, his ears drooped, his tail hung limp, and he breathed hard, but I found myself in the first "bunch" at the finish. I jumped to the ground and hurriedly loosened the saddle and the soaking wet blanket from the horse's back and threw them on the hot ground to dry. Then I made for the soap-box of tin dishes and heaped my tin plate with meat and potatoes, and afterwards, by way of dessert, I had a small can of tomatoes. We sat in the shade of the grub-wagon, and along with the eating the men told of a large herd of antelope they had seen and of an unbranded cow they had brought in.

The "wrangler" ended the dinner. Into the camp he drove the horse herd, and from it fresh mounts were roped for the afternoon's work of "cutting out."

Cutting out is a hard, wearisome task. There were some six thousand cattle in the herd that had been rounded up that morning, and it was the work of the men to weave through that mass and to drive out certain brands known as the "Hash Knife," the "Pot Hook," the "Lazy L" and the like.

The herd that had been quiet was again in a turmoil, bellowing and milling, but it was kept within limited bounds and well "bunched" by the score or more of punchers outside.

My roan was well trained. He seemed to know by my guiding which cow I was after, and with incredible twisting and turning, well-directed kicks and bites, we would separate our cow from the writhing mass. I could faintly see my fellow-workers, flat silhouettes in the thickening dust, dodging and turning through the angry mass of heads and horns. My throat grew parched and dry, and the skin on my face became tight and stiffened by the settling dust. Once I stopped to tie my silk handkerchief over my mouth; I found it a great help.

And so the afternoon passed quickly. I rode for the last time into the sullen herd, carefully watching for any remaining cows with the brand of the "Hash Knife." But I did not find any; my work was finished and I rested in the saddle, watching the remaining men complete their "cutting out," helping them now and then with a stray cow.

The sun was low and very red, the shadows were long and thin. The afternoon's work was completed, and I was glad. From across the plain I saw the red dust of a small herd that had already left camp on their long night journey to the home pasture, and I heard the faint yelps of the cow-boys who were driving them. I dismounted and with the knotted reins thrown over my arm, slowly walked back to the grub-wagon.

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Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

"Cutting out."

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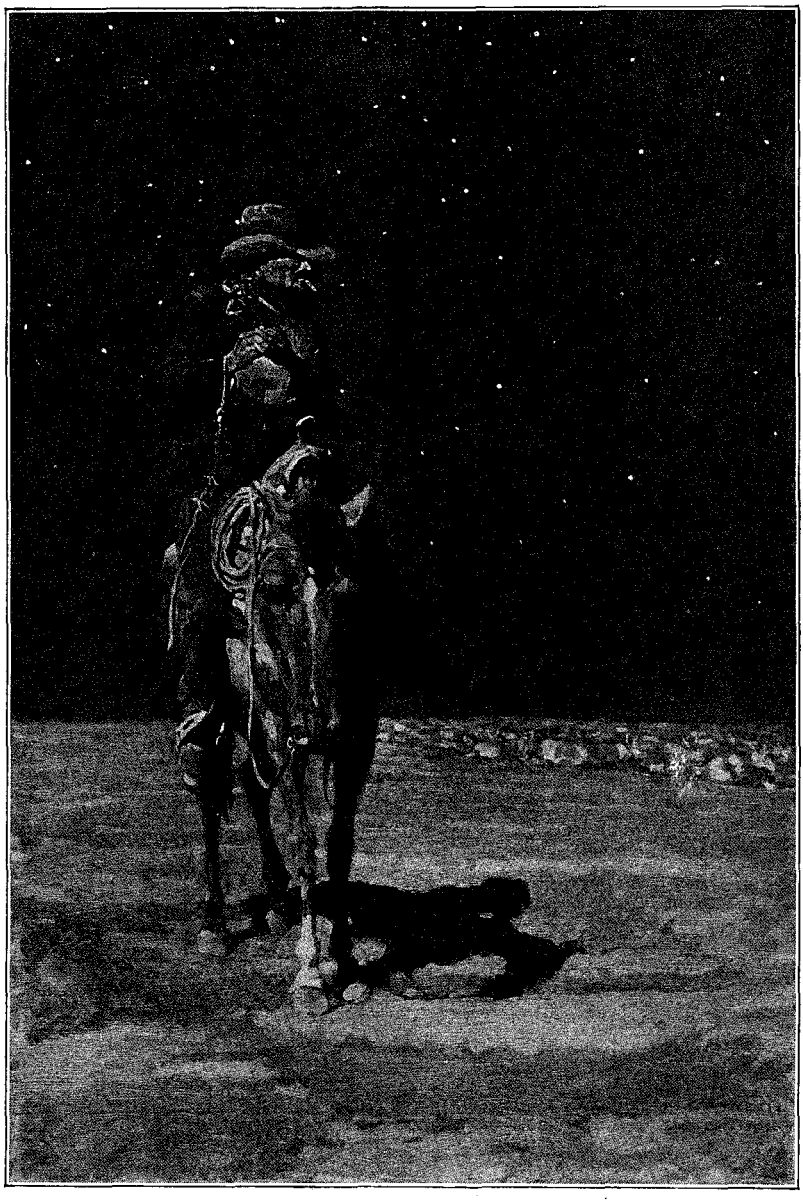

A night herder.

Some of the beds had already been unrolled, and I spread mine in a good level place. The ground was still hot and dry, but the air was rapidly becoming cooler, and the dew would soon fall.

In twos and threes the men came into camp, tired and dusty. We grouped about the wagons, sitting on the tongues, on unrolled beds, anywhere, perfectly contented, watching the cook prepare the evening meal. The odor of coffee scented the air, and I was hungry and tired as I never was before.

After the supper, a circle of men gathered about the camp-fire. The pulsing glow of many cigarettes spotted the darkness; the conversation slowly died with the fire, and one by one the dark, sombre faces disappeared from the light.

I was the last to leave. I crawled into

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my blankets and lay for a moment looking into the heavens and at the myriads of stars. I pulled the blankets up to my chin and then I felt the warmth of the ground creep through them. As I lay there I heard the faint singing of a night herder floating across the plains, and—for an instant—I thought of the morrow.

A BROTHER TO DIOGENES

By Thomas Nelson Page

ILLUSTRATION BY N. C. WYETH

AFTER a hard autumn's work, in which the strife had been more severe than I ever remembered it before, I found myself, as my doctor expressed it, "Not sick, but somewhat out of health." It had come to a pass when the ups and downs of the market meant a great deal to me. I wanted to be rich, and riches always meant more and more. Following the advice of my friends and clients, I had begun to take little "flyers," acting, of course, always on "sure things." I read three papers at the breakfast table, studied the financial pages of another, and bolted in to look at the ticker in the office of the first hotel on my way downtown. I had been quite successful, and the more money I made, the poorer I appeared to myself. I was not quite envious, but I could not bear to have others richer than I, and others were so rich.

It was just then that I began to push cabs and cars along and to feel a little sensation in my forehead which, after an unexpected flurry in the Street that ran my holdings up and down for the space of a week or two and left them decidedly down, became a sort of a band-like feeling. When things had settled several of my clients had gone to the wall and one of my friends, whom I saw every day at lunch, had gone to bed and forgot to turn off the gas. For a month or more I tried to bully myself into the idea that nothing was the matter; but after many nights in which I seemed hardly to lose consciousness, I consulted my friend, Dr. John. He looked at me in the quizzical way he had.

"You say you are rich?"

"No, not rich; but moderately well off."

"Well off!" he repeated with his half-cynical smile. "I call you pretty badly off. You won't live long—unless," he added, after a pause which seemed interminable, "you knock off right now and go away."

"How long do you give me?"

"How much did you say you slept last night?"

"I didn't sleep at all."

"You slept the night before?"

"Yes, some."

"All right; you will leave here the day after to-morrow and go either to the Riviera or to the Southwest. I give you your choice. And you will give me your word that you will not leave your address with anybody but me, or write a business letter and will not come back without my consent."

"And if I don't?"

"Then you will go to pieces." He tapped his forehead.

Two days after that I took the train for the Southwest, and on the morning of the fifth day, after a dusty climb over the Divide and a run through the Mohave Desert, with its scrub and sand, we suddenly came out into the land of flowers and green trees, lemon groves and crystal air.

That afternoon I spent knocking about in the quaint old town on Santa Barbara Bay, which still held some of its Spanish quaintness and charm, though the modern tourist and the modern caterer to the tourist were rapidly sweeping it away. It was the first time in several years that I had ever been conscious of any other pleasure in the outside world than that of mere physical comfort. But the quietude began to act like a balm.

I had discovered, however, that I was really "out of health," and the talk of "stocks

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Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

"Here I am, the richest man in all America if not in the world."—Page 298

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and bonds" and "money" and "markets," which I could not escape even at my meals began to be an exasperation. I wanted to get well. To escape these inflictions I began to ride about the country.

It was upon one of these rides that I came upon the "Brother to Diogenes." I was walking my horse slowly along a trail across one of the foot-hills of the Santa Ynez range, which towers like a rampart of light between the sea and the desert, when turning an abrupt corner I came upon the "Brother to Diogenes."

An old man, sun-tanned, travel-stained, and weather-beaten, with a shaggy beard, who at first glance looked almost like a tramp, was seated on a grassy bank, his back propped against a boulder, basking in the sun which streamed down on him, while a few yards below him, contentedly grazing on the fresh green sward, was a small and evidently very old sunburned "pinto" horse. His pack was undone and lying, half opened up, on the ground.

I possibly might have passed on with a casual salutation had I not observed that in the old man's lap rested a small worn leather-bound volume, which he had evidently laid down when he filled the pipe which he was now contentedly smoking.

"Good-afternoon," I said.

"Good-evening, sir," he said in reply.

The pleasant voice and the old-fashioned use of the word "evening" made me look at him more closely, and I noted that his features were unusually good, his eyes clear and keen, his face expressive of benignity, and that, while his outer clothes were shabby and worn, his linen, though plain and coarse, curiously enough, was unusually clean.

"You have selected a good point," I said.

"Yes, sir; it is one of my coignes of vantage of which I am particularly fond. I often come with an old friend to enjoy it." Here he laid his hand on his book as one touches a friend's arm. "I think it must have been from just such a point that 'stout Cortez' gazed on the Pacific, 'silent upon a peak in Darien'!"

With his pipe in his hand he made a gesture toward the south, where the green hills lay in fold above fold, as though spring had cast her robe about her and left it to lie along the ocean's marge in countless ripples and undulations.

"May I enjoy it with you a few moments?" I found myself recognizing his claim to it.

"Certainly, sir. Take a seat and make yourself at home. 'The world is wide enough for thee and me.'" By this time I had dismounted.

"From town, son?" he demanded, with a slow turn of his eyes from my direction to where, far below us, the brown houses and reddish roofs of Santa Barbara lay speckled among the green palms and pepper-trees of the quiet valley, with the old mission at the head of the valley, a mere dab looking over the town to the blue bay with the bluer islands ranged along on the other side. I nodded.

"Like it?" He was a man of few words until interested.

I replied at some length, "I liked it very much." It was so "different from the East," where I had come from, "so much quieter; the life so much more natural," etc. He appeared to lose interest as I went on, so presently I paused.

"Why did you come so far?" This was after quite a wait.

"Well, I was a little out of health; worked too hard." I thought he referred to my coming West, but he did not. He gave a grunt.

"I know. I mean why'd you come so far from town? Fond of country?"

"Wel-l, I don't know— Ye-s, I suppose so."

"Humph!" He sucked quietly at his pipe. And after a listless minute he picked up his book and began slowly to read. It was plain that I had fallen in his good graces. I meant to recover my lost place, if possible.

"I expect I am fonder than I know," I began. "I have lived in town so much that I had almost forgotten what the country was like." He laid his book down very slowly, and presently, without condescending to look at me, said:

"Why'd you do that?"

"I was working."

"Humph! Got a family!" This was not a question.

"No. Nobody but myself. But I wanted to succeed."

"Why?" This was after a perceptible pause.

"Oh, I don't know. Because I was a fool, I suppose."

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"You were." This was his first positive assertion.

"Well, did you?" he vouchsafed to inquire after a pause.

"Why, yes; measurably. I made a good deal of money."

"You call that success?" His eyes were resting on my face.

"Yes. Don't you?" He did not vouchsafe to reply to this. He only pulled at his pipe.

"What'd you do with it?" He was getting interested.

"Oh! Invested it—put it in bank and in stocks—gilt-edged securities."

"What for?"

"To keep." I was not used to this Socratic method.

His weather-beaten face relaxed and his blue eyes twinkled.

"That's right funny," he drawled. "A man works himself to death to get money to lock up and keep in a bank."

"Not at all," I fired up. "I want power; the respect of—of people." I had started to say "of friends," but I was glad I did not, for he said quietly:

"Must be poor kind of people respect you for your money. What'd you think if I were to tell you I had more money than any man in the country?"

I knew well what I would think, but I did not wish to appear rude. I had become interested in the old fellow lounging there in his rags, so I simply said:

"Have you? Tell me about it. Where is it? I suppose it is a mine? I see you are a prospector."

He nodded without removing his pipe from his mouth. Then, after a few puffs, he took it out.

"Yes, it's one of the richest, I think *the* richest I ever saw."

"Well, where is it?" I determined to humor him.

He looked at me with a shrewd glint in his deep-blue eyes.

"It is where you are not likely to find it unless— Do you know the shores of Bohemia?"

"No, I do not. It's been some time since I studied geography."

"I thought so. Well, I'll only tell you that I've got it." He chuckled in a half-childish way which satisfied me that my first conjecture was right, and that he was a little mad.

"Well, tell me about it," I said. "How did you come to get it?"

"Oh, I don't mind doing that, son. I just stumbled on it—just stumbled on it, you may say after hunting my heart out like many another fool." He was talking to himself rather than to me.

To break the reverie into which he had drifted I asked:

"May I inquire where you came from?"

He turned his eyes on me with a little twinkle in them.

"Well, I've seen the time and place when a question like that wasn't considered altogether polite. Th' wasn't but one man given to asking that particular question: the marshal, and he had to have his gun handy."

"I did not mean any offence."

"Oh, no. It happens that I know no reason why I should not tell you. I am from the East. You know the wise men came from the East."

"A long time ago. And your na——" I checked myself just in time.

"That question, too, I've seen make a man carrion. But I don't mind telling you. I am a brother to Diogenes."

"And you have been rich?" I began to see how it was.

"I *am* rich," he replied gravely. "Richer than Crœsus, richer than Solomon ever was, and he 'made silver to be in Jerusalem as stones.'

"When the war closed I found myself flat down on the ground, for everything was gone except the ground; even the fences had disappeared, and I've often wondered since I came West what would have happened to us poor fellows if we had found wire fences when we camped at night, instead of those good dry rails that we used to burn against orders. I had just enough to get away and take my younger brother with me. We went to New York, where I knew some people, and he secured a position in a railway office, while I found a place in an office—a mining bureau, they called it. We were ambitious to succeed—at least he was. I had rather got mine knocked out of me. A year at Point Lookout and those five years down there trying to keep the old place from going into Jim Crew's pocket had a little dulled my energy, and I was fond of books. But Ken was ambitious. He meant to succeed. And work! You

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never saw a boy work so. Why, it was day and night with him. He worked himself to the bone. He was thinner than I was when I came out of Point Lookout, and I was thin! Weekdays and Sundays he was at it—late at night I'd sit up and wait for him sometimes, and sometimes I'd just turn the lamp down and go to sleep, it was so late. And sometimes when he came in he was so tired he couldn't sleep. I tried to get him to let up; but he said he couldn't. The work was there, and he had to do it or fall out.

"One morning—it was Sunday, a bright spring morning—I was going into the country to see the peach blossoms and wanted him to come along, but he said he couldn't; he was due back at the office. As he was dressing I saw him stagger. He sort of sank down on the bed, and I saw his lips were red. I had seen men bleed from the mouth when a bullet went through 'em.

"'Let 'em know at the office I couldn't come,' he said, 'and I'll be down to-morrow.'

"The doctor I got just took up his hand and then laid it down again and looked at me. He had been an old soldier too. I had told him what he had been doing.

"He knew what I asked him, though I didn't say a word, and he just shook his head.

"'What brought it on?" I asked.

"'Worked to death—that's what they do. I've seen many of them.'

"Ken rallied, and I thought he was going to pull through; but that night it came on again, and before I could get the doctor he was gone. I did not grieve for him at first much, I was so glad he could rest.

"'Who's the head man down there,' I asked the doctor, 'and where does he live?'

"'Well, I don't know who is the superintendent; but the real head man, of course, is the president. He owns the road. He is one of the richest men in New York. He lives in that big house up on the avenue. I saw him this morning going to church.'

"I suddenly felt myself go cold and then hot.

"'Does he go to his office every day?'

"'Guess he does, except when he's off on his yacht, or in Europe, or at Long Branch.'

"'Thank you, doctor. That's all,' I said. 'You did all you could or anybody could.'

"Next day a letter came for Ken from the office, mailed the evening before. It was a formal notice to call and get ten dollars due to him. He was discharged for not coming down the day before. I took the letter, and locking the door with Ken lying there, went down to the railroad office. It was one of those big buildings, full of floors, and all the floors full of pens where men sweat over long tables, with the head men in corner rooms, wainscoted with mahogany, and with big desks and great armchairs.

"I went right in and up to the president's door through the whole line of offices and pens and desks where the men were shut in like prisoners. Two or three of them tried to stop me, but I passed right by them, and when they saw me keep straight they thought I had an appointment. I walked right in. The president was seated at his desk, with his stenographer at his desk. He was a big stout man with keen eyes, flabby cheeks, and a hard mouth. He had built himself a palace on Fifth Avenue without a tree or a flower or even a spear of grass about it—just stone. The stenographer was a thin young fellow with a sallow face and thin, bloodless lips and restless eyes like a grubstaker used to watching for signs. They both looked surprised and the president was really astonished. He was too much astonished even to ask what I wanted; but it didn't take long to tell him.

"'You are the president of this railroad company?'

"'I am.'

"'I have a letter here.' I opened the letter to Ken and laid it on the desk before him. He glanced at it.

"'Well?'

"'I am his brother.'

"'Well?'

"'He's dead!'

"'Well, I'm very sorry; but I don't see what I have to do with it.'

"I suddenly grew hot and cold again.

"'—— you! Don't you say that to me. You killed him, and if you say that to me I'll kill you right where you sit.'

"He sank back in his chair, and his face was whiter than the stenographer's.

"'Don't get excited,' he said, and reached his hand out to touch a bell, but I cut him short.

"'Don't touch that bell. If I am excited my brother is quiet enough. I left him on

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the bed where he died and you write to him that he is turned off because he didn't come Sunday when he was dying. You went to church that day, I reckon, and when the preacher said, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy" prayed God to write it in your heart.'

"'My dear sir,' he began, but I stopped him.

"'Don't you "dear sir" me either. You are nearer to death this minute than you ever were in your life. Here is your acquittance in full.' I laid his receipt on his desk. I had written it in full and made it out 'For murdering Ken.'

"Well, I kept on working for a while; but I didn't have much heart left for it. I found that it was grind or rob. Half of them were robbing, or trying to rob, the other half, and those who succeeded were called the successful ones and the rest just ground themselves away like an old pick.

"Even those who were called successful did not get any real good out of it. They got no enjoyment out of it except that which the miser has of hoarding up gold. The more they had, the more they wanted. Joy, health, peace of mind, happiness, all went through the sluice. And if they got more money they didn't know how to spend it. They built big houses and stored their barns or their bank boxes full and called on their souls to enjoy it, and about then God required their so-called souls of them. About the time it came they had to go hunting for health. That railroad president dropped dead in his office one day, quarreling with another railroad president over an extra million or so.

"I had studied geology and metallurgy, and had gradually become the one the firm relied on to examine and pass upon the mines that were offered them. So they got in the way of sending me out West to look at the mines. I was glad to go, for I had a holiday from the office and liked the free West. I used to find men there—rough, tough men, often full of lice and all uncleanness, but still men. But though I toiled for 'em and made 'em money, they did not offer to raise my salary.

"I told them one day that I wanted a holiday.

"'Well,' said the senior member, 'we can't spare you just now. We've got the biggest thing on we've ever had and we need you to go and inspect it.' He always talked as if he were saying, 'Let there be light,' and there had to be light.

"'That's a pity,' I said, 'for I'm going to take a holiday.'

"'I guess you can't take a holiday without I say so,' he said, frowning at me.

"'I guess I can, and to show you, I'll start right now,' I put on my hat. 'Good-day.'

"'I'll discharge you,' he said, very red. I turned and laughed at him.

"'Oh! You can't do that.'

"'Why?'

"'Because I've already discharged you. I'll never work another minute for you as long as you live.'

"When he saw I was going he tried to make up. He called me back—asked me to wait, and began to smear me with a lot of soft soap. He would double my salary, and all that. But I knew him and knew what it was worth, and told him, 'No.' That he knew I was worth more before, and was worth more than double my salary, and that if he had not increased it before I did not want it now.

"Well, he almost begged me to stay, but I would not.

"So I came West.

"At first I thought I could set up as an expert and assayer; but I fell into the way of going out and prospecting and liked it; so I held on to it. It took me out into the country—the desert or the mountains, and it brought back the times when I used to follow old Jack and sleep out under the stars. I had 'most forgotten what they looked like. You know you never see them in New York, or the moon either."

He suddenly lifted a warning finger.

"Sh-h-h!"

I saw he was listening to something with pleasure, for a pleasant light had come over his tanned face. I strained my ears in vain to catch the sound of a horse's feet or the far-off noise of a train, the smoke of which I could see between the hills two or three miles away. Suddenly I saw him peering eagerly into a chapparal thicket just below us, and became aware that a mocking-bird was singing lustily in his dusky retreat.

"Did you ever hear anything to beat that? That's what I've been waiting for. There are only a few of them up here, and

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they, like myself, prefer the quiet places to the noisy lowland down there. They carry me back——" He drifted off into a sort of a reverie.

"Have you ever been to Italy?" he inquired presently.

"Yes, once." I had galloped through once, giving one day to Venice, one to Florence, two to Rome, and one to Naples and Pompeii. I was in rather a hurry.

"Did you hear the nightingale? I have always thought that I would go down to Mexico sometime to see if I could not find one of those Maximilian brought there."

"No, I never did. I was there only a short time."

"I'd like to hear the self-same song 'that found a path through the sad heart of Ruth when, sick for home, she stood in tears amid the alien corn.'"

I brought him back with a question as to how he had got on in the West.

"Better than in the East," he said. "I kept on until I had tried pretty much every gold and silver field that opened up in the West. But somehow the more I saw of that sort of thing the less I liked it, the more I saw it was akin to what I had left in the East and hoped I had shaken forever. Men trampling each other down cutting each other's throats, for a bit of mountain-side or desert that would not yield as much as would plug a good-sized hole in a tooth. They were so busy scuffling to get gold that they did not have time to nurse the sick or bury the dead. I was in with 'em, too, broiling in the sun and freezing in the cold. All day in the gulch, and all night in the gambling hell. Till one day it came to me just like a flash of lightning what fools they were and what a blind fool I was to bunk with such a lousy bunch of locoed jackasses. I had got together quite a good stake and was about to come out with it when a couple of scoundrels stole it from me. They said they came from Kansas, but I think they came from New York. Well, they sickened me, and I cut the business—sold out to the first man that made me an offer and struck out for myself. It was then that I got old Pinto, there. He was young then and tolerably mean, and the man's had him said he was locoed, but he guessed he wasn't locoed any worse than I. Well, I thought I knew who was locoed. So I got him, and together we cinched my kit on him, and I tra-laed 'em and lit out. Look at him now; he's got more sense than the whole camp I left that morning. Knows just what he wants and when he's had enough, and don't go on trying to pile it up to keep." He nodded his head with pride over to where the horse stood dozing and lazily whipping off a fly from time to time with his sun-burned tail, a picture of content.

"Even then, do you know, I wasn't satisfied? I had the disease. For some time I kept on grubstaking; just travelling up and down till I got sort of bent double, looking at the ground for gold, like Mammon. I know the hot plains where the only vegetation is sage-brush, and the only breaks are the flat-topped buttes and the crooked *mesas* that frizzle in the blistering sun, and the only inhabitants are the lizards and the ants, and I know the big mountain-tops where a man can hear God writing his eternal laws as Moses did. So I went over most of the Rockies and Sierras, but little by little, as I wandered up and down, I began to feel how good it was to be up there, even if I didn't strike gold, but just found the air clear and clean as dew and the earth quiet and undisturbed and carpeted with flowers, with the creatures God made—just as he made 'em, neither better nor worse. And at last I got to striking deeper and deeper in, so as to get away from folks and to have it all to myself and the other wild animals."

His eyes began to wander over the landscape, spread out at our feet like a map of Eden, and his face grew so ruminative that I saw he had lost interest in his story and I began to fear that I should not hear the rest of it. At length I made so bold as to ask him a question.

"How did you happen to find it at last?"

He came out of his reverie as out of a cloud.

"Find what?"

"The gold. Your mine."

"Oh! I was telling you about it, wasn't I? Well, it was fool luck—just fool luck. You know it doesn't take sense to get gold. Some of the biggest fools I ever saw made the most money.

"One day I had got up pretty high on the range and had turned my horse out, to enjoy one of the most beautiful views in the world, when I struck it—just fool luck.

"I had about given up all idea of ever

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hitting anything richer than the dirt to bury me in when I stumbled on it. That's a curious thing about life. We work ourselves out trying to make a strike, and when we are about dead we stump our toe and there it is at our feet.

"I felt sure it was where no man had ever been before and where I came mighty near not going; for nature or God, after putting it there, fortified it with a more impenetrable abatis than any engineer could ever have designed if he spent his life trying. He hid it among inaccessible mountains and spread before it a desert where the sun dries the marrow in men's bones and an atmosphere which is like a blast from hell. I had a dim idea that there was a region over that way that no man's eyes had ever seen, and so I took an old friend or two along and struck for it, to see what it was like. Not that men had never tried it before, but no one had ever set his face that way and come back; and those who followed them found only borax beds and their sun-dried bodies tanned by a sun that fried all the fat out of a man's body in a day.

"I tried a different way—in fact, I was a little crazy then, I think. They say God protects children and idiots. Anyhow, I went in over the peaks, my old Pinto and I. I didn't have much idea that I'd ever get in, and I had less that if I got in I'd ever get out again. But I loaded old Pinto down with enough to last me a good four months, and in I went. It was steep climbing most of the way and heavy work all the way. But I liked it because I felt as if I were Adam and owned the earth.

"Did you ever go where you could feel like Adam?" he asked suddenly. I could truthfully say, "No."

"Then you don't know how a man can feel.

"That is a curious thought—after you get used to it. At first it is too big. It makes the head swim. I go up sometimes into the mountains and see the rim of the earth turn up or down as it slips from over the sun or steals over it. Or I go out into the desert to feel the vastness of it and see the shadow of the globe on the sky and know that in all that circle there is not a soul but myself—just myself and the wild creatures who follow the law of nature.

"I had been in there some months when it came to me that I'd better be taking my bearings so as to get some more grub and tobacco before winter. But when I started on the back trail I found there were places I had come up which I couldn't go down—not without losing Pinto, and I would not do that. So I just struck on to cross the whole range. This, too, was more than I had laid off, and for the first time in my life, since I left New York, I found I was lost. This didn't trouble me much, however, for it is appointed for man once to die, and it might as well be like Moses on a mountain-top as like a pig in a pen. I might have turned back, but every now and then I found nuggets that hadn't grown there and that I knew had been washed down from somewhere up ahead, or I got views that beat anything I ever dreamed of. So I kept on with old Pinto, climbing and climbing, until one morning we came to the top of the range, or, at least, what I took to be the top. But when I got there it was but a step up like the rest; and there they were, range after range, stretching beyond me in blue waves of mountains, billow on billow, up to snow-capped peaks that held up the sky. And what I had taken to be a table-land was really only the level edge of the crater of an old volcano. But my soul! it was a vision. It reminded me of that saying, 'And the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden.' There was a river that ran down from the snow above and divided into four streams, one of which ran into a lake and all about it were trees and flowers. Pinto, however, did not seem to be as interested as I was, and he began at once to snuff his way down to the water, with me at his heels, under a bower of lilacs of every hue. I had been so busy looking around at the flowers and thinking how like the Garden of Eden it was, and how peaceful it was, that I had not looked at the rocks, but when I sat down it was on a great bulge in the ledge that the volcano had once thrown up, and after a while I began to examine it. As soon as I saw it I knew what it was. It was gold. A great vein of gold, richer than any I ever saw, that that volcano had pushed up there, and there it lay, a great stratum with one end bulging out and the other resting in hell, I reckon.

"Well, for a while I couldn't think. Then my first thought was—if Ken had only lived—and then the others. Next I thought

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how I'd do when I got out. I'd go to New York and make those swine root at my feet for the gold I'd throw in their mire. I thought how I'd insult that railroad murderer, and I followed my fancy till I got sort of crazy to get there. Then it came to me that I might as well follow the lead and see how far it ran, so as to get an idea how rich I was, for I allowed it would run $200,000 to the ton. So I got on my feet and began to climb over it, and I must have gone a mile before it began to dip. I was right at the top of the rim and there was a little clump of pines and joshuas there, and as I looked under the shade of one I saw two piles that looked like ant-hills, except that they were rather too regular. I pushed up to them—and if they weren't gold! Two piles of gold as high as my shoulder that had been dug and piled there. My teeth began to chatter and before I knew it I had pulled out my gun to kill anyone who would dispute my claim.

"The next minute, though, my breath stopped. On the other side of the clump lay two skeletons, and through the breast of one and through the ribs of the other were knives that told the story. A little farther off, where I found them later, were the skeletons of their horses and their kits and things. These two men had been chums for years—you might say like brothers—and together had come all that way, faced all the dangers and endured all the hardships that I had known, and then, in the hour of their triumph, when they were standing in sight of enough gold to buy a kingdom, they had killed each other over some petty difference arising out of their division. And the buzzards had picked their bones.

"I knew it all then, but it was not until that night that it came home to me in its full significance. I knew what it meant if I should return to the East with my new wealth, and all that night I rolled and tossed as I had not done since I left the city. And the next morning the pillillooeets came and gibed and shrilled their 'Pee-ahs' at me with their noses, and the buzzards circled and watched and cocked their eyes down at me as they have done at thousands who have died for gold.

"I fought it out all that day, but that night when the darkness fell again, rolling down from the gray mountain-tops above me, and the stars came out and blinked down at me like the eyes of angels, waiting to know my decision, I reached it. I made up my mind to cut it and all that went along with it. I was free. Why should I go into slavery again? At the thought my soul revolted. The reek and the stench of the cities came back to me and turned my stomach. It all became clear to me that night under the silent stars. It seemed sort of to get in my blood. And presently I began to think of all that I had lost—of the comrades I used to have when I was tramping up and down in Virginia with no more than one frying-pan for a mess and a ragged blanket for two of us, fighting for something else than gold. I thought of those who had died for it. And then of little Ken, as he withered there in New York in that cursed Death Valley atmosphere. And presently I began to feel that I had gotten along pretty well as it was, and I began to count up what I would lose if I went back to that hell where I used to see men frying in their own fat. All the camps I loved up in the keen air on the mountain-tops came back to me, the desert with its wide warm places and silence and the deep gloom of the redwood forests where the light is tempered to the cool green like the depths of the sea; and at last I decided I'd just keep that gold there until I wanted it, and in the meantime I'd live as God meant me to live, and see the country God had made.

"To prove my gratitude to my two friends who had helped me to my decision I took their bones and buried them each in a pile of the gold that had caused their death; and as I did not know which was which, I drew lots to see which should have which. And there they lie now, each under a pile of gold that would have made Midas mad. I picked up enough gold to last me until I went back. It was a long and tedious trip, but after weeks of work I found my way out—and here I am, the richest man in all America if not in the world."

I glanced at him to see if he were not joking, but his face was profoundly serious, and I became quite satisfied that he was mad.

"What do you call your mine?"

"I call it the Cain and Abel," he said, "after the two brothers who first found it. You see I consider them my sleeping partners and they have all the gold they want now."

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He mused for a little while, but he soon began again.

"Yes, now I reckon I'm about the richest man in the world. I've ranches so big that it takes me months to get over them. My wheat fields stretch from the mountains all the way to the coast and my gardens bloom from one year's end to another. I have my art galleries, too, with such pictures as no artist but one ever painted, and they are all taken care of for me. The colors are from Him who made the heavens blue and stained these hills green, who paints the sunrise and sunset and spangled the sky with stars."

To get him off this subject I asked him how he managed in cold weather.

"Oh, I never get cold," he said, "I'm a nomad like my ancestors. When I wish it I travel with the summer, but sometimes I love the keen, frosty air of the mountain hedges; it hardens me. I am like the water-ouzel; I love the storms and the waterfalls. And up there I make friends with God's creatures from the big, lazy amiable bears to the little scolding pillillooeets, who live on pine nuts and fresco the trees with their little claws."

"Do you ever kill them?" I asked.

"Me? No. Am I God to kill and to make alive?"

"I see you carry a pistol."

"Only for men. They are the only animals that prey on their own kind, even when they are not hungry. Other animals kill in self-defence or for meat."

"But have you never thought that you might get ill?"

"Oh, yes. But I do not worry about it. It is appointed to man once to die. I shall not anticipate it. Whenever Death finds me I shall try to meet him pleasantly."

"No, but I mean if you fall ill."

"Oh, most illness is the fruit of the life fools live. Over there in the old mission I have a cupboard if I ever want to shut myself up, and up the canyon I have a friend or two who understand me and let me roam about without attempting to hobble me or weary me with futilities. And in various places I have ranches where they would be glad to give me a corner, for the sake of the little, dirty, sunburned children who know me. But when I die I want to die under the open sky. No peering fools to treat me with contempt; rather let the buzzards have me. I'm going down now to see my orchards in the Santa Clara Valley: miles of white bloom. Have you ever seen them?"

I told him "No," but that I had heard of them, and then to test him and partly to humor him, I asked, "Are all those yours?"

"Yes," he answered. "I let others work them and I just enjoy them. That's reasonable, ain't it?"

It seemed to me so at the moment. But when I had said good-by, and was coming back to town, after asking him to let me take him some tobacco the next day, I began to be a little befogged about him.

When I returned next day, to my disappointment he was not there; but in a cleft in the rock against which he had leaned was a small package with a note addressed to me on the card I had given him; and in the package were a handful of specimens of almost pure gold, which he said he had left because I seemed "rather poor." I took the specimens and showed them to a scientific man whom I had met in the town and who did some assaying there.

"Where did you get them?" he asked in wonder.

"An old fellow gave them to me."

"So you have seen him?"

"Yes. Who is he?"

"No one knows. He calls himself a brother to Diogenes. Some think him mad, and perhaps he is. I don't know."

"What is that?"

"Gold."

"How pure?"

"Almost pure. It has a little sulphur mixed with it. He evidently knows where there is a gold mine. Probably he gets it and puts it through a crude smelting process. See, this has been in the fire."

"He says it came from a volcano."

"Attempts have been made to follow him, but he is too keen for that; he has had great offers, which he laughs at. Some think he is in league with the devil."

"He seemed to be a harmless old lunatic."

"Yes. You were in great luck to get any of his nuggets. He usually gives only to the poor. He must be mad."

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JEFFERSON AND THE ALL-STAR CAST IN "THE RIVALS"

By Francis Wilson

IN the spring of 1895 a benefit performance of "The Rivals" was given at the Fifth Avenue Theatre for Jefferson's friend, C. W. Couldock, the veteran actor. Besides Jefferson a number of prominent actors were in the cast. From this performance came the idea of forming an All-Star company to play the same comedy on tour for a month. This was carried into effect, after much trouble, involving a great deal of negotiation. The tour began May 4, 1896, at Springfield, Mass., and ended, after thirty performances, May 30, 1896, in New York City. A special train of Pullman cars housed the company and bore it after performances to the various cities in which it was to appear. The route was as follows:

May 4th, Springfield, Mass.; 5th, Hartford; 6th, New Haven; 7th, New York, matinée; 7th, Brooklyn, night; 8th, Philadelphia; 9th, Baltimore, afternoon; 9th, Washington, night; 11th, Pittsburg; 12th, Louisville; 13th, Cincinnati, matinée and night; 14th, St. Louis; 15th and 16th, Chicago, two nights and matinée; 18th, Milwaukee; 19th, Indianapolis; 20th, Grand Rapids, Mich.; 21st, Toledo, Ohio, afternoon; 21st, Detroit, night; 22d, Columbus, Ohio; 23d, Cleveland, Ohio; 25th, Buffalo; 26th, Rochester; 27th, Syracuse, afternoon; 27th, Utica, N. Y., night; 28th, Albany; 29th, Boston, afternoon; 29th, Worcester, Mass., night; 30th, New York, N. Y.

The programme is reproduced herewith.

THE RIVALS

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS.

BY RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF

C. B. JEFFERSON AND JOSEPH BROOKS.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Sir *Anthony Absolute*,	*William H Crane*
Captain Absolute,	Robert Taber
Falkland,	*Joseph Holland*
Acres,	Joseph Jefferson
Sir *Lucius O'Trigger*,	*Nat. C. Goodwin*
Fag,	E. M. Holland
David,	Francis Wilson
Mrs. Malaprop,	Mrs. John Drew
Lydia Languish,	Julia Marlowe Taber
Lucy,	Fanny Rice

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES.

ACT I.—Scene 1—*Mrs. Malaprop's Reception Room.* Scene 2—Captain Absolute's Bachelor Apartments.

ACT II.—Scene 1—North Parade at Bath, showing Bath Abbey. Scene 2—*Mrs. Malaprop's Reception Room.* Scene 3—Apartments of Bob Acres.

ACT III.—Scene 1—Mrs. Malaprop's Apartments. Scene 2—Hallway in Mrs. Malaprop's House. Scene 3—King's Meades Fields, showing the City of Bath and Cathedral in the distance. (The celebrated Dueling grounds.

Scenery by Walter Burridge. Construction by C. L. Hagen. Costumes by Herman.

After all business arrangements had been made, I wrote Mr. Jefferson about rehearsals, the costumes, etc., of David, and received the following reply:

"1319 St. Charles Ave.,
"NEW ORLEANS, LA., Feb. 21, '96.

"*My Dear Sir Francis*:—*

"If as David you were to dance before the Lord, or go on an illegitimate courting expedition after the Queen of Sheba, I would suggest short skirts for the first and an acrobatic get-up for the latter, but for my old friend David in 'The Rivals'—pumps, white stockings, red plush breeches, long yellow vest, white neck-tie with huge bow, and a long old-fashioned square-cut livery. As for the wig—that, as Sam Weller says, 'depends upon the taste and fancy of the speller, my lord.' I would say a red or black close crop. But whatever color you choose you are sure to paint the Town red.'

A little later he wrote:

"BOSTON, April 29, 1896.

". . . I find it will be quite out of the question to rehearse in Springfield until Monday. If you can get here Saturday morning or afternoon I can give you an hour or two at my hotel, the Parker House. Your photo of 'David' is admirable. You seem to have hit the spirit of it. I predict great things for you, but *nous verrons*, as we say in Dutch. . . . "

It was the honor more than the splendid emolument of the thing which, at the end of

*My usual form of address to him was "My Dear Sir Joseph."

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a laborious season, brought together such a company as "The Rivals" organization. There was an æsthetic flavor about the whole tour, a unanimity of feeling that rendered it particularly delightful. Such was the buoyancy of feeling that I am not sure but that the most inefficient of us did not feel himself quite competent to play the most important part. However that may be, I do know that nobody felt himself too big to play the smallest part. I thought that a record of the incidents and accidents (if any), and anecdotes of the trip might prove interesting. I set them down immediately while the impression was fresh. A great deal that I recorded was never meant for publication, merely for my own remembrance. However, I sent the manuscript entire to Jefferson, who commended certain parts, blue pencilled and objected to others. He felt sure that my eagerness to include all that had been said and done had made me overlook the ultimate effect that "the printed form, unaccompanied by cheerful manners and good feeling, would have upon those concerned," and that he wanted to be as frank with me as if I were at his elbow.

"My book," he writes a few days later, "gave me my first experience. I told too much. Gilder warned me. I would not hold back till I saw it in cold type, then I cried '*Peccavi!*' and saw how right he was. I will read you some of 'The Rejected Addresses' when we meet, so that you can judge."

On Saturday, November 7th, he writes: "I will send you the Star Trip. I am still in my original frame of mind regarding it. It puts you in the light of a hero-worshipper, and me on a theatrical throne chair with an assumed air of modesty, but slyly acquiescing in the praise. Of course I have nothing more to say, and so leave it for you to decide, except as to certain allusions. Though I feel at liberty to chat about, or criticise an actor or actress in writing, or in *conversation*, to indorse the *publication* of harsh or censurable remarks would place me justly in an unenviable position." I wrote him that I cared more for his good opinion than for the publication of twenty journals, however frankly kept, and that I had no idea that many of the things set down would pass muster with him, but that I had let them all stand for his pencil's slash or neglect, and that the whole thing had been written subject to his criticism and decision. In the journal which follows, no part, of course, to which Jefferson objected is printed.

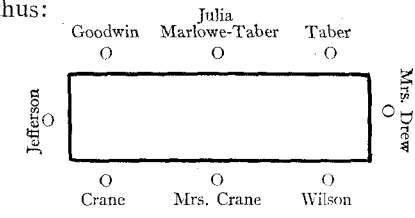
ALL-STAR RIVALS TOUR

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., May 3, 1906.

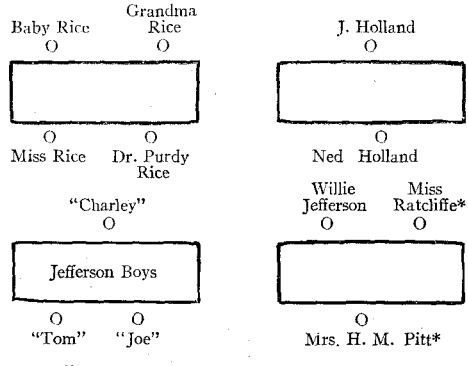
Came up from New York with Mrs. Drew, N. C. Goodwin, Edward Holland, Joseph Holland, Fanny Rice, and Joseph Brooks.

On reaching Springfield drove to the Pullman cars lying side-tracked by the river. Mr. Jefferson, Julia Marlowe-Taber, and Robert Taber were assembled in the drawing-room, dining-room, morning-room Pullman car, and, the greetings over, we sat down to dinner, which was excellent as to food and service. Crane and his wife are at the Massasoit House, the former indisposed with a dreadful cold, and with strict injunctions from the physician to speak only in a whisper. This means torture to Crane, who is exceedingly nervous in the slightest illness, and imagines the day of judgment close at hand.

There is a large table, at which we sat thus:



There are smaller tables, arranged thus:



Jefferson promises to be reminiscent, Mrs. Drew dignified and corroborative, Goodwin, and no doubt Crane, anecdotal, Fanny Rice maternal, while the Tabers, Hollands, and I, though venturing an occasional leading note, will be generally content to play the appreciative listeners that shall provoke

*Understudies.

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the leaders to excel. To me the sweetest member of the company is Fanny Rice's baby.

Standing much in need of a general rehearsal, it was decided to go through the play in the parlor of the Massasoit House. Having arrived at the hotel, we at once paid our respects to the Cranes, where William was found the picture of despair. We jibed him into better humor and saw him relax into his accustomed pleasantness of expression.

The doctor being there with sprays and laryngoscopical implements, everybody, nearly, in the company became affected with pharyngitis or larynx failure, and underwent instant treatment. The scene was well-nigh indescribable, there being a general holiday atmosphere over the whole proceeding. There were jokes and shouts of laughter as each new patient took the chair and swallowed quantities of ether, iodoform, and cocaine. The nasal inhalator was passed around and dextrously adjusted and manipulated. There were burlesque diagnoses of the cases, some of which went pretty close to the mark. Crane was declared to have corns on his vocal cords, and Goodwin hypertrophy of the theatrical septum. Ether was sprayed as hair-oil, and Taber, whose pharynx was really congested was pronounced in perfect health. High hats, sofa-pillows, Jefferson, and Mrs. Drew went through a course of unusual spraying treatment. Off in a corner of the room surreptitious glances were being taken of the lines soon to be spoken in the rehearsal apartment, and one exceedingly nervous member knelt in reverence before an open book of 'The Rivals,' in a frantic effort to get a deeper impression of the lines he knew perfectly weeks before.

Mr. Jefferson conducted the rehearsal with an occasional valuable suggestion from Mrs. Drew, who is very firm and alert at seventy-six. Rehearsing in a small room with all one's stellar *confrères* huddled about him is a trying experience. There were blanched cheeks and profuse perspiration for which even the warmth of the room did not fully account. In fact, a strong case of stage-fright developed all around. Mr. Jefferson confessed himself nervous, not for himself, but for the people! It did not occur to anybody to be nervous for Mr. Jefferson. After each one had gone through his scene he would heave a sigh of relief and escape into the hall. I felt easier as I saw those unconcerned in the scene drift out about the time Acres and David were to appear, and for fear that they should return inopportunely, I turned the key in the door and obliged them to knock repeatedly before gaining admittance. Mr. Jefferson, whose hearing is somewhat dull, did not, for a while, take in the situation.

As rehearsal progressed, it was plain that anxiety to please and the newness of the situation were having a marked effect upon the acting of the people, Jefferson and Mrs. Drew being the only ones to do themselves justice.

The Tabers and Crane have been rehearsing all the week, but the Hollands, Fanny Rice, and I are just beginning. Goodwin has once played his rôle of Sir Lucius.

Thoroughly tired, nervously so, all reached the car after rehearsal and sat down to sandwiches and liquid refreshments. The ladies have all disappeared, and the men are swapping anecdotes and relating experiences.

It was a rare treat to hear Jefferson and Mrs. Drew talk over old times, old plays, and old friends. They were in excellent mood this morning, and I confess being strongly tempted to take out a pencil and make notes on the spot. I think I never saw two people of the stage freer from pretence and affectation. Actors and actresses, particularly those of the "old school," are prone to carry into private life something of the "grand manner" they have been accustomed to assume on the stage. But there is nothing of this in Jefferson and Mrs. Drew. There is, on the contrary, an alert, rather jaunty air of modernity about Jefferson which I have often observed before. It would have been quite natural for Mrs. Drew to carry into private life some of the queenly airs of the *grandes dames* and heroines of the drama, but I find no trace of it. There is dignity a-plenty, and when she speaks, she does so with an air of assured, but never presumptuous authority, as one who has been accustomed to command. She has a deliciously keen sense of the finest gradations of humor, and it is most interesting to watch the peculiar expression about the eyes and mouth, indicative of her thorough grasp and enjoyment of a jest. As

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these two royal representatives of the drama sat talking, and I contrasted their simple, unaffected manner, both of speech and action, with that of some pretentious members of the players' profession, I was reminded of the remark of a gifted artist, who, when his attention was called to some students whose long hair and conspicuous dress obviously proclaimed their artistic ambitions, said, "Oh, if they only knew that art does not consist of *that!*"

Mrs. Drew declared the elder Booth an "idiosyncratic reader,"—that he thrust his views too much upon an audience by undue emphasis upon passages that reflected the *reader's* personal opinion and bias. She gave as an example Lear's lines about Cordelia:

"Her voice was ever *soft* and *low*—
An *excellent* thing in woman,"

the adjectives of which she said he unduly exaggerated. This was confirmed by Mr. Jefferson, who declared Booth put too much individuality into his readings.

Dickens was mentioned, and Jefferson spoke of William Warren's disappointment in Dickens as a reader. Mrs. Drew had heard him read and corroborated Warren's judgment.

"He characterized too much," she said, "by acting all the voices, thus giving the imagination no opportunity. There was no relief—no chance for the imagination of the listener to play. The reading became monotonous."

"On a trip to San Francisco," said Jefferson, "a number of the favorable critiques from the Eastern cities was printed and circulated in the Occidental city. On my arrival I found Harry Perry, an old-time actor, reading one of these papers, and asked what he thought of it.

"'Gad!' said he, 'but you must have improved since I last saw you!'"

I asked Mr. Jefferson and Mrs. Drew how much of their life they supposed had been given over to written and oral advice to stage-struck men and women, and to their friendly interceders. Mrs. Drew's eyes were instantly uplifted with an expression of despair, while Jefferson gave vent to a prolonged whistle, which was most significant. Much was said about the matter, the gist of which was that such sacrificed time was the penalty exacted of all people attaining positions of prominence. Jefferson was prompt and uniformly courteous in all such affairs; dignified and helpful to strangers, and humorously blunt to friends.

I give the following letter, kindly loaned by Mrs. Ingersoll, to the famous agnostic, as part illustration of what has been said:

"BUZZARD'S BAY, June 12th, '90.

"*My Dear Ingersoll:*—

"I regret there is no opening in our company for your young friend. If there were you may be assured that he would have it for your sake.

English comedy, the only dish we have to offer, seems to lose its flavor when not cooked up by experienced actors. I might say antiquated, for we belong not to the fossil, but to the carbonic era—a lot of 'lean and slippered pantaloons.' Some day, when chance offers, I shall be glad to see Mr. Hazleton and advise him on the matter.

"Faithfully yours,
"J. JEFFERSON"

I asked him if he had been much bothered by people who wanted to name patent medicines, games, cigars, and other matters after him or his plays. He answered that he had once received an appreciative letter from a gentleman who had seen "Rip Van Winkle," and who declared with some show of eloquence that he longed to present him with some tangible evidence of his appreciation. His name was Dunk, and he was a manufacturer, and he would take pleasure in presenting him with one of his beds. All that he would request was that in the third act of "Rip Van Winkle," after arising from the sleep of twenty years, he should say: "I'd have had a better time if I had had one of Dunk's patent spring beds!"

"First night" came at last, and with it as nervous a crowd of Thespians gathered to play "The Rivals" as one could well imagine. Those who had rehearsed so unfalteringly in the morning were the first to "dry up" in the evening. There were no great lapses nor yet any noticeable embarrassments, the people being much too clever and experienced for that, but Mr. Jefferson had something of a task holding us all together. "Sir Lucius" and "Falkland," "Jack Absolute," and "David" came in for promptings that were timely and skilful from "Acres." These promptings were not to be wondered at when it is remembered

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that besides the peculiarity of the situation, in the number of years Mr. Jefferson has played the piece much new stage business and many very worthy lines and phrases that greatly enrich the play, and especially the part of Acres, have crept in and, so far as I could discover, exist only in the memory of the man who headed not only this company, but the American theatrical firmament. Speeches that one studies as an entirety are broken in upon by the clever sayings of Bob, and one is left for the instant wholly disconcerted. The cleverness and naturalness of the interpolations enlist attention in the direction of Acres, all of which naturally confuses until complete familiarity is established. Then, too, to one who has himself been for years the central figure of plays, it is more or less embarrassing at first to find himself, in stage slang, "feeding the situations" of another.

The audience gave the performance breathless attention, and in their eagerness to hear every word forgot to applaud. Jefferson remarked it but was scarcely at loss to account for it. As the play progressed, however, the audience became demonstrative, and ultimately enthusiastic. At the end of the second act there was an especially hearty recall, and as the curtain rose and the ten "stars" stood forth, there came a wave of tremendous applause. Thereafter there were numerous scene recalls, and Jefferson made a speech.

All the players, except Mr. Jefferson and Mrs. Drew, feel the irksomeness of the new situation, while to the others, the rôles seem very small compared to those each has been accustomed to play.

Miss Marlowe confided to the writer that she thought Lydia Languish "such a silly lady." Goodwin was in despair over his rôle, which he thought was far from good. The condition of Crane's voice gave him real cause for complaint, and though Taber did not say so, he looked as if there were much too much of Jack Absolute, for the little credit he possesses. Nearly everyone has a word of discontent. It is, in fact, the usual period of depressive reaction. All this will have passed away with a few performances.

It would be difficult to find a more lovable man than the "Governor," as his sons and others call him. He is courteous, kindly, considerate, able, affable, and felicitous. He has a fund of anecdotes, and is original in thought and humorous in expression. His sense of right and wrong is accurate and swift, and he is prompt and fearless in the condemnation of the slightest injustice. He is never stubborn in the maintenance of a position, and will yield gracefully to well-taken points in opposition to his views. There is a gentleness and sweetness in all he says or does that readily endears him.

The subject of education came up. I asked him in what degree the lack of it was any barrier to the success of an actor. He thought that it would discover the actor to the cultured portion of his public, but would not *greatly* hinder his success. Edmund Kean he believed to be an illiterate man, but there was never any question of his great ability after the London *dêbut* in Shylock. "Education has nothing to do with the expression of a passion," he said.

"Do you not believe that the profession of an actor is perhaps the one most capable of utilizing information of whatever nature? In short, the aptitude being given, that man will succeed who possesses the greatest educational advantages?"

To this both Mr. Jefferson and Mrs. Drew answered emphatically, "Yes, of course!" "Lydia Languish" then remarked naïvely that it was no disadvantage to hold a hand full of graces.

Then came a discussion of Edwin Booth. Jefferson thought him "superior in Hamlet," for which he was best fitted by nature and much study. Mrs. Drew preferred him as Bertuccio, in "The Fool's Revenge." Goodwin gave his voice for Tarquin in the "Fall of Tarquin," in which Jefferson thought Edwin was very fine; he also thought "Macbeth" the weakest performance in Booth's repertory. "As young men, but of vastly different types," declared Jefferson, "Edwin Booth and Edwin Forrest were very handsome men."

We spoke of happiness. "Joy," I said, "was the God of our household. No one was permitted to hang crape on the door of our feelings."

"That's the proper way," he made answer. "Happiness is the religion of our family. To begin with, we take all the comic papers. No one is permitted to read aloud, and he is begged not to read, even to himself, about the mangled corpse of the father and the

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Wm H CRANE.
as "Sir Anthony Absolute".

roasted bodies of the babies—subjects with which the daily papers disgustingly teem."

He spoke of once meeting Lawrence Barret standing on a street corner waiting for a car to take him to the gymnasium.

"Going to exercise when you get there, I suppose?" said Jefferson.

"Of course," Barret replied.

"Why don't you walk?" Jefferson added. "It's better exercise, and it'll save you the time and trouble of going."

"In a previous season with 'The Rivals,'" said Jefferson, "Maurice Barrymore, one of the wittiest of men, was in the company. He arranged the Christmas presents for the members of the cast. Among the gifts were peanuts to Mrs. Drew, who abhors them, and to me a book of 'The Rivals,' with every part cut out, except 'Bob Acres.'" Jefferson told this with gleeful appreciation.

Professor Weir, of Yale, gave us a charming reception, at which there were beautiful women and distinguished men. On leaving the house, "Sir Lucius" Goodwin had hold of "Acres" Jefferson's arm, while "David" Wilson grasped that of "Sir Anthony" Crane. We were all in formal attire, long black coats, gloves, and tall hats, and the departure from the scene of festivity was so much like a funeral procession that "Sir Lucius" comically increased the resemblance by taking off his hat and say-

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ROBERT TABER.
as "Captain Absolute".

ing solemnly to Jefferson, "He was a good fellow!" Jefferson, thinking he referred to our host, said:

"Yes; he is a fine man!"

"No," persisted "Sir Lucius" tearfully, referring to the suggestion inspired by the procession, "I mean the deceased." In the manuscript sent Jefferson, this was one of the stories objected to, but Professor Weir, having a sense of humor, and seeing no impropriety where indeed none was intended, consents to the story's publication.

The performance at New Haven was remarkably smooth. The audience was one of the most enthusiastic I have ever met.

Mrs. Drew thought the extreme heartiness of the plaudits would likely spoil us for the rest of the trip. Jefferson was sure the subsequent enthusiasm would equal it, and it did. After the performance we were entertained by Professors Weir and Lounsbery at the Graduates' Club.

We, Jefferson, Crane, Goodwin, and I, were conducted to the "Crypt," sung to, and told we were "Jolly good fellows," and obliged to make responses—which we did. Jefferson enjoyed the speeches hugely, supporting himself against the wall when laughing heartily.

Jefferson, Crane, and Goodwin went down to New York by boat to-night.

The matinée performance at the American Theatre, New York, was a clean-cut, fine representation, with everybody on the *qui vive* before an audience that was delightful to see, thrilling to hear.

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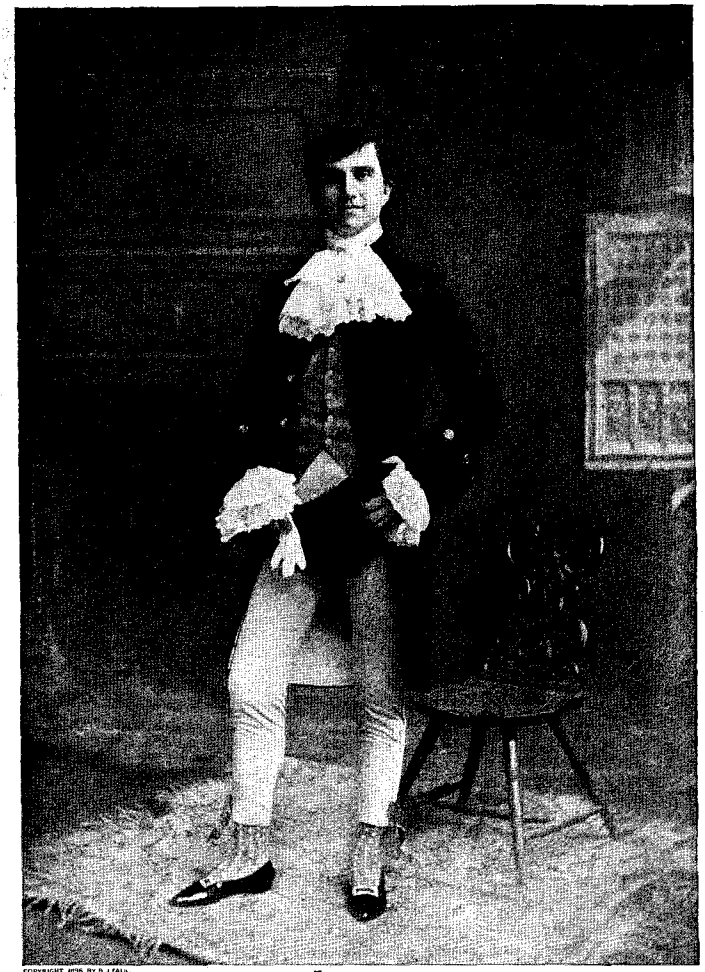

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JOSEPH HOLLAND
as Falkland

To Francis Wilson
with affectionate regards of
Joseph Holland

I heard some complaint that New York should have been put off with a single performance, and that a matinée, while Brooklyn was given an evening. When arrangements were being made no theatre had open time for the date intended to be played. Jefferson deemed it prudent to give but one performance. "It was better," he said, "to underrate than overrate." He widely underrated.

The Brooklyn and Philadelphia engagements were but a repetition of that of New York. It was a grand sight at the latter place to see the vast Academy of Music with its tiers of people cheering on the efforts of the artists. Mr. Jefferson made a speech in which he said he had compressed the play into the shape he believed the public of the present day would accept. He spoke of the precocity of Sheridan, who had written two of the greatest comedies, "The Rivals" and "The School for Scandal," of this or any other age, and that too before he was twenty-six years of age.

He justified his amendments and alterations of "The Rivals" by a similar action on the part of Sheridan with Vanbrugh's comedy of "The Relapse," which Sheridan

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produced under the title "A Trip to Scarborough."

Of acting, he said it was a great mistake for the artist to attempt entirely to sink his individuality in the parts he assumed. By so doing he was robbing the audience of that for which they were looking, that for which they admired him. One day I called his attention to the fact that in his autobiography he had condemned "star" casts of plays. In a speech before the curtain he spoke of having written that star casts were usually failures, and this he still maintained, because it was difficult for people who had become accustomed to positions of prominence to adapt themselves—"to subordinate themselves" were the exact words—to the situations of the play. He felt sure, however, that the audience would agree with him that the cast was a gloriously exceptional instance.

Jefferson seemed never to tire. At Cincinatti, coming back from the Rookwood Pottery, when he had swiftly boarded an electric car, he expressed his belief that he had not aged at all in the past twenty-five years. His ambition knew not what it was to flag, for he eagerly made arrangements

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NAT C. GOODWIN.
as Sir Lucius O'Trigger

May 19/
/1896

To my old and esteemed friend Francis Wilson
Nat C Goodwin

to come to Cincinnati and paint some pictures for the pottery people. He believed it much in his line of work, and even hinted that he could so easily become interested in the art that he would build a kiln of his own at Crow's Nest.

Apropos of the loving cup given to him by the actors and actresses of America, he said he was greatly delighted with it. He spoke affectionately of the incident of his grandson, four years old, hiding in it when he, Jefferson, was brought in to inspect it. He had been greatly surprised to find the cup so much larger than he thought from the model he had seen on the day of the presentation.

As we were at supper, bowling along toward St. Louis, he told us of a Western political orator, very much intoxicated, leaning his head upon his, Jefferson's, shoulder, looking up maudlinly into Rip's face, and saying, "Joe, I have modelled my life on yours."

"Sir Lucius," it appeared, is going to Australia, where, among other things, he means to play "The Rivals." Jefferson promised him a prompt-book as he, Jefferson, has arranged the piece. Mrs. Drew inquired

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E.M.HOLLAND
as Fag.

To Francis Wilson with regards,
May 6 1896,

where he meant to get such a prompt-book. "Write it, of course!" "Oh!" says Mrs. Drew significantly, "I wondered; for I knew you never had one of your own!" which much amused Jefferson.

He often watched those scenes of the play in which he was not concerned, and his comments thereon were most instructive. Standing by him, I remarked upon the delicacy and cleverness of Mrs. Drew's "Mrs. Malaprop." "Oh, fine!" he said, with an admiring shake of the head. "The reading of the letter and her ultimate discovery that young Absolute wrote it, is the perfection of acting." Mrs. Malaprop's "What—am I to thank you for the elegant compilation of *an old weather-beaten she dragon*—hey!" and her indescribably droll expression as she utters "Oh, mercy!—was it you that reflected on my parts of speech?" and the affected simplicity when mollified by Sir Anthony with which she says: "Well, Sir Anthony, since you desire it, we will not anticipate the past," are, indeed, as Jefferson says, "the perfection of acting," such as one reads of in the past, but seldom meets with in the present.

How manly and handsome Taber is as

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FRANCIS WILSON.
as David.

Francis Wilson
May 4th, 1896 Springfield, Mass.

Jack Absolute! No wonder Sir Henry Irving, who saw the performance in New York, wishes to engage him for London. How beautiful and earnestly pettish is Lydia on discovering there is to be no elopement, and with what an artistic grasp and swing—with what a mien of ancient chivalry—do Sir Anthony and Mrs. Malaprop exeunt, strutting the minuet. How the audience rise to it!

A pleasant incident on the train, one day, was the round of applause given each individual as he entered the dining-car from the other mummers assembled. Mrs. Drew remarked she couldn't understand how anybody could be late for dinner.

For a long time Jefferson had not acted so late in the season, and the heat enervated him somewhat. Every possible attention was paid to the comfort of the company, as is shown by the presence of electric fans in the dressing-rooms and on the cars, and there was even ice cream, cake and punch at the back of the stage during the performances.

Jefferson was liberal-minded toward the drama of to-day. He thought the acting and actors of the present time equal, if not

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MRS. JOHN DREW.
as "Mrs. Malaprop"

To Francis Wilson,
May 4th
1896. from Louisa Drew

superior, to those of previous years. He said all thing progress, and that it is narrow and unreasonable to suppose such vital things as the drama and acting stand still. "The best talent on the dramatic stage," he said, "has come from the so-called variety theatre. I could not get an engagement at Wallack's at one time because I was regarded as the variety performer of my day."

Julia Marlowe accidentally dropped a rose upon the stage just before one of Mr. Jefferson's scenes. As he came on the stage he caught sight of the flower, and he picked it up so swiftly that I was interested to know why. I asked him later on. "I couldn't have acted with it there," he said. "The eye is such a tyrant that it would have constantly sought the unusual on the scene. My attention would have been distracted, and my scene ruined."

I asked him if he recalled having written in his autobiography of a similar incident occurring to the elder Booth during a performance of Sir Giles Overreach, in "A New Way to Pay Old Debts." He recalled it perfectly, and added that it was a feather and not a rose that Booth had picked up. I wondered if he had thought of the Booth

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JULIA MARLOWE TABER.
as "Lydia Languish"

To Francis Wilson
from Julia Marlowe Taber
May, 1896

incident when he had stooped for the rose. He declared he had, and asked of what use was intelligence if we did not take advantage of the teachings of our predecessors.

I had been reading the recollections of a retired actress, and called Jefferson's attention to a paragraph it contained, which I read him.

"I have written to show young girls that the glitter of the stage is not all gold, to make them realize how serious an undertaking it is to adopt a life so full of hardships, humiliation, and even dangers." He bristled at once. "I object to that, most emphatically," he said, "because it is stated as if it were true alone of the theatrical profession. The business of the shop-girl, the typewriter the governess, and the companion are fraught with even greater dangers to young girls. The remark is unfortunate, and should have been qualified.

"When I have been asked my advice about going on the stage I have invariably answered, If you are satisfied you are a great genius, or have special histrionic gifts, or are going to adopt the profession to earn a living, feeling yourself fitted for it—yes; but, if you are going on the stage simply to show

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To Francis Wilson with the regards of Fanny Rice

your vanity—no! It is not the stage that creates vanity, but vanity that creates a longing for the stage. Here the distinction between vanity and admiration should be clearly understood. Vanity is just the reverse of admiration, the love of which is natural and wholesome. Who is it that doesn't like to be admired? What kind of a man or woman is it to whom admiration is not welcome?"

Jefferson thought that the unhappiness of Mrs. Siddons's old age, quoted by the same author, was due less to "the overstimulating atmosphere in which she had lived" than the fact of her retirement, which robbed her of the aim of her life, which rendered her incapable of deeply interesting herself in anything else, and which caused her on the night of her retirement to sink dejectedly into a chair and exclaim, "Then this is the end of all!"

I read further in the aforementioned recollections, and he was greatly pleased, and pronounced as "true" and "just" the authoress's declaration that "only blind prejudice could regard the stage and immorality as synonymous."

"Do you agree with that enthusiast who

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says the drama in its highest form is as great a spiritual force as religion?"

"Certainly not," he replied, "but it is its intellectual compeer. It is a civilizing, refining influence. They may say what they like of the stage, but I shall always uphold it, and I shall never give it up until I must. I tell my boys this is the profession for them, and they must never leave it, if they have talent for it."

We spoke of Eugene Field, and he laughingly declared he thought him a little daft toward the last.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"At New Orleans," he replied, "Field and I ranged all through the curiosity shops, and the man would buy *dolls* and *such* things!"

I told him Field said he never saw a man like Jefferson; that his eye was caught with all sorts of gewgaws, and that he simply squandered money on trifles.

"That's it," he chuckled, "one half the world thinks the other half crazy."

Sir Henry Irving sent Jefferson, suitably engraved, the cane used by the first "Sir Peter Teazle"—"Cocksalmon" Farren—and Jefferson said that it and the loving cup presented to him should, on his death, go to the Players. I shook hands with him on this, for as the proposer of the cup, and the provider of the inscription, I had always hoped it should ultimately go to the Players. Once before, in talking over the matter Rip had said he thought it ought to go there, but this assertion in the dressing-room at Grand Rapids, Mich., that it was his positive intention to will it to the Players, and that his family agreed with him, quite determined the matter.

It was decided to have a flash-light photograph of the company, and Columbus, Ohio, was the place, and after the play the time to have it done. We were obliged to wait until the audience had left the theatre, which was done slowly; we became restless, Jefferson and Mrs. Drew especially so. Numerous journeys to the curtain peephole showed the audience still retreating slowly, as if loath to leave.

"Never—" says Jefferson. "Never again."

Back again in the cars, off for Cleveland, and at our midnight repast the subject of minstrels came up. Jefferson said he thought he was one of the first men to black his face after the appearance and success of "Jim Crow" (T. D.) Rice.

"I suppose," said Mrs. Drew, "there are very few men in this company who have not at one time or another been associated with minstrel performances."

"I played 'Brudder Bones,'" said Mr. Jefferson.

"Everybody knows I was in the minstrel business," Goodwin exclaimed. "Yes," I remarked, "because we were there together. "Well," joined in Crane, "I was on the tambourine end with Campbell's minstrels." I remember telling this at Lawrence Barret's house, at Cohasset, where the rest of the party consisted of Edwin Booth and Stuart Robson. Booth then told how he and J. S. Clarke were minstrels in their younger days, and he followed this up by declaring that he used to "pick a little on the banjo." I laughed, and Booth inquired the reason, and I added, "Oh, nothing much, only Booth and the banjo seemed such an odd combination."

There was a long chat at luncheon, at Rochester, over various matters concerning the stage. Jefferson said he knew of literary men who were envious of the actor's *present* popularity. "It is absurd," he declared, "for if the actor does not get his credit here, where will he get it? The 'Old Fellow' [his customary way of alluding to Shakespeare] expressed it when he said 'The poor player that struts and frets his hour on the stage and then is heard no more.' Yes, sir, there is nothing so useless as a dead actor. Who speaks now of Gus Adams, a contemporary of Forrest? An actor with genius—and with art to back it up—who played the Romans—Brutus, Lear, better, I think, than Forrest. Yet he is not now even a tradition. Look at Burton, the finest low comedian of his time—who lives only in the memory of those who saw him act, but who is as dead as dead can be in the memory of the sons whose fathers saw him play. People speak of Betterton, Garrick, Kean, and Mrs. Siddons, and they mark milestones in the dramatic pathway, for they lived at a time when literary men wrote sympathetically of the stage, and so their memories are kept alive; but whom else do people speak of?"

"Don't you think Edwin Booth will be more than a tradition?" I ventured.

"Probably—he founded a great club which will serve to keep his memory alive."

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"Certainly the public will remember Joseph Jefferson," someone said.

"Don't you believe it!" replied Jefferson. Then, after a thoughtful silence, he added: "Well, yes, perhaps because of my book, which will serve to rescue me from total oblivion. Irving will be remembered because he was knighted, Booth for the reason I have stated, Mary Anderson because of her book, and I, perhaps, because of mine. No, believe me, the painter, the sculptor, the author, all live in their works after death, but there is nothing so useless as a dead actor! Acting is a tradition. Actors must have their reward now, in the applause of the public, or never. If their names live it will be because of some extraneous circumstances."

In Utica, as Jefferson and I sat alone watching the sunset through the windows of the side-tracked Pullman car, he became retrospective. He talked *at* rather than *to* me, keeping his eyes fastened all the while on the varying aspect of the sky. He marvelled at the many changes he had seen in his time and day. As if suggested by the declining rays of the sun, he said he had seen the complete evolution of manufactured light as a means of dispelling darkness. He had grown up with candles, when, floated on blocks of wood in a trough of water, they had furnished the footlights of the theatre. Then came fluid lamps, and, as a wonderful advance, kerosene, which, in turn, had given way to the brilliancy of gas, when the acme of false illumination was thought to be attained, and now, he said, "we have electricity, which furnishes our light, rivalling the sun, drives our engines, and the uses and limitations of which are still unknown." He had seen the tomato evolve from an ornament to an edible, and had watched sometimes the birth and always the early efforts of such wonders as telegraphy, the sewing-machine, the telephone, the printing-press, the ocean greyhound, the phonograph, the typewriter, the bicycle, the automobile, and beginning with the stage-coach, the river-barge, and canal as means of conveyance, he was now enjoying the luxury of a Pullman car.

As we jogged along from the station to the theatre, I asked:

"Is it possible to make a play that shall be at one and the same time a good acting play and good literature?"

"Undoubtedly," he replied.

"Can you give me ten examples of plays —except from Shakespeare—that have the double acquirement?"

"I can give you fifty," he rejoined.

"Ten will do," said I.

He instantly named the following: "Virginius," "The Hunchback," "The Wife," "William Tell," "Richelieu," "Lady of Lyons," "New Way to Pay Old Debts," "Money," "The Honeymoon," "School," "Caste," "Ours," "Fazio," "Love's Sacrifice," "The Wife's Secret," "The Gamester," "Douglas," "Isabella," "The Fatal Marriage," "She Stoops to Conquer," "The Rivals," "School for Scandal," and "London Assurance."

"But why did you say 'except Shakespeare'?" he asked.

"Because," I replied, "it was conceded, I believe, that Shakespeare's plays—or most of them, were both good acting plays and good literature."

"Is it necessary?" I again ventured, "for a play's success that it should contain good literature?"

"Not at all," he answered emphatically.

"Are there not many examples of good plays that have succeeded, and which from a literary point of view, were very slight?" asked I.

"Very many, indeed," he returned. "The literature of a play must always be in abeyance because the eye is a greater tyrant, is swifter than the ear. What the eye conveys to the brain the brain will not consent to accept at second hand by the comparatively laggard ear."

"That is to say, actions speak louder than words, even when the words are couched in fine phrases."

"Precisely," said he. "You may have all the good literature you wish in a play if it does not interfere with the play's action, and, at the same time, the absence of fine writing in a play will not injure it if the story and construction are right."

'But, surely," I asked, "literary merit in a good play will enhance its chance of success."

"Vastly—if it be subservient to the action," he replied. "You may have a very good play with very bad literature."

I asked him where it was that he had used the phrase "Keep your heart warm and your head cool when acting."

"It was in connection with the Coquelin-Irving discussion," he answered.

"Who was right in that discussion?"

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"Both," said he. "One produced his effect by remaining cool and the other by losing himself in feelings of the character. They got what they aimed at—the effect—though by entirely different methods. It is as absurd for one man to say that his method of doing a thing is the only way as the claim that is set up that heaven is to be reached only through a certain belief. Now I tell you boys how I think a certain effect may be made in acting. What if you can't do it in that way? Must the effect be lost? Nonsense! Get it in another!"

Of players who slighted their work, he said: "They are among actors what the sparrow is among birds—destroying the songsters and themselves giving no music."

Jefferson expressed himself as glad and sorry that our tour was so near its end; glad to be able to begin his vacation, not for years having acted so late, and sorry to end an association which had been such an unusual one, and so delightful socially and artistically. Speaking of the cast, he said: "It is a very difficult thing for an actor who has for years dominated a scene to become, as it were, a piece of mosaic in a picture. All have done this most decidedly, and it is much to everybody's credit—more to the others' than mine, for I am simply doing over in "Acres" what I have done before."

The subject of modern improvements coming under discussion, Jefferson questioned whether they were a benefit to mankind or not. That the telephone and telegraph facilitated the transaction of business, he, of course, admitted.

"They have made competition so keen, and have so completely tied the man of business down to his desk that he cannot leave it for much-needed recreation. Why, I know men," he declared, "who used to sit on my knee as boys, who are now bald-headed, sick old men. 'Why don't you get your rod and gun?' I say to them. 'Oh, I can't leave my business!' they cry. Of course they can't—the telephone and the telegraph would talk in their absence to their competitors, and the butter trade would be busted."

Speaking of libraries, he said:

"People sometimes wonder that I have no great collection of books—in fact, that I do not read more. The answer is that I am a very busy man, that I am not a consumer, but a producer. I cannot live in the city because I should be too often distracted from my work—if I could, I should select Philadelphia—but I must be in the country, where I can be alone to work as I please, out in the open air with my palette and my brushes—there I am a happy man."

I often found Mr. Jefferson in his stateroom painting away for dear life on a piece of tin or zinc about a foot and a half square, which, as has been explained, was a part of his "monotyping" outfit. The ministerial wash wringer stood at his side ready to perform its impressive part in the union of tin and paper, the offspring of which would be an infant prodigy of pictorial art. I wondered that he could paint while the train was in motion, but he declared the "jiggling" rather helped the "leafy quality" of the picture.

Jefferson gave Crane and me a treat one day by reading us Irwin Russell's poems, a collection of negro dialectic verses, which Jefferson says will one day rank high. The line "If we are sinning we need the more your prayers" he called Shakespearean.

We became so interested in the reading we did not at first notice the additional audience at my stateroom door. There, in absorbed attention, stood three of Jefferson's sons, listening to their father and enjoying his appreciative comments on the poems.

My journal for May 29th says: "The tour has ended. We have shaken hands all around; inscribed final names on final programmes and photographs; told each other how much we have enjoyed the social and professional participation; how much we hope for another such coalition, a hope likely never to be realized. Suggested, perhaps, by the presentation to Jefferson of a cane once belonging to William Farren ('Cocksalmon' Farren), the great 'Sir Peter Teazle,' 'The School for Scandal' is talked of for another All-Star Tour next year, or the year following, with Jefferson as Sir Peter. The performances to-day and to-night were as firm as any hitherto given on the trip—with an added sparkle, which was due to the desire of all concerned to leave the best possible impression. The waywardness and winsomeness of Lydia were strikingly apparent. The piquancy and alertness of Lucy were never more marked, while Mrs. Malaprop outdid herself in the comic austerity with which she bade her niece 'illiterate this fellow quite from your memory.'"

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THE FLOATING OF "UTAH EXTENSION"

By Francis Lynde

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN

BRICE turned his men out early that morning because the day's work promised to be long and hard. Camp for the night had been made in the edge of the timber, and beyond and above stretched the bare slopes of Chingato, with a blanketing of old snow to glitter cold in the June sunrise. M'Grath, foreman of pioneers and Brice's right hand, made a mock of the trail, an icy ridge wavering rocket-wise up the mountainside to Shunt Pass.

"Mother av Moses, Misther Brice! Is it bally-dancers we are, to be tip-toin' up that?"

Brice was grooming his transit, wiping the frost-damp from the metal and touching a screw here and there in adjustment with fingers that no amount of rough field-work or exposure could rob of their skilful deftness.

"Never you mind the trail, Clancy," he said. "That luxury is for Battiste and Shocky, and the camp outfit. We hit the high places on the slide."

M'Grath got out the chain and a supply of stakes, grumbling good-naturedly; and Battiste, descendant of *voyageurs* and the camp cook, left his helper to finish loading the pack animals while he came to have a look at the trail.

"Eet is hell, M'sieu' Brice," he remarked. "Zees damn' burro 'ee's goin' smash dat h'outfit all in li'l' pieces."

"Oh, I guess not; you've got all day for it. Take wood enough with you for your fire, and pitch camp on top of the pass. You'll know when you get there. And by the way, Battiste, if you meet anybody coming or going, don't forget: Shocky is deaf and dumb, and you don't speak English. *Savez?*"

Ten minutes later the two men and the pack-laden burros were inching their way up the icy ridge, and Battiste's picturesque lumber-camp profanity floated down on the still morning air. M'Grath chuckled.

"'Tis a foine time Little Canady is having —him and Shocky and the canaries."

Brice's laugh was care-free. As long as the difficulties were of a kind to be met and fought in the open, the work was a man's work, exhilarating in proportion to the obstacles.

"We'll all have it a bit easier on the other side of the pass," he said. "There is a pretty good tourist trail from the summer hotel over in Elk Canyon to the top of Chingato, and we'll come in for a piece of that."

"Small favors thankfully resaved, and the big wans in proportion," said the Irishman, shading his eyes from the underglare and taking a long sight at the top of the peak to which the tourist trail led. There was a nebulous group of black dots barely discernible against the sky-line, and he looked again.

"Say, Misther Brice, ye can call me Dutchy and I'll answer to that na-ame if there isn't a lot av thim same towerists on top av that howlin' wilderness this blessed minut'! Is it camping all night in the snow they've been?"

The engineer used his transit as a long-range telescope and swept the feather edge of Chingato.

"You've bully good eyes, Clancy. It's a burro party from the hotel. No; they don't camp any on the mountain; they get an early start—which is more than we're doing. Pitch out lively, boys, and give me a line of sight; about half-way from that pine scrub to the trail. Rodman, easy where you are —a little higher up the hill—up—up. Hold! Now plumb your rod; plumb it, I say! That's good—chain and stake, Clancy." And so the hard day's work began.

As it progressed there were difficulties. Old slides filled the ravines, and the lining-out men had often to dig themselves out of sight in the snow to get ground for the stakes. In other places the crust was too rotten to bear the steel-shod tripod points of the instrument, and pack-pads had to be tramped in the snow for a footing.

But these were mere mechanical obstacles, to be met and overcome, while that which might be lying in wait at the top of Shunt Pass would be different. Brice's gaze went

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often during the day to the bald summit of Chingato. He hoped there were no good glasses in the party of tourists through which curious eyes might watch his snail-like progress and divine its purpose. He had staked his future on the success of the present enterprise, and a young man's future is all he has.

Not to make a mystery of it, the engineer was leading a forlorn hope for his company. There was a sharp fight on between the Utah Pacific and its rival, the Overland Central, for a western outlet across the Rockies. The Overland had pushed its track up to the Elks, the summer hotel in the opposite canyon; and Brice's line was well abreast of it, with only the spur range in between.

Since the close of the building season of the previous year both companies had been groping for the outlet. MacGlachey, chief engineer of the Overland, thought he had solved the problem for his company by planning a series of complicated loops and inclines at the head of Elk Canyon. Drew, chief for the Utah, had worked out a similar set of intricacies for his road at the head of Yellow Dog. Both routes were possible, but both were open to the same objections: prodigious cuts and fills to appal the boldest capitalist in either company, and miles upon miles of heavy grades to tax the earnings for all time to come.

Just here Brice had materialized. He had been Drew's assistant on the Yellow Dog preliminary, and one day while waiting for the return of a broken transit, he had climbed to the top of Chingato. In a flash of inspiration he saw what might be done. Doubling back from the head of Yellow Dog and crossing the spur over Shunt Pass into the enemy's country, the broad upper basin of the Elk, the Utah could pierce the range by a tunnel through its thinnest bulwark, to the saving of at least a thousand feet of the heavy grades, and all but two or three of the cuts and fills. The only possible obstacle was the risk of a clash with the Overland, which had doubtless secured its right of way in the basin.

Brice had acted promptly and loyally. Being rebuffed by Drew, who was impatient of suggestion from a junior, and that junior a college man, he had gone over the chief's head to the vice-president. Whereupon several things had happened in swift sequence: first, Brice's dismissal by an irate chief; second, the forced resignation of Engineer Drew; and finally, Brice's appointment, not as chief engineer, lest the too-sudden exaltation should spoil him, but as chief of construction, with orders to go ahead and steal a march on the enemy—if he could.

"Our only chance is to get in possession before the Overland people find out what we are doing," the vice-president had said in the outlining interview. "President Vanderpoel is his own executive staff, and he is not the man to hand us the right-of-way over Shunt Pass and across his preliminaries in the upper Elk with his compliments. Ever met him?"

Brice had not.

"Well, you will, later on, and he'll efface you if he can. And a word in confidence, Mr. Brice, to put you on your mettle. Vanderpoel and our people have both been feeling the market for an 'Extension' bond issue. Give us this easy-grade line under Elk Pass, and we'll have the Overland bottled up and shut out of the market."

This was why Brice kept such an anxious eye on the summit of Chingato during the day of hard work. Secrecy was the hard-and-fast condition to success, and the secret had been thus far carefully guarded. Only Drew knew the details of the plan, and Drew had gone to manage a railroad in Peru, so they said. Once sure of his grade line, Brice would set his rock-men at work on the tunnel and leave them to garrison and defend the outpost, while he was bringing the rails by day and night shifts up the Yellow Dog.

The sun had gone down behind the western ranges when M'Grath went ahead to hold the rod on the last station in the ascent. Brice bent to focus his instrument in the failing light. A touch of the adjusting slide brought a picture out clearly in the field of the object-glass. It was not M'Grath and the target rod; it was a silhouette against the sky-line of a young woman standing beside a saddled burro.

Brice left the transit for M'Grath to bring up and went forward to reconnoitre. It was as he had guessed—and feared. The young woman was a member of the peak party. The others had straggled in descending, and by some unaccountable mishap she had been left behind. Could he tell her where she was, and how she could reach the Elks?

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The engineer foresaw responsibilities which he would have been heartily glad to shirk. Yet he contrived to be outwardly sympathetic.

"You are at the top of Shunt Pass, two miles from the Inn trail," was his reply. "And as to your reaching the hotel without daylight, or a guide, or both, I'm afraid that is impossible."

She won him instantly by omitting to fly off at the despairing tangent. His womanly ideal, so far as he had ever tried to define it, embodied courage and serenity. She was silent for a moment, looking thoughtfully down into the dusky shadows already beginning to fill the deeper gulches, and he had time to remark that her face was high-bred and beautiful, with a beauty which was rather the outshining of a steadfast soul and quick intelligence than any mere charm of Greek outlines and kissable lips.

"I am so sorry to have to trouble you," she said, at the end of the thoughtful moment. "Could you spare one of your men long enough to let him guide me to the trail? One of the English-speaking ones," she added.

He smiled inwardly at the implied admission that she had failed to open a line of communication with Battiste and Shocky. Then, since there was no help for it, he took the matter into his own hands.

"You will have to let me plan for you. If you could reach the trail it would hardly be safe for you to ride it alone in the dark. When you are missed, your friends will be out with a search party. If you will wait and accept such hospitality as our camp has to offer——"

"You are very kind. But what if my friends should not come this way?"

"Then I'll go down with you myself. The moon will rise about nine o'clock, and by that time the crust will be frozen hard enough to make the trail a little less hazardous."

There be times when the conventions weigh nothing, and she made a virtue of the necessity and gave him the burro's bridle rein. When they reached the camp, which Battiste had pitched under the lee of a great rock, the thin, eager air was pungent with the odors of boiling coffee and bacon in the pan.

"I hope you are hungry enough to eat campers' fare," Brice said, regretting now that he had refused to let Battiste add a few tinned things to the Spartan commissary.

"Indeed I am," she laughed. "If I could have made your man understand, I believe I should have asked him for a piece of bread before you came."

He made her as comfortable as he could, seating her with her back to the fire-warmed rock, building a little cob-house table of grade stakes, and serving her on the brightest tin plate and in the cleanest tin cup the scanty camp outfit afforded. And, not to isolate her completely, he brought his own portion to her side of the fire, while the men effaced themselves respectfully around a spread-blanket table of their own.

"This would be delightful if it wasn't for the thought of how I may have to trouble you later on," she said, when he had done all.

"Oh, that's nothing," he protested, hospitably. "I'm well used to it."

"Used to having irresponsible young women drop upon you out of the clouds?" she asked.

"N-no; not quite that. I meant the tramping."

"Your work calls for a great deal of that, doesn't it? How many miles have you walked to-day?"

"Not very many, as the crow flies. But at this altitude one soon learns to reckon distances in units of ascent. We have been all day coming from timber-line on the south slope."

"Yes, we saw you," she rejoined. "There were several good field-glasses in our party, and we took turns watching you. Are you going to bring a railroad up here to spoil all this grand scenery?"

At any other time or place, or upon the lips of any other questioner, this asking would have shut Brice up like a clam. But all things conspired to make him foolish. When a man who is not a born churl has been lacking the sight of a woman for a sufficient number of wilderness weeks he is not altogether responsible.

"Yes; it's a railroad," he admitted.

"And will it climb up here into this impossible place? It seems sheerly incredible!"

Now Brice's chief weakness, as well as his greatest strength, lay in his love for his work. What more natural, then, than that he should explain how the line was to run up Yellow Dog, with a great doubling loop

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

Brice . . . talked on and on.—Page 322.

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from the head of the gulch, and so, gaining ascent in every mile, to finally reach and cross Shunt Pass, demonstrating that it was not incredible at all?

"But wherever will it go when it gets here? On up to the top of Chingato? Please smoke if you want to"—Brice was absently toying with his empty pipe—"I don't mind tobacco in the least."

"Hardly to the top of the peak," said the lost man, gratefully filling his pipe. And he went on to explain further how the line would cross into the basin of the upper Elk, burrow under the main range, and so find daylight and a business outlet beyond.

The young woman was kind enough to be deeply interested in the technical details, or to seem to be, and Brice, having a touch of the mania which leads the man in the Pullman smoking-compartment to confide in a total stranger, talked on and on, and took it as a personal grievance when the moon, anticipating his guess by a good half-hour, swung high into the starlit dome above Chingato.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, breaking off abruptly. "I had no idea it was that late. I must be getting you home."

The men were dozing on their own side of the fire when he brought the burro in and saddled it. There were no signs of the search party, and she spoke of it somewhat anxiously. Her father would, doubtless, be with it, and he was not strong.

"I shouldn't worry about that," said Brice, willing to comfort her. "The party will probably keep the trail, and quite likely we shall meet it."

There was little chance for talk on the difficult way-picking across the snow-crusted upper basin. Brice went ahead and kept a firm hand on the burro's bridle. And when they reached the trail, which was broad enough to admit of his walking beside her, the torches of the belated searching party came in sight in a winding of the path below.

Brice backed the reluctant saddle beast to a stand, and answered the *rah-hoo!* of the guides.

"You don't need me any longer," he asserted, his caution returning quickly at the sight of the others. "Shall we say good-by?"

"If you won't stay and meet my father," she said. "He will know better how to thank you than I do."

"I think I'd best be getting back to camp," he demurred.

"If you must," she acquiesced. "But—but may I not know the name of my deliverer?"

He smiled at the thought that they were still unintroduced. "My name is Brice," he told her, "and my headquarters are in Denver."

"We are spending the summer in Denver—there, and up here at the Elks. If you come to either place, will you look us up? My father would be glad——"

He was smiling again. "Shall I ask for the young lady who was lost on Chingato?"

She laughed softly. "Meaning that you wouldn't know how else to inquire? I am a very formal person, ordinarily—you wouldn't believe it, would you? I didn't have a card, so I wrote my name on one of those square pointed sticks you built our supper-table out of. You'll find it when you go back. Good-by."

The two-mile tramp back to camp was neither long nor wearisome for Brice. Romance had hitherto held aloof from him, and this touch of it was both new and delightful.

The men were all asleep when he returned, and only M'Grath stirred a little when he kicked the smouldering fire alive and went on his knees to look for the stake. It was the first one he picked up, and he held it to the fire-light. One glance was enough.

"Of all the long-eared jackasses that ever brayed in these God-forsaken mountains, I'm the bell-wether—the pack-leader—the Grand Lama!" he exploded; and then he sat back upon his heels and swore pathetically at the great gray peak looming majestically in the moonlight. The name on the stake was Isabel Vanderpoel.

Brice had his men out at daybreak the following morning, driving the work as if he expected the sheriff with an injunction at any moment. One chance there was in his favor, he decided, and it was a slender one. Miss Vanderpoel would have to choose between loyalty to her host and filial duty. He thought she would not hesitate; yet there was a bare possibility.

But the sheriff did not come. For two long days Brice pushed the work fiercely, and on the night of the second the line had

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"Confound your impudence, sir!"—Page 325.

been successfully staked to the tunnel site. One day more he spent in roughly triangulating the tunnel itself, and now he was ready to take possession with the force of rock-men which had been sent for, and which should by this time be well on its way to Shunt Pass.

In the evening of this third day the bolt fell when Holtkampf's office man—Holtkampf was Brice's assistant in charge at the end of track in the Yellow Dog—staggered into camp, snow-blind and half dead with fatigue. He was the bearer of a message from the vice-president.

"Stop work and come in," was the curt order. "Somebody has sold us out, and we shall be buried under injunctions a mile deep before you can get men and machinery on the ground. Vanderpoel holds a deed in fee simple, recorded yesterday, for the land your tunnel site is on."

Being a man under authority, Brice saw nothing for it but obedience. None the less, he took time to think about it, tramping a disheartened sentry-go on the frozen crust just outside of the circle of camp fire-light and smoking interminable pipes.

"They've hit Mr. Calliday from the Wall Street end," he mused. "They have made him believe he can't float 'Utah Extension.' By Jove! I wish I could have my head for just about forty-eight hours! I'd give them something bigger than a few grade stakes to fight about. Hello! Is that you, Rader? What are you doing up there? Why don't you turn in and sleep it off?"

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"A mistake may make a man gratuitously brutal and unreasonable, Mr. Brice."—Page 326.

"I'm all right now," was the reply. "I'm a little soft from being indoors so long. I was looking up my old mining claim." It was Holtkampf's office man, coming down the mountainside at the left of the lately established tunnel site.

"Your what?" demanded Brice.

"My claim. I took a couple of months off last summer and came up here prospecting."

"The devil you did!" said the engineer, with more warmth than the simple announcement of the fact seemed to warrant. "Did you make a location?"

"Sure. Took up a claim and dug me a hole. It's there yet—just above Battiste's cook-fire."

Brice whirled upon him like a duellist at the command to fire.

"Say, Rader; did you comply with the law? Did you do the assessment work necessary to hold that claim?"

"I did that same fool thing. It's no good; the ore only assayed about four dollars to the ton."

"Hold on," said Brice, fighting hard for clear-headed thinking space. "It may turn out to be a pretty good mine, yet. Where did you pass the tunnelling outfit?"

"Half-way up the hill from timber-line to the top of Shunt Pass."

"Are they having much trouble?"

"It's hell and repeat," was the concise description of the trouble. "But they'll make it all right. They've taken the engine and the compressor to pieces and are packing them on jacks. Holtkampf's with them."

"Look here, Rader; will you sell that mining claim of yours at a good round figure?"

The office man grinned.

"I'll sell it to you if you need it in your business," he said.

"I do need it; I've got to have it. Go and sleep on it, and be ready to name your price in the morning."

It was past midnight when the young engineer rolled himself in his blankets and

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added one to the number of human wheel-spokes radiating from the camp-fire as the hub. But in the tramping interval he had crossed his Rubicon.

Ten days after the tunnelling outfit, weary but triumphant, trailed into camp in the upper Elk basin, Brice, pursuing an excited vice-president, dropped from the step of the Denver train at the station appertaining to the Elks Inn. It had been a round-about chase, leading first to Denver, and thence to the Overland summer resort in Elk Canyon, whither the vice-president had gone, presumably, to be within peremptory commanding distance of a chief of construction who was in open rebellion.

It was on the Overland train that Brice stumbled upon Upham, sometime his roommate in the university. Whereat there was an eighty-mile plunge into the joyous past, and Brice came back to business and the present only when they were climbing the terrace steps to the hotel.

"I'll have to break away for a little while, Gebby," he said reluctantly. "I'm in for all sorts of a time with Mr. Calliday. But I'll be with you at dinner, and we'll dig some more."

The vice-president, notified by wire of the coming of the rebel, was waiting in his room. When Brice presented himself the temperature of the room rose twenty degrees as a minimum.

"So you've concluded to put in an appearance at last, have you? I should like to know why you have taken it upon yourself to ignore all my messages and telegrams?" was the first of the rasping demands. "Why didn't you stop the work and come in when you got my first wire?"

"I was interested, personally, in a piece of mining property at the head of the canyon, and——"

"Do you mean to say that you let your personal affairs come in at such a crisis? I am disappointed in you, Mr. Brice. You leave me no alternative but to ask for your resignation. I wrote you explicitly that Vanderpoel had acquired a title to the entire tract of land on the mountainside where our tunnel must enter. It is a private title, at that, and he sues us for trespass and damages as an individual. That means that we've got to pay, just the same as if he were a farmer and had a cow killed on our tracks."

"I think he doesn't own it quite all. There is that mining claim I spoke of," said Brice mildly.

But the vice-president was not to be turned aside.

"Your inexcusable insubordination is one thing, and another is this: I'd like to know what you've done with that rock-work outfit that disappeared from the end of track two weeks ago?"

"Oh, the outfit's all right," was the bland rejoinder. "It is still up at the head of Elk Creek. You see, it was on the ground, or practically there, when your countermanding order reached me; and as it was necessary to do the second year's assessment work on my mining claim——"

The great man at the opposite side of the writing-table exploded like a magnificent set-piece of fireworks.

"Confound your impudence, sir! Do you mean to say that you calmly appropriated the company's men and machinery for your own private purposes?"

"That is the way I made it appear to the sheriff of Ute County when Mr. Vanderpoel sent him up to warn me off. Holtkampf is in charge, and—well, he's a pretty stubborn sort, as you know. If he doesn't run out of men or money, I shouldn't wonder if he kept right on driving that assessment tunnel till he strikes pay ore—or comes out on the other side of the mountain."

It took the vice-president fully half a minute to grasp the astounding fact that victory—a complete right-of-way victory—for the Utah Pacific had been deftly snatched out of the very jaws of defeat; but when he did grasp it he came down as only a truly great man can.

"Just step to that door and call Morton for me, Mr. Brice, if you please," he said when the *amende honorable* had been made "This bit of glorious good news can't get to our New York people any too quickly. It will float 'Utah Extension.' Why didn't you let me know it sooner?"

"Because I was afraid of entanglements, and I wanted to leave you free to deny everything," said Brice. Then he called the private secretary and asked leave for himself, for Upham's sake.

"I'll give you an hour," said the despot. "I shall want your report in detail after dinner. By the way, I suppose you haven't any idea who sold us out to Vanderpoel?"

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"I have a very good idea who gave him his information," said Brice, with the faintest possible emphasis on the verb. "It's no one we can reach with a discharge check."

It was past nine o'clock when the second interview, with its discussion of ways and means for pushing the Utah track swiftly across Shunt Pass, was ended and Brice was free to go and smoke a cigar on the hotel veranda with Upham. It was the aftermath of triumph, and he was feeling very much at peace with the world and comfortably satisfied with his own performance. One broken thread remained to be knotted up, however, before the sense of satisfaction would be quite complete, and five minutes with the young woman who had done what she could to defeat him would suffice for that. He wondered if she were still at the hotel. He had not seen her among the dinner guests.

He was turning away from the lobby cigar-stand, after the man had filled his pocket case, when he met her face to face. Her recognition of him was instant and friendly, and before he could switch in the resistance coil of coolness she spoke to the elderly gentleman who was lighting his cigar at the pendant, and Brice found himself shaking hands with her father and taking, rather awkwardly, Mr. Vanderpoel's thanks for services rendered on the night of alarms. But the embarrassment was only temporary.

"Miss Vanderpoel's loss was my gain, I'm sure," he protested. "That evening was a little oasis in a desert of hard work for me."

The elderly gentleman's interest seemed no more than casual when he said, "You are building a railroad up yonder, I believe?"

"We are," said Brice with definite emphasis.

Just then a bell-boy brought a card on a salver, and when Mr. Vanderpoel had read the name he excused himself. Thus Brice was given his opportunity.

"There are two things I have been wanting to say to you, Miss Vanderpoel," he began bluntly. "One is that I don't often make a Plesiosauric ass of myself, as I did that night on Shunt Pass; and the other is that since I've got my right of way I can afford to forgive you for taking advantage of a fool's confidence."

If she had laughed and pleaded her filial duty, he would have loved her on the spot. But her look of wide-eyed astonishment made him angrily contemptuous. Was she going to give the lie direct to the honest eyes and the beautiful face of sincerity?

"I am sure I haven't the least inkling of what you are talking about, Mr. Brice," she said coolly. "Would you mind making it a little plainer?"

Her calmness and self-containment pushed him still farther over the brink of the conventions.

"You are a true daughter of Eve, after all," he said with boyish bitterness. "I don't mind the little breach of confidence—though it came near to making a broken man of me—but I can't quite forgive you for trying to hide. Was there ever a woman who dared tell the truth?"

"There is one woman who dares to tell you that a mistake may make a man gratuitously brutal and unreasonable, Mr. Brice," she retorted, with a touch of his own bitterness; and then she left him.

Brice found Upham smoking peacefully on the electric-lighted veranda, and he was rather glad that the dinner interval had sufficed for the digging over of the reminiscences. He wanted to be quiet, to think it out by length and breadth. Had he succeeded in knotting up the broken thread in the fine fabric of self-gratulation? Or had she torn a rent in that garment too wide for any mending?

On the heels of the inarticulate query she passed him, leaning on her father's arm and looking, as he thought, neither to the right nor the left. None the less, Upham removed his cigar and lifted his hat.

"Do you know them?" asked Brice, with carefully assumed disinterest.

"Pretty well, yes; my sister and Miss Isabel were classmates at Smith, and I've met the professor half a dozen times, maybe. He is the most interesting man I ever struck, in his specialty—which is rocks and fossils and prehistoric things generally."

Brice laughed. "I wasn't aware he had a hobby. Out here he is best known as a fighting railroad magnate."

Upham removed his cigar again to stare mildly at his companion.

"Say, Dick, you're tangled—beautifully tangled. This is Mr. Schuyler Vanderpoel—not William G., the magnate. I suppose

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he and the railroad president have a common ancestor, if you go back far enough; the peculiar spelling of the name says that. But these two are not even acquaintances. I know, because the professor was asking me after dinner to point out the magnatic Vanderpoel, which I did. He was at the table just behind ours, hobnobbing with Drew, his new chief engineer."

Brice's low whistle was expressive of many things.

"With Drew? Then it was Drew who ——" He left the sentence in the air and smoked on in solemn silence through one whole cigar and the better part of another. And when he spoke again it was in terms only partly understandable to Upham.

"'And in hell he lift up his eyes, being in torments . . . ' Gebby, have you ever known a woman who was great enough to forgive a man for being seventeen successive kinds of an ass and a vindictive savage, to boot? You needn't answer—I know you haven't."

THE LOST CARAVEL

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN

ON the 8th day of the last month one of the two caravels which His Most Serene Majasty sent the past year under the command of Gaspar Corte Real, arrived here, and reports the finding of a country distant west and northwest two thousand miles, heretofore quite unknown. They sailed so far forward that they came to a place where it was extremely cold, and they found in the latitude of 50° the opening of a very great river. The captain of the lesser ship had not sufficient courage to pass far beyond the mouth, wherefore Corte Real went on alone, and the other caravel awaited his return for the space of fifteen days, and then returned to Lisbon. If Corte Real's caravel is lost or if it shall yet come safely no one can tell, but should I receive additional information it shall be transmitted to you.—*Extract from a letter written in* 1501 *by Pietro Pasqualigo, Venetian ambassador at the court of Portugal, to his brothers in Italy.*

If it be true that

> The world which knows itself too sad,
> Is proud to keep some faces glad,

then the world would be justified in an access of pride should it become aware of my young brother Bob. The air he breathes is saturated with gladness of a satisfying sort, the gladness of an interest in living renewed every hour. For him life is a three-volume novel crammed with lurid plot; the jewel of adventure shines to his look from the grayest stone of commonplace. The horses he rides develop gifts and gaits astonishing, let them be the veriest plugs to ordinary people; the alpine heights and the dizzy abysses over which he has fled on his magic skis in the course of a winter's afternoon by the Erie Canal are not to be found in our landscape by other eyes; the marvels that the woods yield up to him within a mile of camp—the beaver-houses, the tracks, a moment made, of moose and caribou and bear, the thrilling sounds of game just hid behind the elbow of a hill—are beyond the dreams of old hunters and stagger the guides. At the first whisper of a breeze from the country of Maybe his light-winged spirit is off in the clouds, and no matter how leaden the sky, he has shortly pierced the gray of fact and is plunging gayly into boundless blue depths of possibility. The lad means to be truthful as he means to be everything within range that is fine and difficult, but the "purple light of youth" swims so thickly about him that colors are brighter and perspective more uncertain than when one's air is every-day hydrogen and oxygen. So that his friends have learned to take Bob mostly with a grain of salt.

Yet it was the rose-colored glasses of Bob, and beyond that the persistence and the "hustling" qualities which will surely put him at the head of something some day, which led me into an adventure so remarkable that I hesitate to write it; an adventure out of place by two hundred years in the world that I know; an adventure of whose like I have never even heard outside of a book.

The boy and I were in camp in my club

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in Canada, and the guides with us were Josef Cortral, Napoleon Ventour, Alexandre Vézina, and his young brother Zoëtique. Of these Josef, the head guide, was somewhat remarkable, the rest were ordinary French-Canadians, piquant with the attractiveness and the uncertainty of the race. Cortral, who was by way of being a remarkable cook, looked more Spanish than French, with a lurking hint of Indian in his makeup as well, and a touch of pride and reticence in his manner less winning, but more interesting than the graceful French ways of the other men. Yet he was civil and capable and very intelligent, and withal nearly enough of a piece with his comrades to weave perfectly into the web of our service. Such, with Bob and myself, was the *personnel* of the cast of the play, and the scene was the big stage of all out of doors in a Canadian forest.

On a rock by the river Bob stood and held forth. Trout were sputtering in the frying-pan, and Vézina, squatting by the fire, tipped it knowingly this way and that, while his case-hardened face cooked with the fish uncomplainingly. Zoëtique wedged dry sticks deftly into the blaze and the other men more or less efficiently hastened the luncheon hour. Bob, erect and single-minded on his rock, buried his hands in his pockets and made oration. The text was a history of Canada which I had persuaded him, with some trouble, to read in the evenings in camp. He had evaded it successfully for days, and, when forced to the issue, had revenged himself on the book by turning it at once into a mine of fascinating suggestions. His brain seemed now to be soaked with a golden liquid distilled from what had impressed me as a reliable and straightforward account. In assimilating he had transformed it.

"Think of it, Vézina—Josef"—he addressed the guides in a French which combined in a masterly manner their own *patois* with American slang. "Just think—all this wild country where the club is, right around here any old place, may have been travelled over by those early *voyageurs*, *coureurs de bois*—about the time of Jacques Cartier, you know, and along after that," he instructed them.

Vézina's gentle ignorant face, with its loose-cut mouth and its enormous eyes, turned up to him uncomprehending, impressed, and the trout ran down one side of the frying-pan and threatened to burn as he absorbed the eloquence of "M'sieur Bob." I was changing my cast of flies and could not but assist at the speaking, but I pointed out the fish to Vézina with such a jerk of my thumb as brought him to. Bob, undisturbed by the interlude, went on:

"Yes, sir, and before that. Why, do you know, Vézina——"

The luncheon was again in danger, and Vézina's "Oui, M'sieur Bob," was out of the deeps of a flattered soul.

"Do you know that there's the most wonderful thing happened somewhere along the coast down there," and one hand came out of a pocket to wave southward with lordly generality. "There was an old duffer, a Portuguese sailor, named Gaspar Corte Real—you've heard of him likely?" Bob had not before last night's reading.

"Ah, non, M'sieur Bob," Vézina's soft voice gave answer and he shook the frying-pan and gazed at the orator. As I stooped to pick up a brown hackle dropped on the moss, I saw Josef turn suddenly from a tree where he was cutting a square of birch bark for the butter.

"Well, anyway," the boy went on, "he lived long ago—about the year 1500, I believe. And he went out with two ships to Cathay—that's the West Indies, you know—for gold. And he got lots—oh, chunks and barrels—and he sailed north along the coast of America and turned in here, into the St. Lawrence to see what was doing. There was another ship with him as far as the mouth of the river, and that one skipped home to Lisbon, but Gaspar Corte Real would turn in for a look at this big river—and the joke was that he got lost. He and his ship, all crammed with gold and jewelry, just disappeared from the face of the earth and nobody ever heard anything out of him again. Now you see, Vézina, something must have happened—something adventurous, I mean. He didn't just plain go down in the river—a sailor who had sailed from Spain to the new world—that's truck."

"Ah, yes," Vézina agreed firmly, not knowing a word in ten of what the boy was talking about. But it satisfied Bob.

"Of course. I think so, too. No, sir, there was more—there was treachery and mutiny and Indians and treasure and a lot like that—I'll bet there was—for Gaspar Corte Real."

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Something jerked from my hand the end of the six-foot leader which lay along the moss and the hook of a Silver Doctor caught in my hand and hurt me. I looked up, astonished and irritated. Josef stood above me, a square of fresh buff birch bark in one hand and his big knife in the other, and on his face an expression uncommon enough to check the sharp word on my lips. So absorbed was he in Bob's remarks that he had almost walked on me without seeing me, and now his bright dark eyes were glued on the youngster's face and glowed like coals with excitement. He wore a scarlet cotton handkerchief knotted around his throat; he had picked up that morning a long heron's feather and stuck it in the band of his old felt hat; with the knife gleaming at his fist, with the golden square of bark dripping silver slivers, he was as lovely a pirate chief as one would ask for the centre of a tale of blood and treasure. The difference between the man and his mates was ever so intangible, yet so distinct that it interested me to detect and dissect it. He spoke their speech and lived their life, but there was unlikeness. Their unambitious content was replaced in him by a restlessness which suggested a right to larger things; there was a courage and a dignity about him which they lacked; the very covering of the men, formless and colorless in all of them alike, took another shape on his body—with Vézina and Zoëtique and 'Poléon it was clothes they wore—with Josef, behold! it was dress. He spoke:

"How did he call himself, then—that man of whom you tell, M'sieur Bob?" he demanded.

"Corte Real, Josef—Gaspar Corte Real," Bob answered, pleased to be enlightening the mind of the masses.

"A—ah!" Josef brought it out, softly and at length. And again "A—a—ah! It is the name," he reflected aloud, with an evident eye on the gallery, "the name in the old paper," and the effect on his audience justified his art.

"What paper, Josef?" Bob threw at him excitedly, and almost fell into the fire as he took a step toward him.

"It is an old paper of my family, m'sieur," Josef answered; "how old I cannot say, for it was given to me by my grandfather, and he knew that his grandfather had it of his father before him. *Sais pas*" he shrugged his shoulders. "It might be a hundred years—it might be three hundred. It is well yellow—brown with ancientness."

At this point Vézina announced in a matter-of-fact tone that the trout were done, and our interests at once swerved. For old papers may keep an odd hundred years or so more at any time, but trout and bacon and fried potatoes deteriorate. Yet while we devoured the pink meat that had been swimming in the rapids two hours before, while we ate flapjacks with an earnestness which mountain air can induce, while our lower beings disported themselves as famishing bears, our minds, assertive as the bears quieted, kept a grip on Josef's story. Bob, the better by eleven trout and much other provender, fortified also against the immediate future by a quarter-pound lump of maple sugar, returned to the attack.

"Josef!"

The man was coming up from the river-bank with a full cup in either hand, for this was a fishing trip, and we had not the refinements of permanent camp, such as an extra bucket of spring water under the table.

"Oui, M'sieur Bob!" he answered readily, and smiled, and I thought he had an air of knowing what was coming and that he was pleased with it.

"Josef, tell us about that old paper of your family. Don't you want to hear about Josef's paper, Walter?"

The new cast, neatly fastened on stiff snells, danced at me invitingly, but fishing was too strenuous just after such a luncheon; listening to Josef seemed an effort appropriate. "Yes. *Dites donc*, Josef," I said.

Josef shrugged his shoulders again—the surface of him was all French, like the others. "M'sieur will probably think it little of a tale. It is, as I have said, that the paper is very old. One has kept it always in the family, for there is—how does one say it?—a tradition that it will bring luck. When my father died it became mine, for I am the oldest. So that one day I take it out of the little leaden box in which it has been always—a *drôle* of a little box, m'sieur, heavy and ancient also—and at that time I try to read it, but I cannot. But, yes; I read French well, m'sieur, and also a little English, but this was not either. The brother of my wife, who has been a *chef* on a boat that sailed to Florida, and who has met a number of Spaniards—he says it is Spanish. I know not, I—it is possible. But the name

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at the end of the paper I could read easily, and it is, I believe, the name that M'sieur Bob said just now—Cor—Corte— *Tiens!* how was it that you said it, that name there, M'sieur Bob?"

And Bob repeated with satisfaction, "Gaspar Corte Real."

"But, yes, it was without doubt that name itself," said Josef, and the long heron's feather nodded as he shook his head in affirmation.

And suddenly Bob's legs seemed to fill the air with brown corduroy as he danced. "Here's the stuff!" he yelped. "It's the hidden treasure of Gaspar Corte Real, and the paper's going to show us the way to it!"

"Bob," I interrupted, "stop that. Get out of the fish—you're spoiling the guides' lunch"—for even Josef looked worried and the others were in an anxious agony. It was the moment to apply the master hand. "Eat your lunch now, *tout de suite*," I ordered. "Josef, I'll talk to you afterward." I drew my excited young brother down where two canoes lay drawn up on the rocks. "Give me a hand to lift this boat, Bob," I said. "I want you to paddle me for a cast or two at the mouth of the stream up there, while the men are lunching." Bob, who prides himself on his paddling, splashed water, and overran the fish hole, and, when we got a big trout on at last, let the canoe slip forward so that I could not reel in the slack, and lost my quarry. His mind was not on fish. And all the time he chattered, which if it does not scare the game, as Izaak Walton would have it, at least distracts the mind from that gentle and absorbing craft of angling which demands a peaceful spirit and the whole soul of him who would practise it. Consequently after fifteen vain minutes I gave up, and settled myself to have it out with the youngster.

"Cub," I said, "things like that don't happen. You've got Treasure Island on the brain. That paper of Josef's you'll find is a receipt for cooking preserves, and I'd be willing to bet what you please that the signature is no more like Gaspar Corte Real than like Walter Morgan. You know what these guides are—unreliable and primed to go off at half-cock about anything. They are a superstitious, credulous lot, ready to believe any fairy story that strikes their fancy. You know that. Now what's the use of losing your mind over this? Besides, Corte Real was lost four hundred years ago, and how could a paper have lasted?"

"Parchment," Bob snapped at me. "Parchment. Why it's the very thing he would have had above all others. He was an explorer—a map-maker. He wouldn't stir an inch without his tools—now, would he?"

"The ink would have faded by now," I objected, but the boy fairly crowed.

"Ho, not much. Look at Egyptian papyri. And those facsimiles of maps in the book—it said they were made from maps they've still got, of explorers before Columbus. What about that, hey?" And we went on a rock with a jar.

"You needn't tip the boat over to emphasize the point," I said crossly, but Bob continued with serenity.

"Beg pardon. Yes, sir, Walter, there's a big chance that paper might be something wonderful—might be really Corte Real's writing—think of it!"

I had been thinking. "Listen, Cub," I said. "It's absurd. Corte Real was here in 1500. The first permanent settler in these parts was Jacques Cartier in 1530. What do you make of those thirty years between? How did the paper get from his hands into those of the first ancestor of Josef, for instance?"

"I—I don't know," Bob stammered, with so saddened an accent that I was sorry. To kill the romance in the mind of youth is not a business which attracts me. I searched my mental processes for a step to let him down gently.

"Whoever got the paper from Gaspar Corte Real might possibly have lived with the Indians till the coming of Jacques Cartier," I suggested vaguely. "Or he might have made his way down the river to Newfoundland, where there were certainly Basque fishermen before Cartier."

Bob brightened at once. "Oh, yes! Yes, that's it; and he might have gone to France with the Basque fishermen and came back with Jacques Cartier—he naturally would come back with all that treasure to hunt for. I know I would," he said with decision. And then, fervently: "Walter—oh please, Walter, don't say no off the bat. Wait till you think."

"Say no to what?" I asked, bewildered.

"To what I'm going to ask, of course," and the lad's face twitched with anxiety. "I want you to do something—more than I ever wanted anything."

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It distresses me when Bob's voice trembles, for the boy and I are good friends and I think much of the friendship, and to make him happy is a thing I care about. Besides, it is so seldom he asks anything that I dislike to refuse.

"What is it?" I inquired in a colorless way which could not have been encouraging.

But Bob was not discouraged. "I want you," he said solemnly, "to send Josef out to get that paper."

I looked at him in dismay. "But, Bob, that upsets our plans for a week. We were going to explore the Ghost River—you were keen about it."

"Yes, and I am," Bob answered firmly. "But how do you know this treasure may not be in the very country we are going to—it's safest to have the paper."

I could not refrain from laughing derisively at the fourteen-year old expansiveness of this logic. "You poor little lunatic," I said, "the treasure, if there is any, may be in any spot of Canada as well as here. It's a large order. There's no earthly reason for thinking Corte Real came hereabouts."

"It's got to be somewhere near the coast," insisted Bob, and I laughed again, for the St. Lawrence coast-line is of a fair length. "And this is pretty near the St. Lawrence in spots, you know. And the Ghost River, Vézina said, runs straight into it. And, Walter, I've got another idea. Of course you'll laugh, but queer things do happen sometimes, and sometimes things fit and mean something, and a tradition has always a starting-point, and——"

"Cub, get to the point."

"Oh, all right," Bob agreed amiably. "This is what I'm after: do you remember what Vézina told us the other day about Ghost River?"

"No. Yes. Some story of an Indian tradition—I didn't pay attention."

"Well, I did," stated the adventure seeker. "He said that Joe Véro, the Indian, told him that lots of 'savages' wouldn't go on that river because there had been a saying for ages—'*centaines d'années*,' he said—that white men had been killed there, and that their ghosts haunted the river. Golly!" Bob squealed suddenly;" ghosts—and treasure—and bones—and Spaniards—I never did hope for as good a time as this!"

I cast a reflective line down the stream and gave the lad time to recover.

"Walter, if you'll send Josef out for that paper I'll—I'll be awfully glad." It was unknowingly as strong an argument as he could use, but he felt it inadequate. "I can't do anything for you that I can think of because I'm young—just a kid to you. But if you would, Walter, I would appreciate it, and I'd remember it always. And maybe some day I could do something to show you."

That is the way the boy undermines my common sense. I feel as a sneak thief when I hear him pleading and see him looking at me with such a simple acknowledgment of my superior and enormous power in his earnest eyes. I rapped him on the cap hurriedly with the tip of my rod, to the risk of catching the flies. "I don't want to be hired to do things for you, Cub," I said. "And we're partners in the camping business. If we talk a thing over and decide between us that it's best to be done—it goes, that's all. We'll send Josef out for the paper if you want it so much—certainly, we will."

There was an undercurrent of selfishness in my decision. In fact, I owned to Bob at once that the chance of trying my hand at an ancient document had a charm. French as she is spoken is a weak point with me and I should balk at Spanish conversation with a Castilian of a critical turn, but both languages I read readily, and it happens, curiously enough, that I have served an apprenticeship at old writings. The well-known Henry Adams Morgan who held until his death, only a few years ago, the chair of Early American History in Columbia, was my uncle. I spent a summer with him in the south of Spain during my college days, and the main business of the stay there was that Dr. Morgan might study from the archives certain manuscripts bearing on his book "Discoverers of America," then in preparation. I came quickly under the spell of the work, and while a two months' course did not make an expert of me, I learned enough to know where, in the lines and flourishes of the old papers, to look for the likenesses to, and the differences from modern writings. My uncle called me an apt scholar, and I took pride and pleasure in following up the blind trail of many an old ink path until the rays of light from this side and that dawned and joined and illuminated the hieroglyphic landscape. Therefore, once Bob had worked on my feelings

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so far as to get a promise I was pleased and eager over the prospect of the paper.

It was Josef himself who ran down to the water's edge when the canoe slipped inshore, to steady it for us as we disembarked.

"Josef," I asked, hitting straight from the shoulder, "will you go out to St. Anne's and get your paper?"

Josef's gleaming eyes widened with surprise at the suddenness of the proposal, but "*Mais, oui, m'sieur,*" he answered cheerfully, and in five minutes it was planned.

Instead of keeping on with our trip we arranged to go back to camp at once, and the next morning, Tuesday, he left for St. Anne, due to return on Saturday. The Sunday we would give ourselves to study the paper and on Monday, a week from date, we agreed to start out again in any case for Ghost River, perhaps as treasure-seekers, perhaps as simple explorers, according to the findings of the old writing.

To put over an expedition or to hurry it by a week makes little difference in camp. There are no engagements to be fitted in, and woods and waters and the peace of eternal hills are about the same in the log camp on Lac Lumière as in the tent on Ghost River. So we settled down contentedly to the quiet crowded with life, the monotone, infinitely varied, of every-day in camp. I made a record catch of trout, Bob fell overboard into a bog and was extracted by the heels, we went on a five-mile walk and found a new lake hidden in the hills—and then it was Saturday. As we lay reading, stretched out in the afternoon sunlight on the warm brown earth by the dock, there was a flicker on the water two miles down the lake, which was not jumping trout or diving kingfisher. One comes to know that sudden glint, different by some infinitesimal sharp difference from any other, the light on the blade of a paddle as it dips and rises. I saw Bob's vigorous young neck lift to look, and I followed his gaze and caught the unmistakable flash.

"There's Josef," said Bob.

With that there was a dark dot against the gray lake which was constant, which grew rapidly larger, and shortly we distinguished the guide's figure, the back bending at each stroke to "put the body into it," as the Canadian guides paddle. In a few minutes more he stood on the log landing, greeting us with a cheerful "Bon jour, m'sieur—bon jour, M'sieur Bob." His restless eyes gleamed dark and brilliant, there was a touch of scarlet at his throat, the heron's feather was still sticking in his old gray felt slouch hat; the lean and muscular figure was full of dash and picturesqueness.

"Did you get the paper, Josef?" inquired Bob.

"Mais, oui, M'sieur Bob."

He was carefully drawing out a bundle of old cloth from an inside pocket of his coat, and as he unwrapped fold after fold, there was a dull gleam of metal, and a small flat box of lead, heavy and ancient looking, lay in his hands. With an air he presented it to me.

"It is the paper of two hundred years," he announced theatrically, and I confess to a thrill as I took it.

There was mail to be read that night, and then supper and the news of the club from Josef—all distractions. I ruled that the leaden box with its possibilities should not be opened until we could give it unhurried hours. Therefore next morning in Josef's presence, in the big log camp, with bars of sunlight pushing through the windows and lying goldenly on the floor, with Bob watching wide-mouthed, I opened the box and drew out delicately the old, old writing. It was as Josef had said, very brown with age, but the ink was dark, the lettering clear and sharp-cut. It was written in a flowing hand which seemed to me the evident careful hand of a draughtsman, knowing as I did that the old Portuguese was a maker of maps. It was in the Portuguese of the fifteenth century, which is practically the same as the Castilian Spanish of that period, the language, each of them, of the manuscripts I had studied with Dr. Morgan. Not at once could I read it—excepting always the signature—for I was out of practice, and perhaps even at my best might have had trouble. But at once I could decipher a word here and there, and from that work my way tortuously to parts of other words, to mere single letters sometimes, which were yet a point of vantage from which to attack their comrades. And each word, each letter, was a satisfaction, deepening as each joined his fellows in my battalion of the conquered. Consecutive words began to stand out from the puzzling context, and at times, after an hour of discouraging drudgery perhaps, I could slide a mosaic bit into its place, and see it tie together at once other unmeaning scraps, and see a part of the picture, a part

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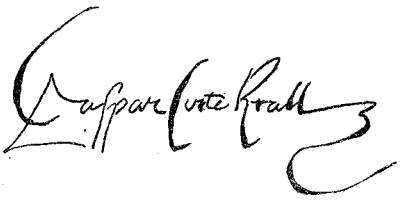
of the sense, flash out on me with startling swiftness; and then were the measured pains infinitely rewarded. It was more absorbing, more exciting, than one can realize who has not done it. Josef soon grew *ennuyé*, as he frankly stated, and melted unobtrusively into the woods toward the guides' camp, but faithful Bob stood by the colors through the fight, and his enthusiasm helped much. Often as well his quick imagination caught at a chance that proved lucky and gave us another letter, even another word. Hour after hour we worked, fascinated. The golden patches on the rough hewn floor grew shorter, slipped noiselessly away; the sun was in the south; it was time for the mid-day dinner.

Tired, but reluctant, we shut the priceless paper into its box, and went through the shadowy woods trail to the dining camp, even Bob quiet with the intensity of his interest. We finished our meal in the open with unusual despatch, both our minds following still the twists and mysterious windings of the brown old writing.

Then, fresher in body and mind, back we rushed to the attack, and behold! the worst was over. Great segments of sentences fell together as by magic, and the story, more dramatic, more thrilling to us than any ever written, began suddenly to flow into sequence, and we caught our breath at times as if we had been of the hunted men who stood about Gaspar Corte Real as he wrote it. There had been no uncertainty from the first as to his signature; it stood in bold letters which had not—could not, puzzle even Josef. That this may be appreciated I give here a facsimile which bears, as any one taking the trouble to compare them may see, a close likeness to the authentic signatures of the Portuguese captain preserved in certain manuscripts in Lisbon and reproduced, to cite only one authority, in Justin Winsor's "Christopher Columbus." This is the facsimile:



The name in Josef's manuscript is more carefully written, in my judgment, and consequently more easily read than any other signature of Corte Real's which I have been able to find. However that may be, it stood in clear writing as he had signed it, in the last ditch—the writing the last act, save a short desperate fight, of an adventurous life.

For Bob was right. This was a question of hidden treasure. It seems to me as I write it to-day an incredible, almost a ridiculous account to put into sober English words of the twentieth century—but yet it is true. The man who wrote the paper told in bare, dramatic style a tale almost such as Bob had dreamed, of mutiny and treachery and savages and treasure, and—by implication—of a tragic death following closely on the writing. I give here the paper translated as exactly as I could do it:

"For my nephew, Alonzo Corte Real: In the midst of the river, five hundred feet above the great white fall, stands a rock which has in its top a hole. In that rock my six men and I have taken refuge from the savages who, bent on our blood, have followed us from the far distant coast. We have now no victuals, they are on our tracks and will shortly finish us. But before I die I wish to write for Alonzo Corte Real, who could not escape with us, and who alone the natives will not harm because he saved the life of their chief's daughter, this narrative of my end and of the hiding of the treasure which was destined for the king. I shall leave this paper on my body and I know, that you, Alonzo Corte Real, my nephew, will prevent the savages from mutilating me, and will so find it. I also leave to you, Alonzo Corte Real, my command to find out the traitor Vincenzio Alima and kill him because he caused the mutiny and set the savages against us and because—may God punish him!—he seized my ship with his mutineers and left me and my good men to the savages. That he sink on the high sea before he come to Portugal is my prayer, but if he survive I charge you, Alonzo, to follow and kill him, wherever he may be.

"This is where I have hidden the treasure. You will find the rock again because of the two strange mountains which almost meet over the river. The river runs through a cleft between them. Also there is a great echo. On the right side is a mountain of the shape of a tower, and on the left side is a mountain of the shape of an elephant's head, with the trunk very plain. I have

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not seen two such mountains together in the world. An hour's journey above these is the great white fall, and near the beaver dam is the rock. Under the rock on the side where the water foams against it and close to the water's edge is a deep hollow of the size and shape of a coffin. In this we have set the box, and lest the high waters of spring wash away even its great weight we have all together set on it a stone round of one end and carven at the other. At the bottom of the box is the sword which the king gave me. That is for you, but you who read this will render to his Majesty the rest, the sole remnant of that great treasure which I carried in my ship for the king. —Gaspar Corte Real."

"You who read this"—as that sentence stood out I felt as if the gruff voice of the captain had spoken it in my ear. The wording was so direct, so soldierly, that the writer's personality rose from it as salt rises to the nostrils from a sea-soaked garment.

The boy and I were silent a long moment, considering the courage of the man who had calmly composed these words in the close face of a violent death; considering the loyalty which had remembered to guard the king's property in the depths of an unknown world, with a world more unknown but a step beyond his journeying feet.

Bob spoke first, as is his custom. "Good!" he observed with a whole soul. "Good! Vincenzio Alima got drowned. I'm glad of that."

The deduction seemed logical. It appeared that two modern American citizens had by an off chance happened on the answer to one of the problems of history. The lost ship of Gaspar Corte Real, loaded with treasure, had been one of the mysteries of the middle ages, a mystery which had troubled the minds of mariners and kings, which had caught the attention of every writer of those times, which had remained to this day unsolved. And the answer to the four-hundred-year-old question had waited these centuries in the humble home of a line of Canadian farmers.

"How did Josef's people ever come by the paper?" I wondered aloud, and Bob's eyes, fastened on the signature, flashed up at me.

"I see it, I see it!" he cried. "Walter, don't you see? It's his name—Corte Real —Cortral—Josef Cortral—it's the same thing shortened."

I stared at the boy stupidly. The thing was so obvious that my understanding halted before it in scorn. How could anyone have missed so conspicuous a link in the chain of evidence? "It certainly looks that way, I agreed reluctantly to Bob's eager challenge, and the cub, encouraged, went on:

"He's the evidential descendant of 'Alonzo Corte Real, my nephew.' Walter, don't you suppose he married that chief's daughter whose life he saved?"

And as bits of bright and pale colored glass in the kaleidoscope slide, shift, fall into a clear pattern, so the few facts and the infinite possibilities of this alive scrap from a dead world, prisoned in its rock, as the toad of the geologist, for centuries, so the fate of Gaspar Corte Real and his treasure slowly took form and place, drew together, fell scrap by scrap within my mind into a picture, a story.

"He naturally would have married that chief's daughter," Bob added wistfully, as one who out of a great experience in marrying yet deferred to my greater. And reflecting on expatriated men among lower races, I thought he naturally would.

Step by step through the darkness of the past, stumbling among the few records of early Canadian days, we constructed a tentative historical romance which must, for this world, serve the purpose. I look forward to verifying it by word of mouth from Gaspar Corte Real some day if happily the old captain and I win at the last to one port.

We planned, Bob and I, first that Vincenzo Alima, as was right, should have gone down at sea. We sunk him to the bottom with his mutineers and his stolen ship and his tainted treasure, and thought no more of him. We turned our attention then to Alonzo Corte Real, whom we married happily to a brown princess. We let him live for years as a chief with her and her people; happily, indeed, in a way, but yet always with the inner restlessness which a civilized man must have who has dropped an octave down the scale to barbarism; always with a note sounding in his conscience which rose at times to a bugle call, summoning him home to a higher fate, home to obey the command of his uncle and wreak vengeance on the traitor Alima; home to end his days among white faces of his own sort. So that after years of struggle between unrest and drift we made him, Bob and I, succumb to a race

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instinct stronger than *laisser aller* and, sick of savagery, escape from his adopted tribe, taking with him a boy, his son. We made him reach by canoe, down the St. Lawrence, the boats of the Basque fishermen, already, years before Jacques Cartier, taking great catches of cod off the Newfoundland banks. With them we had him return to Europe and spend years in a search for Alima, well buried in mid-ocean. We were both inclined to have him die at last in Spain, leaving as a legacy to his son, christened Gaspar by us, the old paper, and at this point Bob's imagination broke its tether and raced away.

"And the rest is easy. Gaspar came back on one of the Jacques Cartier trips"—as if Cartier had managed summer excursions to Canada—"and settled down like a Frenchman on a little farm, and married, and shortened the name to Cortral. And he nor his children seemed ever to get a day off to go and hunt for the treasure; but he made this little box to hold the paper, and it was handed down from generation to generation, each one getting vaguer as to what it was about, but all of them keeping it carefully because they are so superstitious and because it was supposed to bring luck. Till at last *v'la* Josef and us—and the paper. It took four hundred years to get us together, but here we are, by golly, and I'm glad I'm in it!"

"It is interesting, Bob," I said, "but there are two things which take practical value from it for us."

"What?" demanded Bob, resting one foot on the book-shelf, and regarding me with startled eyes.

"One is that there is no hint even as to what river of all the rivers in Canada was the scene of Gaspar Corte Real's death. And another is that even if we could find the river and the rock, the chances are strong that winter snows and spring floods have washed away all signs of the treasure."

With that Bob was begging pitifully. "O Walter, don't—don't say you won't go just because there mightn't be anything. We have got so far it would be too mean to give it up now. Come on, Walter—say you'll come—let's be good sports and have a try, anyway. Don't let's be babies and say we won't just because it's a risk. Come on, Walter."

"Where?" I asked. "Do you propose to search every river in Canada from mouth to source for hidden treasure?"

The lad's yellow head was bent over my translation of the manuscript. "There was something about that," he murmured to himself. And then: "Here it is—here it is, Walter. Listen, Walter." I listened as he read. "'You will find this rock again because of the two strange mountains which almost meet over the river. The river runs through a cleft between them. Also there is a great echo. On the right side is a mountain of the shape of a tower, and on the left side is a mountain of the shape of an elephant's head, with the trunk very plain. I have not seen two such mountains together in the world.'" The boy lifted eyes glowing with conviction to my face. "Walter, I know that's the Ghost River," he addressed me solemnly. "That old, old—*b'en b'en vieux*"—he lasped into Canadian *patois*, in which he had heard the story—"the *b'en b'en vieux* tradition of the savages about the ghosts of white men who were killed on that river isn't an accident. I believe—I believe"—he grew pink and stammered—"I believe we'll find Corte Real's bones, and his men's bones, and treasure enough to make all the guides rich for life." Personal riches to Bob himself was as yet an indifferent question. He disconnected his foot sharply from the library. "I'm going straight to the guides' camp and ask all the men if there isn't a place on the Ghost River with mountains like that. They've all been there except 'Poleon."

"Wait a minute, Cub," I restrained him. "You know they'll swear to anything if you put it in their minds. Give them a chance to tell the truth. Bring them over here and let me ask them."

In five minutes a procession of five, Bob capering at its head, streamed out of the trail which led from the men's quarters to ours. Spitting carefully to one side as they entered, pulling off respectfully their dingy old hats, and treading softly with an air of penetrating the inner sanctuaries of a palace, the men filed into the log camp and stood before me, surprised, curious, cheerfully ready to do anything I might order.

"I want to ask all of you," I said, "whether you have ever been on a river in Canada that looks like this"—and I put into French as well as I might, Corte Real's description of the stream and the two mountains. When I came to the echo I saw Vézina and his brother Zoëtique suddenly look at each other but it was Josef who spoke as I finished.

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"Mais, oui," he said quickly. "I have seen that place, I. It is well the Rivière des Revenants—the river of ghosts. The two mountains are of that appearance."

A suppressed sound from Bob expressed his triumph, and shy Zoëtique lost his shyness in excitement.

"Le Tour—Tête d'Éléphant," he murmured.

Vézina glanced a trifle sullenly at the quicker and more brilliant Josef, but was too conscientious to alter his evidence. "It is that, m'sieur," he said in his soft voice. "It is that river—the Ghost River. We know those mountains, Zoëtique and I—and the echo. It is not agreeable, that echo. It is as of the ghosts. Indeed, one cannot tell, for assuredly they are there—ah yes! It has always been said, therefore it is the truth. It is not a good place to camp at night, m'sieur. One has never spent a night there, *par exemple*."

"We will try to get there by daylight," I remarked, "but we are going."

"The ghosts won't get you if I'm along, Vézina," Bob assured him cheerfully. "There never was a ghost in the same landscape with me in all my checkered career." And considering him, I felt that the breezy ozone of this world which moved with the lad might well blow away such thinner atmosphere as emanates from a world of spirits.

The next morning we set out, and that night we camped far up on Ghost River. Josef was almost as filled with enthusiasm as Bob, though of a repressed and silent sort, but there were plain signs of disaffection in the others, and so nervous and alarmed was their manner as our camp-making ran to the boundary-line of late twilight and early moonlight that I had their tent pitched close to ours to give them confidence. One camp-fire served for all, and as we sat about it, smoking our old pipes and telling stories, which I held carefully to a mid-day standard of cheerfulness, in a pause between two sentences a long howl came so suddenly out of the forest that it surprised me into a startled movement. I laughed, but Vézina and Zoëtique and 'Poleon huddled together instinctively, their faces pale, their eyes staring out beyond the rim of fire-light.

"What sort of an animal was that?" I asked, and Josef answered quietly, throwing a brief glance of disdain at his comrades.

"It was a wolf, all simply, m'sieur," he said. "The savage, Joe Vèro, he told me that there were many in this part of the woods this year. It is because of the great fires in the south, toward Lac Ste. Angèle, where the wolves have been always of great numbers, that they are driven here. Yet they are not dangerous, one knows that. They fear us more than we fear them," and he cast another swift glance at the three Frenchmen.

Vézina shrugged his shoulders. "Not of danger if they are but wolves as other wolves," he murmured. "I have not fear of natural creatures, me, *par exemple*."

With that Bob laughed a great boyish "Ha, ha!" which made the men shiver nervously. "Listen to it! What should they be but natural creatures? You're not going to have ghosts of wolves as well as ghosts of Spaniards up this one poor little river, are you?" and he began to laugh again.

But Vézina held up a hand with such a stricken face of pleading that it stopped him; and as the guide opened his lips to speak a screech-owl hooted, and close upon it came again, and nearer, that long unearthly wailing. The three men crowded toward us as if they believed that the soul of Corte Real himself was abroad seeking his lost treasure.

Bob's natural young voice broke the strained silence. "That fellow is a blame good howler," he observed, and the frightened guides drew a long breath and Vézina showed his access of courage by getting up to throw a handful of birch bark on the fire. Bob chuckled a bit, unconscious of the bad moment which he had averted. "Vézina, did you think that howling was a *loup-garou?*" he asked.

And with that something happened which, fitting as it did to the strained tension of the superstitious men, was extraordinary and uncomfortable.

The blaze of the birch bark just thrown on went out quickly, and a log fell away at the moment, scattering the others, leaving us suddenly in partial darkness. Coming after the intense light it seemed more profound, and it was as if the firelight had been turned off and moonlight turned on at a touch, for the whole breeze-swept forest stirred with mystical white fingers. An opening of an old windfall ran from us to the river, and there came from this glade a

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loud, sharp crash of a broken limb. Every eye turned to the spot. In the path of the moon, black against the white-lighted river, high on a pedestal of storm-felled tree-trunks, stood a big wolf. Still as death the wild thing regarded us, and still as death we stared back, and then with a spring I was in my tent, and with another I was back, rifle in hand.

I cannot remember loading or cocking, but I remember seeing the dark mass at the end of the barrel and I remember the shot dying in the hills. If I had hit, if we had dragged a dead animal into camp, all would have been simple. But I missed. Without sound, or so the men said, the creature melted into the silver forest and left me a set of frightened children to handle. Josef indeed was reasonable, but the others were in a pitiable state.

"It was—it was," Vézina stammered through clicking teeth, "it was the—*loup-garou*," and he gazed at me with big childish eyes as if begging me to contradict.

I knew the hold on the French Canadian of the old superstition of the were-wolf which roams the forests of Canada, and I knew the trouble it would make if these fellows were allowed to indulge their fears. I tried to think how, most quickly, I could quiet them, but Bob saved me the trouble.

He kicked the logs briskly into a blaze. "Stuff, Vézina," he said calmly. "It was an old dog-wolf that was hungry and smelled our grub—that's what it was. But let's have it the *loup-garou*—it's more interesting. Bully for you, Vézina—it's a heap more fun to believe things are something, isn't it?" And Vézina, between surprise and shame and the sudden cold bath of common sense, rose up sheepishly and went about splitting a spruce chunk.

The situation for the moment was saved, the *morale* of my company, while not made over, was patched up, and the men turned in shortly with no more talk of ghosts of man or beast. Yet I knew well that trouble was simmering and that with any fuel added to the fire it would quickly boil up and over, and this consciousness made me sleep restlessly. I awoke in the middle of the night at the sound of a movement, and from one drowsy eye I saw Bob, on his camp cot, pull himself sleepily from his blankets. The fire had burned low, and the light about the tent was dim and full of brown shadows; there was a deep undertone of chill in the air—I do not remember a colder August night. I lay motionless, and watched the boy go shivering outside, leaving the flap of the tent hanging open; I watched him as he softly pushed the noses of the burned logs together, and I saw them catch and blaze up brightly; I saw his shadow as he stood beyond the fire sharp on the guides' tent opposite ours, and I marked its arms wave in fantastic length across the canvas, as Bob waved his flesh-and-blood arms to get warm. Then, as he turned to come to bed, I saw him stumble against a root and fall softly forward on all fours, and I smiled to myself as he came walking so into the tent, like a long-legged weird beast, too sleepy and too lazy to straighten himself again. I heard his grunt of satisfaction as he slipped into the blankets like a comforted young animal as he was, and I fell asleep with broad splashes of new firelight painting the tent walls yellow, and a soothing warmth sinking into the marrow of my bones.

This midnight scene was commonplace enough, but in the morning the guides told a wonderful story. They had wakened with a cold chill on them, something quite different, they assured me, from the ordinary cold of the night air, and suddenly the fire had blazed up brightly with no mortal hand to feed it, for were they not all there in the tent, they whose business alone it was to keep the fire going? And by this unearthly illumination they had seen Corte Real's ghost, which had waved long arms of warning toward them—warning them to go home, to leave him undisturbed. And as he dissolved into the darkness, behold! the hell-wolf, the *loup-garou*, followed him—they had seen it distinctly, or at least its shadow on the tent, and it had legs long of an immensity, and a horrible head shaped like a man's. At which last Bob could contain himself no longer, but rolled on the ground and shouted such human boy laughter as the Ghost River had not heard before. And with that I explained; sharply and indignantly, for I was out of patience with this nonsense, yet clearly and in detail, I explained.

But this time neither my authority nor Bob's ridicule prevailed. It was a stampede; the men refused to go farther, and insisted that with or without me they would go back to camp. They valued their lives,

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they told me—of what use would be the treasure found if they died finding it? They had had their warning—they would obey. Ah, no! M'sieur was mistaken, and also M'sieur Bob. It was not M'sieur Bob whom they had seen—they were certain. They could tell by the feeling in here—and they thumped their calico shirt-fronts. One has that feeling only for such things as are not of this world. And again Bob's great laugh rang into the forest, but to my mind the development was not funny. He and I could indeed go on alone, but with great discomfort, and I did not wish to do it. However, the mutineers, while respectful, were firm, and at last I gave in.

"Go back, then, you cowards," I said angrily, "and M'sieur Bob and I will go on alone, and if anything is found you will have not a cent of it. M'sieur Bob and I will go alone," I repeated.

Josef Cortral's eyes lifted to mine with a flash. "But, no, m'sieur. I go with the messieurs."

It was settled so, and we shipped the scared wretches on the back trail with one canoe, and Bob, Josef and myself, glad in a way to be rid of their unwilling service, started down the Ghost River for treasure-trove. It was a windy bright August morning and the little river, frilled here and there with tossing grasses, here and there set in a jewelled border of pink gray rocks, rippled and sparkled. Down, down floated the canoe, slipping eagerly through lesser rapids, carried on Josef's head through fringing forests around the greater. Till at last, from far away the boom of a mass of water pressed against our ears. Josef turned and gave me a look of significance.

"It is the great white fall one hears, m'sieur."

But our journey lay beyond. There might be other white falls on the Ghost River—we must identify this one by the mountains below it. With the throbbing roar of the falling water shutting out the world like a curtain of sound, we portaged around the cataract and stood far below to wonder at it. The foaming sheet was like nothing so much as a blanket of white flannel moving slowly downward, fringed at its end, for at the edge of the descent the water broke into a rampart of rocks, and a tumble of yellow foam finished it.

"M'sieur," Josef spoke, "it is this that must be the fall of Corte Real. On this river there are no more as high. There is but one half as high and that one, m'sieur, is not white."

Still down we went, for I must see the mountains before believing, and suddenly, around a turn, I saw them. Like the remnant of a castle the tower stood up gray and square, and across from it sloped to the stream the curve of an elephant's trunk drawn in granite, unmistakable. The flap of the ear was a ledge that zigzagged down; the small eye was a black cavern; the likeness must have struck the dullest, the least prepared imagination.

And all at once we ran into the echo, for as Bob's laugh broke out it was sent back like a blow from the hanging cliffs and a rock opposite caught it and we drifted astonished, confounded, to hear the spirits of the mountains mock us again and again in Bob's tones. It was so swift, so violent, so insulting, that I could understand Vézina's horror of it. I had no love for this echo.

We turned and followed back our bubbling wake up the black waterway which the fugitives had taken four hundred years before us, and as we climbed the steep ascent around the fall, Josef's figure leading us, capped with the canoe, was like a giant mushroom which slid through sifting sun and shifting shadow of the ever-opening gateway of the woods. Then we searched. Till the sun had marched past the south we searched for a rock of proper size which had a hole in its top. The beaver dam spoken of in the paper was gone, probably centuries before, so we were short one landmark. We searched till at last our hunger for adventure went down before the sudden hunger for food, and we camped for lunch where we happened to be, on an island which lay in a widening of the river, where the river played at being a lake about the little land. We had scurried over it, looking as everywhere for the hollow, but with no success, and at last Josef set composedly to work to build the fire and to cook the trout which we had just taken.

Bob surveyed the landscape at his lordliest, legs wide, hands in trousers pockets, lips drawn to a contemplative whistle. "It's an ideal place for a last stand," he remarked, as one who made last stands a specialty. "You could watch all around and the savages couldn't shoot at you from the main-

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land—it's too far. If I'd been G. Corte Real I'd have picked this place. If only there was a hole in the silly old rock we would be O.K.," he ruminated. "But instead of a hole there's a heap of stones."

Suddenly he was off like a goat scrambling up the steep side of the island, while I, having only one guide, settled myself to help Josef get lunch. There was a long cessation of bulletins from Bob and I forgot him in the immediate interest, but suddenly he came rushing pell-mell, scattering stones as he fell upon us.

"Walter! I've found it—it's up there! Brace—hustle!" and he had me by the arm.

"Calm yourself, Bob. Don't let your feelings get you by the throat," I said, and I turned the potatoes with a spoon. "What have you found—the treasure?"

Bob's excitement was proof against sarcasm. "All but," he proclaimed. "Cut out the teasing, Walter, please, for it's really important. It's"—he made a dramatic pause—"the hole."

"Have you found a hole?" I inquired and shook salt upon the cooking.

"Not *a* hole—*the* hole." At the boy's tone I looked up. "Walter—I'm serious," he half pleaded, half commanded.

It came to leaving the potatoes. With lunch ready for human destruction, we left it to elemental ruin, for Bob's eloquence convinced us that if the hole of history was actually just above us, it had awaited us already a long time and we could in decency keep it no longer. We plunged up the bank. It was as Bob had said. Five minutes removed every doubt as we tore away rock after rock of the *débris* which had disguised the depression of which he had divined the presence. A hollow half as high as a man, ten feet in width, lay beneath a tangle of bushes, and already the boy had chopped away underbrush and torn away stones enough to shadow out its shape, and at once we burrowed to our elbows and excavated.

So that at three o'clock we went back to a lunch which must be rebuilt from the foundation, knowing that we were on the very scene of the last fight and that somewhere close to us had been hidden "the treasure" which Corte Real had "carried for the King." Whether any part of it might still be there was the question which we had to answer.

We hurried again to our problem, and in half an hour I was well discouraged, for the vagueness of the work, for the lack of a starting-point.

"Under this rock on the side where the water foams against it and close to the water's edge," Corte Real had written, "is a deep hollow of the size and shape of a coffin. In this we have set the box, and lest the high waters of spring might wash away even its great weight, we have all together set on it a stone round of one end and carven of the other."

These were our directions; explicit enough as we read them in camp, on Lac Lumière, but here on the spot they left us at sea. "The side where the water foams against it" was, as nearly as we could place it, the east coast of the island—a zigzag broken line of perhaps an eighth of a mile. This we explored again and again fruitlessly. The whole island was a jagged rock, about whose outskirts clustered many other rocks of many sizes. There were interstices of all forms between them, but a hole at the water's edge "of the size and shape of a coffin" there was not.

At length behind the spires of the spruces the sun was an orange ball; the nearest mountain lifted a black hand across its face and blotted out all but a fiery eye; the sun was gone. Hurriedly we made camp, with no talk now of the treasure, with our high hopes burning low, with a weight of physical weariness holding down all the spring of ambition. There might be treasure or there might not; there certainly was hunger and thirst and aching of muscles. So that we fell into our blankets, three tired human beings, content with rest, stretched on sweet-smelling balsam; hushed by the drowsy magic of firelight; sung to sleep by the crackling of birch logs; sentinelled by solemn amphitheatres, circling far, of everlasting hills.

It seemed five minutes after I had fallen asleep that I was aware of Bob, who crawled out of his blankets, knocking over my rifle as he came. It was this which had roused me. The lad bristled with schemes as a porcupine with quills, and I grumbled inarticulately at him, without curiosity, but with plenty of irritation at being disturbed. Then from under the lid of one eye I saw gray dawn creep in mist over the rim of a dark world and enter the door of the tent. Josef lifted his black head.

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"Qu'est-ce que c'est, M'sieur Bob?" he demanded alertly, and the boy answered in a low voice:

"Rien—rien du tout. Go to sleep, Walter—its nothing."

"Don't wake up the camp at this hour," I complained, and was asleep again.

The next thing I knew was bright sunshine which dripped goldenly through the leafy well and spattered all over the tent. There was a sound, which seemed to have brought it. The sound was my brother's voice. He spoke my name, and that was all—quietly, too, yet there was something in the tone which startled me. I lifted my head almost before my eyes opened and I knew, although I did not look, that the guide had waked as well. Bob, in a parlous state as to costume, stood before us; his face shone, and in his hand he held out an extraordinary thing.

I rubbed my eyes. No, I was not dreaming; the strange object persisted in its incredible form; a ray of light coming through a hole in the tent struck a red flash from a jewel; the curved guard, the grip for the hand, was there, the long shining blade—a sword.

With a leap I stood staring at the illogical thing which the boy held, with which he ripped the air in swift crescents. Then I saw that the blade which shone so brilliantly was nothing more than a peeled birch branch; but it was fixed, with a wad of bark, into the socket of a sword hilt, a hilt set with colored stones.

"Bob," I gasped and rubbed my eyes again, "Bob—what's that? What's the thing?" and I heard Josef whisper:

"Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!"

Bob was sobered a bit with the greatness of his success, for he stopped swishing the blade and spoke low and slow: "Walter," he announced solemnly, "it's the sword—it is, really. It's the sword the king gave to Gaspar Corte Real. I found the hole in the rock, the hole like a coffin, and this was in it—I don't know what else—I didn't wait. I thought you'd like to help find the rest."

The boy had done what neither of two grown men, neither the man trained in woodcraft nor the man trained in evidence had done—he had used his mind. The beaver-dam of which Corte Real had spoken was gone; with its going the water of the stream must have lowered certainly inches, perhaps feet; the coffin-shaped hole which had been at the river's edge must now be well above it. Bob, lying awake in the night, had so worked out the problem, and at crack of dawn he was up and off to verify his theory. I looked at the boy with pride. He stood before us an easy victor, unconscious of victory, radiant with pleasure, young enough to play at a sword with a birch branch, old enough to use brains and energy and muscle to fight a puzzle to a finish. I was conscious of a thrill of satisfaction at the thought that the lad was born to arrive, born with the power and the wish to make that one effort more which many a time wins the game.

It would have been a dramatic picture had there been an audience to see, far in the wild depths of a Canadian forest, two men in toilets of the hastiest, facing on their knees the rising sun and grasping each as if it were part of his orisons a leg whose upper attachments were immersed in earth. The opening which Bob had found was mostly covered. Over the original aperture had fallen a large rock blocking all but an irregular space of two feet in diameter, and taking the place, as a lid to the treasure-trove, of the original stone, "round at one end and carven at the other." This other stone we believed that we found later in the day, some yards downstream where ice and water had undoubtedly carried it. So that, the form of its covering being changed, the hiding-place was even blinder than it had a right to be. Blinder but more accessible, for the "carven" stone must have fitted it closely, and not even a lithe snake of a boy could have wriggled his way in, which is what Bob had done. The hole freed from underbrush, he had plunged down head-foremost, gripping behind him with prehensile toes, and clawing ahead of him in the darkness until his hands caught the hilt with which he emerged.

Now, down he went again, in spite of remonstrance, the moment we reached the spot, and all that Josef and I could do was to hold our breath and his feet till he saw fit to come up, this time empty-handed. The sword had been lodged alone in the crevice in the rocks; the blade had rusted quite away in the cold and heat, the winter and summer of slow still years, and only the hilt, which was of gold, was left.

Breakfast was a short ceremony that

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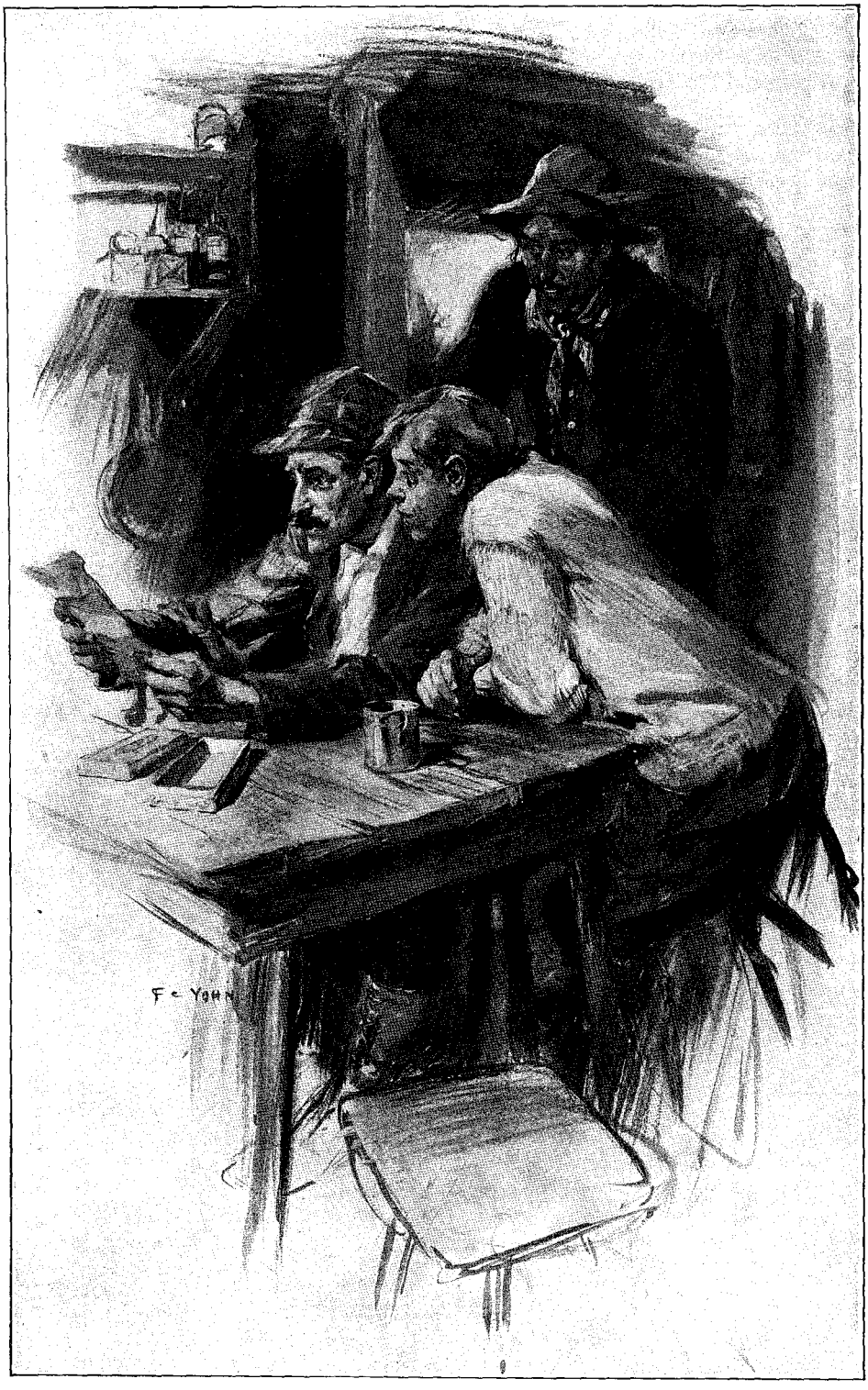

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"You who read this."—Page 334.

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morning, and afterward the hours flew as we labored with our might to lift the great stone. At last with a slow crash, it escaped from our levers of birch and rolled majestically down, and sent up a cloud of spray as it fell into the stream. The coffin-shaped hole lay open before us; it was ours to unearth at will its aged secrets.

But at this point the fairy-story halted. The glittering promise of Bob's initial discovery was lamely kept, for the hilt itself seemed to be the main salvage. There were indeed enough signs, even without it, that here had been treasure-trove: there was a copper corner of charming antique workmanship from the box, there were heavy handles of the same metal by which it had been carried; but the layers on layers of gold coins, the bars of precious metal, the heaps of diamonds and rubies which we looked for with eyes starting from our heads —these were not there.

If ever they had been there, and I believe, indeed, that in some sort they must have been, the ice of many winters and high waters of many springs, indifferent to gold and jewels as to sand and pebbles, had long ago washed them away. Strewn, perhaps, among the stones of the lonely windings of the unknown river, buried in the soil of its remotest shallows, swept long ago down to the *fleuve*, the broad St. Lawrence—who could tell now where might be the treasure of Corte Real? Silver trout flashed scarlet fins over bright jewels, hoofs of caribou slipped on bars of Indian gold, nodding ferns clutched in fresh earthy arms coins of old Spain, and flaunted emerald flags above the secret. Far and wide, beyond hope of finding forever, the treasure was lost.

Yet not all of it was lost. The boy, diving here and there in corners, digging, prodding, suddenly caught his stick in a shapeless mass deep in a crevice. He was upon it instantly, tooth and nail, and soon we had unearthed and pried apart a number of small gold coins. We separated and scraped and cleaned them and slid them through our fingers and feasted our eyes on them, Josef's shining avariciously. At a guess I believed that the whole, the money, the sword hilt, and the small jewels with which it was set, might be worth four or five hundred dollars.

"And you're the heir, Josef," Bob announced. "You're the head of the house of Corte Real, and this is your heritage."

Josef lifted his bright, sharp eyes quickly from their contemplation of the coins, and they flashed doubt, defiance, question, at me. I had already considered this issue of the discovery, and had already rejoiced, considering it, that the value of our find was no greater. About the laws of treasure-trove in Canada I was most uncertain, but about the ethical, the reasonable right in a matter of a little jewelry and a few hundred dollars in gold I felt clear in my own mind. That this humble Frenchman, for so he was practically, was the collateral descendant and the heir of the old soldier who had died fighting in this wild place—of this I was sure; but I was sure also that I could not prove it. Far be it from me to create a tempest in a teapot, to turn the search-light of the law on this small dim spot of legality by discussing the question. I could look after Josef and his treasure and not bother anyone. So I smiled reassuringly.

"M'sieur Bob is right, I believe, Josef. It isn't an immense fortune, but I believe that, as the descendant of Alonzo Corte Real, what we have found should be yours."

Josef drew a long breath and his hands and shoulders flew into quick, expressive French gestures. "I am content, m'sieur," he said. "I believe well also that m'sieur is right and that he is very just. I have been a poor man always. I have worked hard. This"—he touched lightly the Old-World pieces of money and they clinked a quick response in a mellow, metallic voice—"this will make of my life another matter. It seems much to me, m'sieur. I can now live my dream."

The man's aquiline, notable face, the face which had come down to him from men who had done notable things, was radiant, and Bob and I were touched; we forbore to question him as to the "dream" which he would now realize. It seemed a bit sacrilegious to open the door unasked on a man's secret hopes. We felt that Josef Corte Real had won his little fortune and his great, old, new name rightfully, by the courage and the loyalty which he had shown beyond his class, which had been qualities of the old discoverer's as well, and which it was good to see had not been lost in the shuffle of the centuries. We hoped and argued from this finer vein of him that the unknown "dream" might be of a sort to lift him a step higher, toward his origin.

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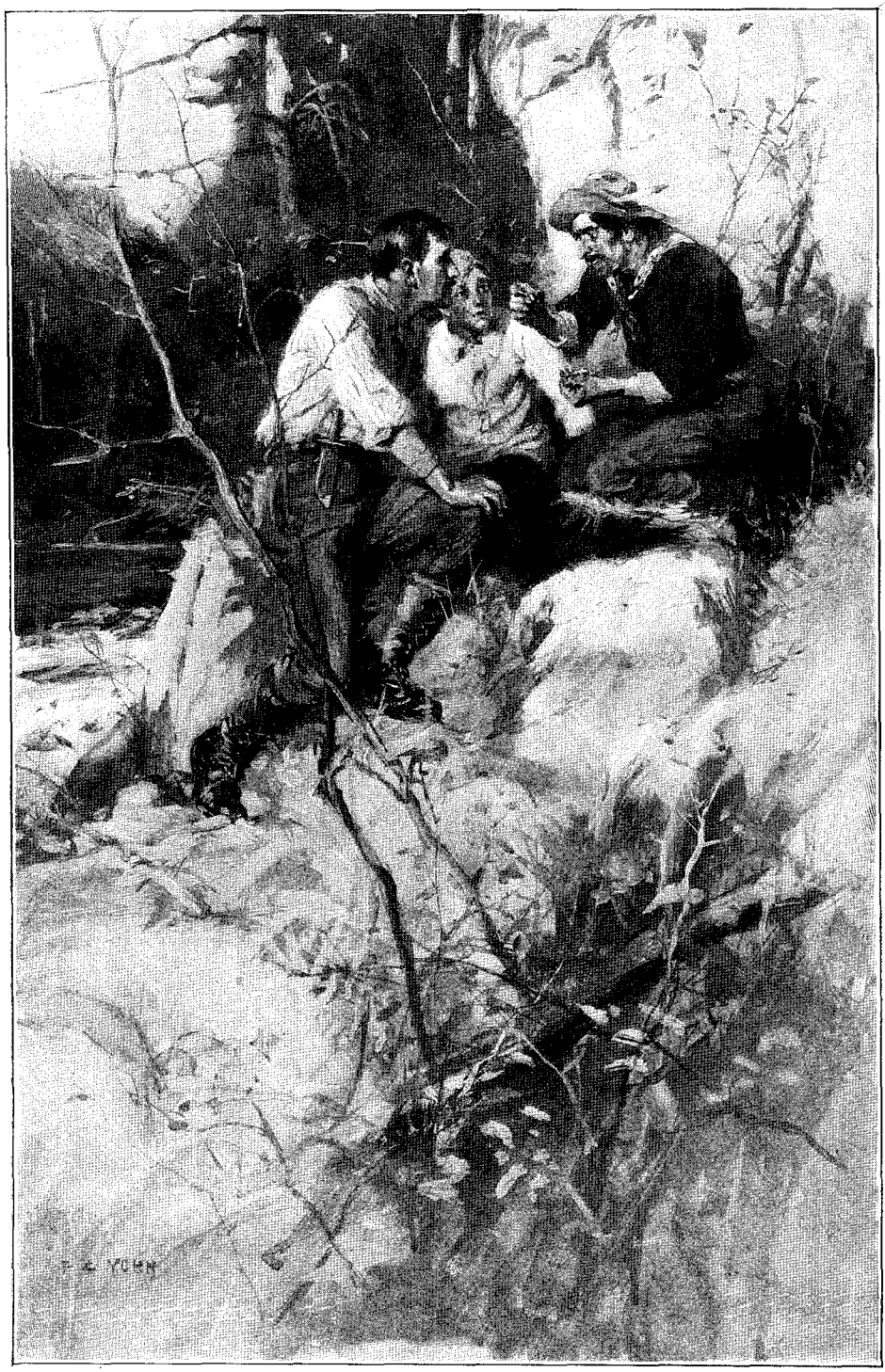

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"It seems much to me, M'sieur. I can now live my dream."—Page 342.

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I took the coins and the sword hilt and the rest to New York and realized for them something more than Josef could have got in Quebec. The hilt, with its jewels intact, he allowed me to buy, and it hangs now on my library wall, my proudest possession. A few old coins also Bob and I bought from the lot as souvenirs, and I sent Josef a check for the whole well in excess of my first surmise.

Last summer when I wrote to Canada for guides I specified among others Josef Cortral or Corte Real, but the club steward, in answering, said that Josef was no longer on his list. Since he had become rich—the steward said—he had moved to Quebec, and had gone into business there. He gave me his street and number. So when I reached the old walled city I strolled down from the heights of the Frontenac, where stood once the Chateau of St. Louis, and wandered about in a tangle of steep, antiquated ways, till by diligent inquiry I came upon the place I looked for. As I turned the corner, a sign newer, more striking than its fellows met my eye, and I stood transfixed. The heir of the old Portuguese had indeed come into his own, and had realized his dream. Opportunity being given by the high gods, Josef Corte Real showed the high gods the stuff that was in him. The sign read:

"GASPAR CORTE REAL'S SON CAKES AND PASTRIES"

Which was stretching the family history a bit sidewise, perhaps, but which at least demonstrated the family pride.

And suddenly the quaint and narrow street with its new sign so full of comedy and of pathos had faded, and, with a great sense of the futility of life, of its pitiful waste of heroism, its mighty heedlessness of loyalty and devotion, I saw a vision. I saw a little river in a lonely forest, a little river that ran down singing to a "great white fall." I saw set in the rapids a "rock with a hole in the top"; in that feeble fortification I saw a knot of hunted men standing to meet a savage death in they knew not what wild land, they knew not what leagues from home; one by one I saw them fall, with grim faces turned to an alien sky, to keep the gold already stained with blood, to guard the treasure which Gaspar Corte Real had "carried in his ship for the king."

TO A CHILD

By Maurice Smiley

THOU lovest me for what I am; and naught
It matters what I wear or give. Thine eyes
Sound all the depths of life's dishonesties.
Gold cannot tempt thee. Thou canst not be bought.
Thy favor must be won by worth, not sought
With sweetmeats or the larger bribes of lies
Pretence doth utter. By the thin disguise
Of garb or station thou art never caught.
Thou never judgest by the hollow ring
Of purses. May I never fall to meet
The great rebuke of thy deserved disdain.
So from thy trust shall I sincereness bring;
So shall mine unbetraying soul remain
Unlured by guile, unnetted by deceit.

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THE TURKEY GOBBLER

By Helen Haines

ILLUSTRATIONS BY SYDNEY ADAMSON

I

FOR some time after his successful sale of pig to the Marpen Iron Company the Crimson Rambler, treading lightly on air, found the immediate atmosphere particularly benign and free from local disturbances.

This ethereal circumambient was not altogether a resultant of the sale *per se*—although Carthwaite did not undervalue its importance to himself—but to its termination in his successful suit for Catharine Mittigan's hand. The transaction had thus lost its commercial aspect, and had become the glorified shaft artfully selected from the quiver of the love god.

Billy smiled softly recalling the successes that had followed Catharine's playful bestowal on him of the nickname by which he was known—The Crimson Rambler—because of his red hair and his wanderings in selling pig for the Puddleston Iron Company. Smiled again when he thought how he had also proven himself to those two peers in the steel business, Henry Mittigan and John Puddleston, and had skilfully used for his own furtherance the necessity of the one and the hesitancy of the other, and had done each a good turn withal.

It was through this unexpected transposition that Carthwaite had lost his place as an indeterminate variable in the great Puddleston works, and had become a fixed value—one to be reckoned with. Mr. Mittigan's feelings toward him approached that of a prosperous traveller temporarily waylaid by a youthful bandit who demanded of him not only a heavy toll, but the hand of his daughter, before permitting him to proceed on his journey; but when he saw Catharine's happiness reflected in Billy's complacency he began to regard him with an amiable ferocity, and ended in admiring the ingenuity of the hold-up.

"Did us both," John Puddleston had written enthusiastically of the deal to Billy's father, who in the big old-fashioned offices in Philadelphia dealt in bonds and gilt-edged securities—"did us both, for I told him he could have as commission anything over and above the market; gets $30,000, the young rascal! Wish I had a dozen more men like him."

But Carthwaite was not one to remain long inactive in the golden clouds of oblivion, and as he gradually detached himself he found his feet again stumbling over fur-

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nace slag. Besides he had a puzzle to solve. Over and over he asked himself why, on that eventful day in New York,—when he had sold Henry Mittigan 15,000 tons of poor pig at two dollars above the market—one of Mr. Puddleston's commissions had been to see Ali Bey, the Turkish consul, and learn, if possible, when Arif Pasha was expected. If the Ali Effendi knew, he wasn't telling Billy; and Mr. Puddleston's grunt of disgust when he received the unsatisfactory answer bespoke proportionately and eloquent disappointment.

With his riddle unsolved, Billy stole from his work a Sunday for Catharine. He found her in the billiard-room of her father's house at Marpen, in the midst of a large consignment of rugs and cashmeres, tapestries and precious stuffs—belated spoils of the Mittigans' recent travels. Like some princess of the Orient, Catherine stood in the midst of their sombre tones—the dull purples, warm reds, and molten yellows, relieved here and there by a bit of gold embroidery. In her dark eyes shone a glad surprise at his unexpected entrance.

"Isn't that a beauty?" after the first greeting, she asked, pointing to a small prayer rug of exquisite coloring. "I believe Grier—you know Grier, the New York banker—has the only other one in the country anything like it."

"By Jove, what a stunner!" Billy exclaimed, his eye dwelling in enthusiastic admiration on the intricacies wrought by a by-gone artificer.

"Why do people talk always of the bloom of youth?" Catharine asked, caressing its radiant surface. "Here's a product of age, and what can equal it?"

"If only as we grew old," said Billy, "we could hide our imperfections in some such tender afterglow! But tell me how your father found it."

"You remember Arif Pasha and my christening the Mahmoud II, when the launching took place at Simpson's yards?"

"Of course," Carthwaite nodded. "I remember showing him and his party over our works. Puddleston furnished the armor-plate."

"And Marpen," said Catharine, "made the steel shafting—the Turkish Government still owes for it," she added dryly. "When we were in Constantinople this spring father tried to get the money. But Arif Pasha knows his weakness for curios, and gave him promises; and the rug was sent by a high personage to our hotel after father had been accorded an interview."

"We got our money all right," said Billy; "trust the old man for that."

"Oh, the Pasha Effendi's too busy now with contracts for his new road to remember such an old bit of history as that shafting. I suppose father'll pay for it yet, out of his own pocket," laughed Catharine. "Curios are more plentiful than cash in the effete East, and Arif Pasha'll soon be in the market for rails."

"Is he coming here?" Billy asked breathlessly.

"No, I think not; it will be a case of the mountain coming to Mahomet."

Billy paused to appropriate this solution of his mysterious errand to the consul's office, then aloud he said, "I wonder if Mr. Puddleston would send me out to sell the rails."

Catharine tossed a Broussa scarf over a table where the summer's sunlight played over its shimmering iridescence. "Selling rails in the Orient," she said thoughtfully, "will be a very different thing, Billy, from selling that pig to Father."

"Why," asked Billy, "if one has a positive knowledge of the buyer's necessity. In the case of that lost deal Mr. Puddleston wanted to sell at 18; your father had to buy any pig at any price or shut down the works while I—well, Catherine dear, I needed you—and got 20. You remember you set me the task?"

"To equal father in business ability before I could give you an answer? Yes, I remember, Billy," she said softly. Then, after a moment's silence:

"You're a fraud," she laughed, her head turned to get a closer impression of the glistening silvery tissue. "You think it would be a fine lark; your mind is already dwelling on kaïks and bulbuls and houris."

"Houris!" interrupted her lover, contemptuously disdainful, as became a man newly engaged; "bulbuls! All I want is *contracts*, and I'm going to see Mr. Puddleston about it the first thing to-morrow morning."

"Take your time," cautioned Catharine, waylaying a tiny moth which flew from the folds of a lounge cover Billy was unrolling. "Take your time—the Turkey Gobbler'll catch you."

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"If I'm gobbled," retorted Billy "—where do you want this Kis Khilim, Catharine? —I'll be sure to cable for your sympathy."

"You mus' 'a' been in Marpen yest'iday," said Mr. Puddleston on Monday morning, pushing back his mail on his desk, as Billy tackled the question of selling rails in the Far East. "You always come back from there chock full of ideas," he continued, without waiting for any further reply than the surprised red in Carthwaite's face. "Yes, Arif Pasha mus' soon be in the market, if he's not already. He tol' me 'bout his railroad when he was here two years ago. The Germans have built mos' Turkish roads, but the Gov'ment has recently bought back one concession, 'n if he succeeds it'll be the first road any Turk's ever put through himself. He had expected to come over this spring, 'n that's why I sent you to talk to his brother in N'Yo'k the other day."

Like some princess of the Orient, Catharine stood in the midst of their sombre tones.—Page 346.

"Ali Bey didn't tell much," Carthwaite suggested.

"No," said Mr. Puddleston after a moment's thought, "he didn't." And then leaning back in his desk chair and running his fingers through his iron gray hair, "It mightn't be a bad idea, your goin'. Sit down, Carthwaite, I c'n jus' as well give you my ideas now. You've had some experience sellin' pig—'n gave me a new one," he added with a grin—"but this job's another proposition. There's one thing I want to call your 'tention to, if you're goin' to sell rails, 'n that's the beautiful, p'ternal spirit of the railroads of this great republic tow'd the steel comp'nies—they jus' will pay us the bigges' prices on earth."

"Of course," Billy flashed demurely, "the steel-rail pool has nothing to do."

"Well, that has *somethin'* to do with it," admitted the old man, his eyes twinkling, "'n if it's ever dissolved, it'll be in its own tears; but when we sell to outsiders, it's diff'rent. Think what it means to us if Turkey should jump over Germany, 'n France, 'n England, in her anxi'ty to help this strugglin' infan' to lay off its swaddlin'-ban's! No, when foreigners' p'lite 'nough to want our rails, we have to show 'em our 'preciation; 'n so we cut the price of 'em outside this country."

"Price here's 28, isn't it?" asked Carthwaite.

But Mr. Puddleston was deep in mental arithmetic. "Price here," he said after a short pause, "is 28, 'n he wants heavy rail—well, if you c'n get 20, we'll call it square—but, Carthwaite, this time," the old man punctuated with his right forefinger tapping his desk, as he called off the terms, "this time, you get your sal'ry, 'n your travelin' expenses, 'n the glory, but all the *money* b'longs to Puddleston."

Billy quietly smiled at this thrust.

"If I'm flying a kite," the old man enlarged, "I give it all the string it wants. Fly'n fly high; get the contrac,' 'n then come home 'n tell us about it. The less you put on paper when you're in heathen parts the more they don't know 'bout you

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'n me. You're responsible to me, 'n report to me only."

"When," asked Billy with ready definiteness, "do you want me to start?"

"You'd better go right off, 'fore the other rail-mills get wind of it. Mittigan was in Constant'nople this spring, 'n it may be he made a bid for his comp'ny." The old man said this suggestively, but Carthwaite's face expressed a merely mild interest.

After a pause Mr. Puddleston said: "I've an idea, though, that he didn't, 'n that Marpen got bit on that big shaftin' for the Mahmoud II; 'n there's where *you* can't be too careful, Carthwaite; we're generous—providin' only we get it—up to twenty per. I'll see you again," he continued, touching the bell for his stenographer, "because I want you to come back by way of Englan' 'n see Wadleigh, our European sales agent. You c'n go first steamer you c'n ketch. No reason, is there, why you can't go right off?" he sharply asked.

And Carthwaite, his heart with Catharine, replied quietly, "None."

II

CATHARINE was aware, as she bade her lover a telephone good-by, that she felt keenly alien to this decision. She knew Arif Pasha and had, as the saying goes, sized him up. His English education had furnished him with discrimination in dealing with Western men—of their ways and means he had a thorough understanding—but like a fine lacquer, it covered a heart uncompromisingly Turkish. It was this valuable combination which had made him in diplomacy so illuminating, and had won for him at Yildiz Kiosk the enviable position of a favorite. His plans for a thousand miles of road developing rich provinces had therefore been well received in high quarters.

Catharine admired his dark, clever, astute face, the evasive eyes that occasionally flashed their shrewdness, and a misgiving took possession of her lest Carthwaite at some important point might be forsaken by his usual caution. She, however, chided herself for this injustice, when, some weeks later, the papers announced that to the Puddleston Iron Company the Turkish Government had awarded a contract for steel rails amounting to some two and a half millions of dollars.

Carthwaite found himself deliciously placed. In spite of his protestations, Arif Pasha had moved him, bag and baggage, from his hotel in Pera to a charming villa on the Bosporus, and had placed at his disposal every luxury. Not before Carthwaite had, however, learned that other companies—French, German, English—had come and gone; and Billy's further knowledge that Herr Kneiser, the representative of one of the German Steel Works, was still in Pera made him suspicious of his being so kindly whisked into Turkish quarters.

But to all of his objections the answer was invariable. This transaction, honored as it was by the sympathy of highest persons in highest places, could not be classed in the usual business category, but approached definite diplomatic proportions; so that the comfortable housing of the envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the Puddleston Iron Company, was a simple duty that Arif Pasha's Government owed to Billy's.

But attentions did not serve to divert Carthwaite from the main issue. Mindful of Catharine's story of Marpen's unpaid shafting, he determined to demand in the agreement a partial cash payment.

Arif Pasha spoke largely of his country's indebtedness to Puddleston for its expedition in furnishing the armor-plate for the Mahmoud II.

"And Marpen," added Billy generously, "did quick work with that shafting, and I've understood they gave your Government a remarkably cheap price, too."

For an instant Arif Pasha's eyes looked out sombrely on Carthwaite, then he turned at last to read the terms of the contract with Puddleston for rails.

Outside in a courtyard a fountain idly plashed, a parrot shrieked shrilly. From a pleasure kiosk almost hidden among the mulberry and acacia trees came the insistent metallic squeak of a phonograph, Billy's gift to the Pasha's small sons, which was reeling off the latest American ragtime.

Arif Pasha poised delicately as he saw the important insertion of the partial cash payment. He ceased reading and thoughtfully rolled a cigarette.

Billy, apparently unnoting, looked silently about him at the big bare *selamlik*. He

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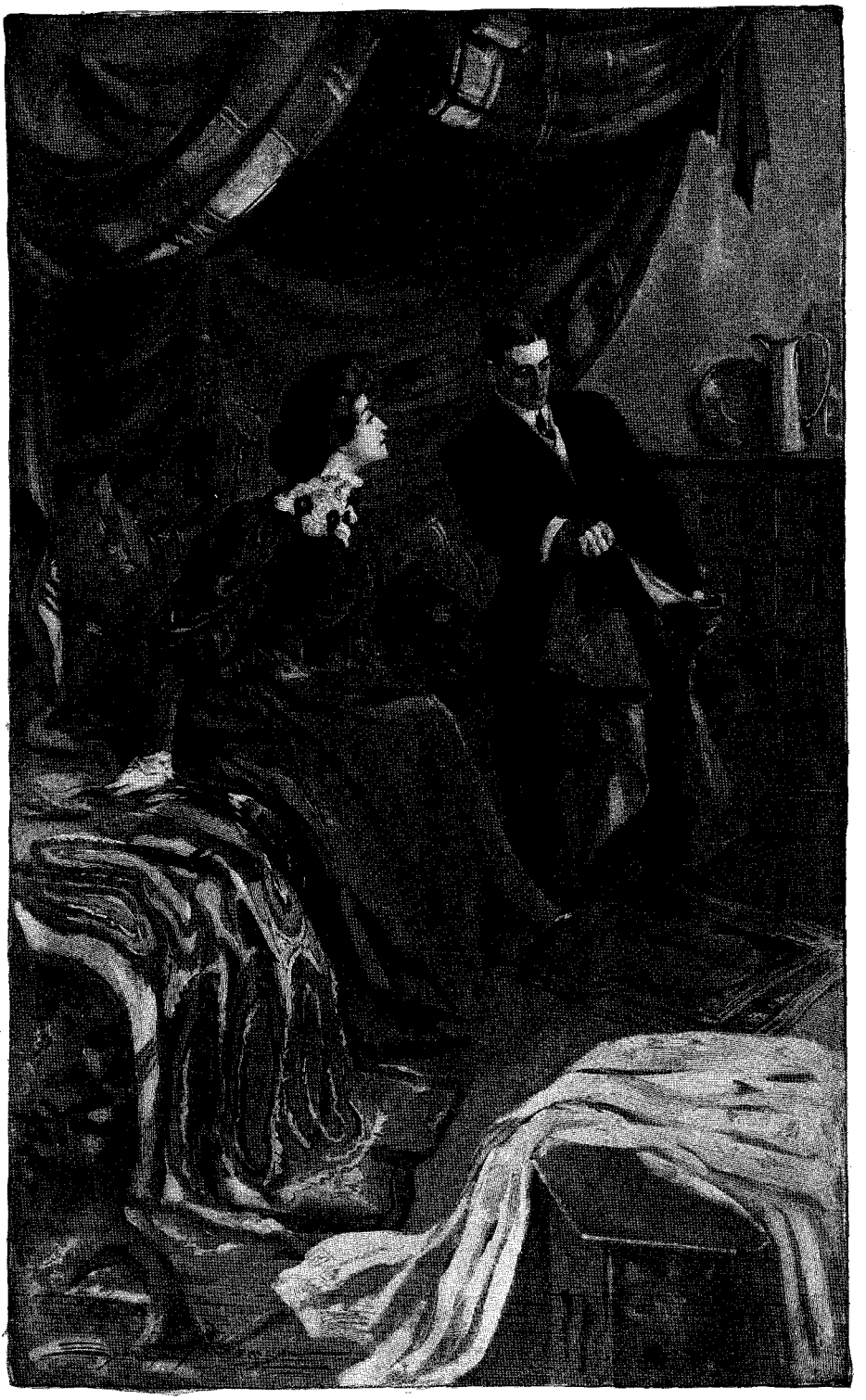

Drawn by Sydney Adamson.

"By Jove, what a stunner!"—Page 346.

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wondered whether this interview would be decisive, and fell to counting the blue stripes on the cool gray ceiling.

Arif Pasha again returned to the contract. "But then, certainly," he said turning to Carthwaite, "one of course eventually pays."

"Not *eventually* at Puddleston, Excellency," he said with a discreet emphasis, regretful that this should be his acknowledgment of so many beneficient kindnesses; "And the convenience," he added, "to both parties, a mutual benefit."

With a slight shrug of the shoulders, "As you like," returned the Pasha, and signed the contract. "In this matter," tapping the agreement, "I yield to your company's custom in the selling of rails, which varies from your methods in the department of armor-plate," he smoothly suggested.

To Carthwaite the interval between the signing of the contract and the date set for the partial cash payment passed in a dreamy tumult.

In the kaïks, he wrote Catharine, he had learned to sit cross-legged as serenely immovable as a native; occasionally climbing, under the cypress-trees, the steep paths of the Petit Champ des Morts, he had listened to the bulbul calling its mate; but the houris were myths—indeed, he personally was of the opinion that the wide world held but one, and she walked unveiled in the sunlight of God's country.

It was the night before the money was to be paid. Billy, who had thoroughly enjoyed the success of his mission as an unusual experience, was now impatient for the final drop of the curtain, the extinguishing of the footlights; a tinge of homesickness had swept over him—a lack of sympathy with his surroundings, a wonder that in a land where the sunlight is so implacable the impenetrable haze of mystery should never lift.

With difficulty he had escaped Arif Pasha's assiduous attentions, and was enjoying a lonely wandering, occupied as much with his own thoughts as with his kaleidoscopic environment. Weary, he paused for refreshment at a small kafené on a side-street in Scutari. There, sitting in friendly propinquity, he espied the Arif Pasha's Armenian secretary in earnest conversation with Herr Kneiser, agent of the German Steel Works at Prussen. Without revealing himself, Billy turned and walked back the way he had come.

III

It was a crushing blow to Catharine when the Atlantic cable flashed to her the mysterious word, "Gobbled." She did not need her father's return from a conference of iron and steel manufacturers, held in New York, to know that Carthwaite had broken the contract with the Turkish Government, and was prepared for Mr. Mittigan's announcement that Billy was on his way home.

"Of course," said Catharine, as she sat with her father in the library, "he must have had some very good reason."

"M-yes," Mr. Mittigan said doubtfully, as he raised his eyes from a catalogue of Oriental *objets d'art* to be sold in New York; "he's taken, however, some time to change his mind; meanwhile Puddleston, I hear, has been working day and night, and is pretty well loaded with ninety-pound rail. Nothing but the best was good enough when the orders came."

"How does Mr. Puddleston take it? What does he say?" his daughter nervously asked.

"The 'old man'," smiled Mr. Mittigan, his finger in the pamphlet to hold his place, "never talks for publication; but," he added more seriously, "those of us who are interested in Carthwaite's career are pretty certain it has ended, so far as the Puddleston Iron Company is concerned. That contract was a big accomplishment for a man no older than Carthwaite."

Catharine held her head proudly, "They will find," she said with confidence, "that his breaking it had been a greater one. Sometimes," she suggested hopefully, "one is more courageous to fail."

"I'm not at all certain," replied her father, marking the limit of his bid for a coveted jade bowl, "that Mr. Puddleston can appreciate a futile superiority."

"Of course," Catharine wrote Carthwaite in the little note she hurried off to the London office of the Puddleston Iron Company, hoping to catch him before he sailed for home, "of course *I* understand how courageous you have been to break the contract, and I send my congratulations; still I am sorry for the necessity, it's just terribly too bad!"

It was Arthur Wadleigh who handed Carthwaite Catharine's letter. Wadleigh, whose disgruntlement with the old man for

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He . . . fell to counting the blue stripes on the cool gray ceiling.—Page 348.

not giving him this opportunity with the Turkish Government had made him await with curiosity the arrival of his understudy. Sending a kid, by George! he fumed, and a red-headed one at that—sure to be impulsive—to do a man's work; ignoring the services *he* had rendered to the Puddleston Iron Company for the past twenty years. When the news of the broken agreement reached him he congratulated himself on his perspicacity, and prepared to be decently admonitory to the crestfallen aspirant for honors in the foreign sales department.

But for Carthwaite's easy nonchalance he was unprepared, and after the transaction of their business, with the serving of tea in his office, he took the opportunity to warn him of Mr. Puddleston's present attitude.

"The 'old man' 's as cross as a sore bear," he reported to his young colleague, "Nothing anyone does pleases him since

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your contract's called off. What in thunder were you about, anyway?"

Billy reached for another lump of sugar.

"Whatever explanation you've got," continued Wadleigh, after a pause, seeing it was not at present forthcoming, "you'd better learn it by heart, for I warn you, Carthwaite, he's going to give you merry h——l."

It was with a distinct feeling of relief, as he walked confidently out of Wadleigh's office without unburdening himself of his secret, that Billy heard the door close after him.

"Conceited ass!" thought Wadleigh; "the old man must be in his dotage," and inwardly congratulated himself that he had transferred to paper most of the business Mr. Puddleston had requested him to talk over with Carthwaite.

Billy had felt so strongly the pressing necessity of the step he had taken, had felt so certain of the wisdom of his failure, that he had hardly before realized that the company, particularly Mr. Puddleston, might so differently regard his discretion. His personal disappointment at his defeat had been somewhat mitigated by his knowledge that retreat had been the only honorable course. But now, with Catharine's "terribly too bad" and Wadleigh's warning ringing in his ears, he for the first time traversed the depths of discouragement. Out of all his world, Catharine alone had shown her belief in him, and, with pride baffled, he hugged to his heart her little note, as he turned the corner into Regent Street and ran into young Grier.

This meeting proved to be one of those fortuitous chances that a smiling Fate prepares when she suddenly opens wide the gate of felicity just as she has apparently disappeared with its key.

IV

If Carthwaite had looked forward to an enthusiastic reception from Mr. Puddleston on his return, he was doomed to disappointment. The fall air was chill and it was nearly dusk when he reached the white painted fence which bordered the street side of the Puddleston Iron Company's property. One by one, he met his associates on their way home, and while each gave him a hearty welcome, he fancied he felt a note of expectant sympathy in their cordiality.

"I'm glad to have The Crimson Rambler back."—Page 353.

As he reached the gateway, Mr. Puddleston, in his old buggy, drove out. The old man, always last to leave his office, was alone. He nodded to Billy, drew up, and said laconically, "Get in," then to the old mare, "Get ap."

Then there fell a short silence. For Mr. Puddleston flowers of speech never bloomed for ornament; they were kept clipped and trimmed for business purposes. Billy, imperturbably cheerful, at length spoke: "My steamer got in early this morning, but I had to stop in New York on business before coming over."

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He felt that the "old man" was chafing at this extra delay, but by way of reply Mr. Puddleston only flapped the reins on his old mare's back.

"Mr. Puddleston," Carthwaite said earnestly after a second silence, "there were three things you told me to do when I went over. The first was to get the contract. I did it."

A sceptical snort greeted this statement.

"The second was not to waste time writing letters. I cabled you as fully as I could, but I didn't write, for I was under surveillance day and night. And the third was to be sure of the money—I couldn't get the money, so I broke the contract."

The old man pulled so hard on the reins that the buggy halted with one wheel on the street-car track.

"You see," continued Billy, as the clang, clang, of an approaching car aroused Mr. Puddleston to action, "Arif Pasha had an idea, I think, because I was not an old timer like Wadleigh, he could distract me from the main issue by countless attentions. From the first he moved me into Turkish quarters and made things pleasant. I remembered your suspicion about the Marpen shafting, and I determined to ask for a partial cash payment."

Mr. Puddleston nodded an approving interest as the buggy zigzagged toward the curbing.

"I felt this especially necessary when I learned that the German works at Prussen had gone into the hands of a receiver after *their* last deal with his Excellency."

"What did he sign for, if he couldn't pay up?" grumbled Mr. Puddleston.

"As to that," returned Billy, "I can't answer. Perhaps he hoped to raise the money; perhaps he thought we were dead easy like Marpen; perhaps he thought, as his country had paid for our armor-plate, we'd trust them for rails."

"How," asked Mr. Puddleston, "did he work it?"

"Oh, on the day set, his secretary, with many bows, asked for a week's postponement; at the second appointment came a similar request, with profuse apologies; but when for the third time he asked the same favor, I felt that my still remaining the Pasha's guest would be a prolonged impertinence. All this time he was showering me with courtesies and planning trips for my amusement, while his secretary was, I discovered, talking prices with an agent of the Prussen works. I suppose they hope by getting so large a contract to get on their feet again."

"No unpaid for business 'll set 'em up," said Mr. Puddleston. "Meanwhile," he added gloomily, "we've got 90-lb. rail to burn. There's no man, 'ceptin' of course, our gen'ral counsel, whose been a bigger luxury to the P. I. Co. than you have this year, Carthwaite."

"Oh, I think I've paid expenses," Billy replied with complacent good-humor; "that's why I stopped in New York. In London, I met David Grier's son, old chum of mine at college. His father's in some railroad deal with Carhart, and they've made him purchasing agent of the consolidated lines."

"Well, what of 'em?'" asked Mr. Puddleston sharply, as he surprised the old mare with a flick of the whip.

"They're planning big improvements," jerked out Billy as they bounced over the cobble-stones, "double tracking and extending, and I arranged this morning for an interview to-morrow. I know they'll take all we've got on hand, and more."

"Did you say anythin' 'bout the price?" put in the old man hastily, turning out to drop Billy at his hotel.

"They're good Americans," Billy laughed; "the kind that have a fatherly interest in the rail business."

"Carthwaite," interrupted Mr. Puddleston, twisting the reins about the whip handle and offering both hands to Billy as he got out, "I'm glad to have The Crimson Rambler back. W'en I studied g'ography 'twasn't the shortes' route to N'Yo'k by way of Constant'nople, but it's taken a youngster like you to make it all rail."

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THE TIDES OF BARNEGAT

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE WRIGHT

XI

A LETTER FROM PARIS

FOR the first year Jane watched Archie's growth and development with the care of a self-appointed nurse temporarily doing her duty by her charge. Later on, as the fact became burned into her mind that Lucy would never willingly return to Warehold, she clung to him with that absorbing love and devotion which an unmarried woman often lavishes upon a child not her own. In his innocent eyes she saw the fulfilment of her promise to her father. He would grow to be a man of courage and strength, the stain upon his birth forgotten, doing honor to himself, to her, and to the name he bore. In him, too, she sought refuge from that other sorrow which was often greater than she could bear—the loss of the closer companionship of Doctor John—a companionship which only a wife's place could gain for her. The true mother-love—the love which she had denied herself, a love which had been poured out upon Lucy since her father's death—found its outlet, therefore, in little Archie.

Under Martha's watchful care the helpless infant grew to be a big, roly-poly boy, never out of her arms when she could avoid it. At five he had lost his golden curls and short skirts and strutted about in knee trousers. At seven he had begun to roam the streets, picking up his acquaintances wherever he found them.

Chief among them was Tod Fogarty, the son of the fisherman, now a boy of ten, big for his age and bubbling over with life and merriment. Tod had brought a basket of fish to Yardley and sneaking Meg, who was then alive—he died the year after—had helped himself to part of the contents, and the skirmish over its recovery had resulted in a friendship which was to last the boys all their lives. The doctor believed in Tod, and always spoke of his pluck and of his love for his mother, qualities which Jane admired—but then technical class distinctions never troubled Jane—every honest body was Jane's friend, just as every honest body was Doctor John's.

The doctor loved Archie dearly, and with the love of an older brother; not altogether because he was Jane's ward, but for the boy's own qualities—for his courage, for his laugh—particularly for his buoyancy. Often, as he looked into the lad's eyes brimming with fun, he would wish that he himself had been born with the same kind of temperament. Then again the boy satisfied to a certain extent the longing in his heart for home, wife, and child—a void which he knew now would never be filled. Fate had decreed that he and the woman he loved should live apart—with this he must be content. Not that his disappointments had soured him; only that this ever-present sorrow had added to the cares of his life, and in later years had taken much of the spring and joyousness out of him. This drew him all the closer to Archie, and the lad soon became his constant companion; sitting beside him in his gig, waiting for him at the doors of the fishermen's huts, or in the cabins of the poor on the outskirts of Barnegat and Warehold.

"There goes Doctor John of Barnegat and his curly-head," the neighbors would say; "when ye see one ye see t'other."

Newcomers in Barnegat and Warehold thought Archie was his son, and would talk to the doctor about him.

"Fine lad you got, doctor—don't look a bit like you, but maybe he will when he gets his growth." At which the doctor would laugh and pat the boy's head.

During all these year's Lucy's letters came but seldom. When they did arrive, most of them were filled with elaborate excuses for her prolonged stay. The money, she wrote, which Jane had sent her from

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time to time, was ample for her needs; she was making many valuable friends, and she could not see how she could return until the following spring—a spring which never arrived. In no one of them had she ever answered Jane's letter about Bart's death, except to acknowledge its receipt. Nor, strange to say, had she ever expressed any love for the boy. Jane's letters were always filled with the child's doings; his illnesses and recoveries; but whenever Lucy mentioned his name, which was seldom, she invariably referred to him as "your little ward" or "your baby," evidently intending to wipe that part of her life completely out. Neither did she make any comment on the child's christening—a ceremony which took place in the church, Pastor Dellenbaugh officiating—except to write that perhaps one name was as good as another, and that she hoped he would not disgrace it when he grew up.

These things, however, made but little impression on Jane. She never lost faith in her sister, and never gave up hope that one day they would all three be reunited; how or where she could not tell or foresee, but in some way by which Lucy would know and love her son for himself alone, and the two live together ever after—his parentage always a secret. She was convinced that when Lucy looked into her boy's face she would love and cling to him. This was her constant prayer.

All these hopes were dashed to the ground by the receipt of a letter from Lucy with a Geneva post-mark. She had not written for months, and Jane broke the seal with a murmur of delight, Martha standing by, eager to hear the first word from her bairn. As she read Jane's face grew suddenly pale.

"What is it?" Martha asked in a trembling voice.

For some minutes Jane sat staring into space, her hand pressed to her side. She looked like one who had received a death message. Then, without a word, she handed the letter to Martha.

The old woman adjusted her glasses, read the missive to the end without comment, and laid it back on Jane's lap. The writing covered but part of the page, and announced Lucy's coming marriage with a Frenchman: "A man of distinction; some years older than myself, and of ample means. He fell in love with me at Aix."

There are certain crises in life with conclusions so evident that no spoken word can add to their clearness. There is no need of comment; neither is there room for doubt. The bare facts stand naked. No sophistry can dull their outlines nor soften the insistence of their high lights; nor can any reasoning explain away the results that will follow. Both women, without the exchange of a word, knew instantly that the consummation of this marriage meant the loss of Lucy forever. Now she would never come back, and Archie would be motherless for life. They foresaw, too, that all their yearning to clasp Lucy once more in their arms would go unsatisfied. In this marriage she had found a way to slip as easily from out the ties that bound her to Yardley as she would from an old dress.

Martha rose from her seat, read the letter again to the end, and without opening her lips left the room. Jane kept her seat, her head resting on her hand, the letter once more in her lap. The revulsion of feeling had paralyzed her judgment, and for a time had benumbed her emotions. All she saw was Archie's eyes looking into hers as he waited for an answer to that question he would one day ask and which now she knew she could never give.

Then there rose before her, like some disembodied spirit from a long-covered grave, the spectre of the past. An icy chill crept over her. Would Lucy begin this new life with the same deceit with which she had begun the old? And if she did, would this Frenchman forgive her when he learned the facts? If he never learned them—and this was most to be dreaded—what would Lucy's misery be all her life, she still hugging the secret to her heart? Then with a pathos all the more intense because of her ignorance of the true situation—she fighting on alone, unconscious that the man she loved not only knew every pulsation of her aching heart, but would be as willing as herself to guard its secrets, she burst out:

"Yes, at any cost she must be saved from this living death! I know what it is to sit beside the man I love, the man whose arm is ready to sustain me, whose heart is bursting for love of me, and yet be always held apart by a spectre which I dare not face."

With this came the resolve to prevent the marriage at all hazards, even to leaving

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Yardley and taking the first steamer to Europe, that she might plead with Lucy in person.

While she sat searching her brain for some way out of the threatened calamity, the rapid rumbling of the doctor's gig was heard on the gravel road outside her open window. She knew from the speed with which he drove that something out of the common had happened. The gig stopped and the doctor's voice rang out:

"Come as quick as you can, Jane, please. I've got a bad case some miles out of Warehold, and I need you; it's a compound fracture, and I want you to help with the chloroform."

All her indecision vanished and all her doubts were swept away as she caught the tones of his voice. Who else in the wide world understood her as he did, and who but he should guide her now? Had he ever failed her? When was his hand withheld or his lips silent? How long would her pride shut out his sympathy? If he could help in the smaller things of life why not trust him in this larger sorrow—one that threatened to overwhelm her; she whose heart ached for tenderness and wise counsel. Perhaps she could lean upon him without betraying her trust. After all, the question of Archie's birth—the one secret between them—need not come up. It was Lucy's future happiness that was at stake. This must be made safe at any cost short of exposure.

"Better put a few things in a bag," Doctor John continued. "It may be a case of hours or days—I can't tell till I see him. The boy fell from the roof of the stable and is pretty badly hurt; both legs are broken, the right one in two places.

She was upstairs in a moment, into her nursing dress, always hanging ready in case the doctor called for her, and down again, standing beside the gig, her bag in her hand, before he had time to turn his horse and arrange the seat and robes for her comfort.

"Who is it?" she asked hurriedly, resting her hand in his as he helped her into the seat and took the one beside her, Martha and Archie assisting with her bag and big riding cloak.

"Burton's boy. His father was coming for me and met me on the road. I have everything with me, so we will not lose any time. Good-by, my boy," he called to Archie. "One day I'll make a doctor of you, and then I won't have to take your dear mother from you so often. Good-by, Martha. You want to take care of that cough, old lady, or I shall have to send up some of those plasters you love so."

They were off and rattling down the path between the lilacs before either Archie or the old woman could answer. To hearts like Jane's and the doctor's, a suffering body, no matter how far away, was a sinking ship in the clutch of the breakers. Until the lifeboat reached her side everything was forgotten.

The doctor adjusted the robe over Jane's lap and settled himself in his seat. They had often driven thus together, and Jane's happiest hours had been spent close to his side, both intent on the same errand of mercy, and both working together. That was the joy of it!

They talked of the wounded boy and of the needed treatment and what part each should take in the operation; of some new cases in the hospital and the remedies suggested for their comfort; of Archie's life on the beach and how ruddy and handsome he was growing, and of his tender, loving nature; and of the thousand and one other things that two people who knew every pulsation of each other's hearts—of everything, in fact, but the letter in her pocket. "It is a serious case," she said to herself—"this to which we are hurrying—and nothing must disturb the sureness of his sensitive hand."

Now and then, as he spoke, she would turn her head and look into his eyes. When a man's face lacks the lines and modellings that stand for beauty the woman who loves him is apt to omit in her eager glance every feature but his eyes. His eyes are the open doors to his soul; in these she finds her ideals, and in these she revels. But with Jane every feature was a joy—the way the smoothly cut hair was trimmed about the white temples; the small, well-turned ears lying flat to his head; the lines of his eyebrows; the wide, sensitive nostrils and the gleam of the even teeth flashing from between well drawn, mobile lips; the white, smooth, polished skin. Not all faces can boast this beauty; but then not all souls shone as clearly as did Doctor John's through the thin veil of his face.

And she was equally young and beautiful to him. Her figure was still that of her

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youth; her face had not changed—he still caught the smile of the girl he loved. Often, when they had been driving along the coast, the salt wind in their faces, and he had looked at her suddenly, a thrill of delight had swept through him as he noted how rosy were her cheeks and how ruddy the wrists above the gloves, hiding the dear hands he loved so well, their tapering fingers tipped with delicate pink nails. He could, if he sought them, find many telltale wrinkles about the corners of the mouth and under the eyelids (he knew and loved them all), showing where the acid of anxiety had bitten deep into the plate on which the record of her life was being daily etched, but her beautiful gray eyes still shone with the same true, kindly light, and always flashed the brighter when they looked into his own. No, she was ever young and ever beautiful to him!

To-day, however. there was a strange tremor in her voice and an anxious, troubled expression in her face—one that he had not seen for years.

"Something worries you, Jane," he said, his voice echoing his thoughts. "Tell me about it."

"No—not now—it is nothing," she answered quickly.

"Yes, tell me. Don't keep any troubles from me. I have nothing else to do in life but smooth them out. Come, what is it?"

"Wait until we get through with Burton's boy. He may be hurt worse than you think."

The doctor slackened the reins until they rested on the dashboard, and with a quick movement turned and looked searchingly into Jane's eyes.

"It is serious, then. What has happened?"

"Only a letter from Lucy."

"Is she coming home?"

"No, she is going to be married."

The doctor gave a low whistle. Instantly Archie's laughing eyes looked into his; then came the thought of the nameless grave of his father.

"Well, upon my soul! You don't say so! Who to, pray?"

"To a Frenchman," she answered. Jane's eyes were upon his, reading the effect of her news. His tone of surprise left an uncomfortable feeling behind it.

"How long has she known him?" he continued, tightening the reins again and chirruping to the mare.

"She does not say—not long, I should think."

"What sort of a Frenchman is he? I've known several kinds in my life—so have you, no doubt"—and a quiet smile overspread his face. "Come, Bess! Hurry up, old girl."

"A gentleman, I should think, from what she writes. He is much older than Lucy, and she says very well off."

"Then you didn't meet him on the other side?"

"No."

"And never heard of him before?"

"Not until I received this letter."

The doctor reached for his whip and flecked off a fly that had settled on the mare's neck.

"Lucy is about twenty-seven, is she not?"

"Yes—eight years younger than I am. Why do you ask, John?"

"Because it is always a restless age for a woman. She has lost the protecting ignorance of youth and she has not yet gained enough of the experience of age to steady her. Marriage often comes as a balance-weight. She is coming home to be married, isn't she?"

"No; they are to be married in Geneva at his mother's."

"I think that part of it is a mistake," he said in a decided tone. "There is no reason why she should not be married here; she owes that to you and to herself." Then he added in a gentler tone, "And this worries you?"

"More than I can tell you, John. I feel like taking the first steamer to beg her to give it up. There was a note in the voice that vibrated through him. He knew now how seriously the situation affected her.

"But why, Jane? If Lucy is happier in it we should do what we can to help her."

"Yes, but not in this way. This will make her all the more miserable. I don't want this marriage; I want her to come home and live with me and Archie. She makes me promises every year to come, and now it is over six years since I left her and she has always put me off. This marriage means that she will never come. I want her here, John. It is not right for her to live as she does. Please think as I do!"

The doctor patted Jane's hand—it was

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the only mark of affection he ever allowed himself—not in a caressing way, but more as a father would upon the hand of a nervous child.

"Well, let us go over it from the beginning. Maybe I don't know all the facts. Have you the letter with you?"

She handed it to him. He passed the reins to her and read it carefully to the end.

"Have you answered it yet?"

"No, I wanted to talk to you about it. What do you think now?"

"I can't see that it will make any difference. She is not a woman to live alone. I have always been surprised that she waited so long. You are wrong, Jane, about this. It is best for everybody and everything that Lucy should be married."

"John, dear," she said in a half-pleading tone—there were some times when this last word slipped out—"I don't want this marriage at all. I am so wretched about it that I feel like taking the first steamer and bringing her home with me. She will forget all about him when she is here; and it is only her loneliness that makes her want to marry. I don't want her married; I want her to love me and Martha and—Archie—and she will if she sees him."

"Is that better than loving a man who loves her?" The words dropped from his lips before he could recall them—forced out, as it were, by the pressure of his heart.

Jane caught her breath and the color rose in her cheeks. She knew he did not mean her, and yet she saw he spoke from his heart. Doctor John's face, however, gave no sign of his thoughts.

"But, John, I don't know that she does love him. She doesn't say so—she says *he* loves her. And if she did, we cannot all follow our own hearts."

"Why not?" he replied calmly, looking straight ahead of him: at the bend in the road, at the crows flying in the air, at the leaden sky between the rows of pines. If she wanted to give him her confidence he was ready now with heart and arms wide open. Perhaps his hour had come at last.

"Because—because," she faltered, "our duty comes in. That is holier than love." Then her voice rose and steadied itself—"Lucy's duty is to come home."

He understood. The gate was still shut; the wall still confronted him. He could not and would not scale it. She had risked her own happiness—even her reputation—to keep this skeleton hidden, the secret inviolate. Only in the late years had she begun to recover from the strain. She had stood the brunt and borne the sufferings of another's sin without complaint, without reward, giving up everything in life in consecration to her trust. He, of all men, could not tear the mask away, nor could he stoop by the more subtle paths of friendship, love, or duty to seek to look behind it—not without her own free and willing hand to guide him. There was nothing else in all her life that she had not told him. Every thought was his, every resolve, every joy. She would entrust him with this if it was hers to give. Until she did his lips would be sealed. As to Lucy, it could make no difference. Bart lying in a foreign grave would never trouble her again, and Archie would only be a stumbling-block in her career. She would never love the boy, come what might. If this Frenchman filled her ideal, it was best for her to end her days across the water—best certainly for Jane, to whom she had only brought unhappiness.

For some moments he busied himself with the reins, loosening them from where they were caught in the harness; then he bent his head and said slowly, and with the tone of the physician in consultation:

"Your protest will do no good, Jane, and your trip abroad will only be a waste of time and money. If Lucy has not changed, and this letter shows that she has not, she will laugh at your objections and end by doing as she pleases. She has always been a law unto herself, and this new move of hers is part of her life plan. Take my advice: stay where you are; write her a loving, sweet letter and tell her how happy you hope she will be, and send her your congratulations. She will not listen to your objections, and your opposition might lose you her love."

Before dark they were both on their way back to Yardley. Burton's boy had not been hurt as badly as his father thought; but one leg was broken, and this was soon in splints, and without Jane's assistance.

Before they had reached her door her mind was made up.

The doctor's words, as they always did, had gone down deep into her mind, and all thought of going abroad, or of even protesting against Lucy's marriage, were given up.

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Only the spectre remained. That the doctor knew nothing of, and that she must meet alone.

Martha took Jane's answer to the post-office herself. She had talked its contents over with the old nurse, and the two had put their hearts into every line.

"Tell him everything," Jane wrote. "Don't begin a new life with an old lie. With me it is different. I saved you, my sister, because I loved you, and because I could not bear that your sweet girlhood should be marred. I shall live my life out in this duty. It came to me, and I could not put it from me, and would not now if I could but I know the tyranny of a secret you cannot share with the man who loves you. I know, too, the cruelty of it all. For years I have answered kindly meant inquiry with discourteous silence, bearing insinuations, calumny, insults—and all because I cannot speak. Don't, I beseech you, begin your new life in this slavery. But whatever the outcome, take him into your confidence. Better have him leave you now than after you are married. Remember, too, that if by this declaration you should lose his love you will at least gain his respect. Perhaps, if his heart is tender and he feels for the suffering and wronged, you may keep both. Forgive me, dear, but I have only your happiness at heart, and I love you too dearly not to warn you against any danger which would threaten you. Martha agrees with me in the above, and knows you will do right by him."

When Lucy's answer arrived weeks afterward—after her marriage, in fact—Jane read it with a clutching at her throat she had not known since that fatal afternoon when Martha returned from Trenton.

"You dear, foolish sister," Lucy's letter began, "what should I tell him for? He loves me devotedly and we are very happy together, and I am not going to cause him any pain by bringing any disagreeable thing into his life. People don't do those wild, old-fashioned things over here. And then again, there is no possibility of his finding out. Maria agrees with me thoroughly, and says in her funny way that men nowadays know too much already." Then followed an account of her wedding.

This letter Jane did not read to the doctor—no part of it, in fact. She did not even mention its receipt, except to say that the wedding had taken place in Geneva, where the Frenchman's mother lived, it being impossible, Lucy said, for her to come home, and that Maria Collins, who was staying with her, had been the only one of her old friends at the ceremony Neither did she read it all to Martha. The old nurse was growing more feeble every year and she did not wish her blind faith in her bairn disturbed.

For many days she kept the letter locked in her desk, not having the courage to take it out again and read it. Then she sent for Captain Holt, the only one, beside Martha, with whom she could discuss the matter. She knew his strong, honest nature, and his blunt, outspoken way of giving vent to his mind, and she hoped that his knowledge of life might help to comfort her.

"Married to one o' them furriners, is she?" the captain blurted out; "and goin' to keep right on livin' the lie she's lived ever since she left ye? You'll excuse me, Miss Jane,—you've been a mother, and a sister and everything to her, and you're nearer the angels than anybody I know. That's what I think when I look at you and Archie. I say it behind your back and I say it now to your face, for it's true. As to Lucy, I may be mistaken, and I may not. I don't want to condemn nothin' 'less I'm on the survey and kin look the craft over; that's why I'm partic'lar. Maybe Bart was right in sayin' it warn't all his fault, whelp as he was to say it, and maybe he warn't. It ain't up before me and I ain't passin' on it,—but one thing is certain, when a ship's made as many voyages as Lucy has and ain't been home for repairs nigh on to seven years—ain't it?" and he looked at Jane for confirmation—"she gits foul and sometimes a little mite worm-eaten—especially her bilge timbers, unless they're copper-fastened or pretty good stuff. I've been thinkin' for some time that you ain't got Lucy straight, and this last kick-up of hers makes me sure of it. Some timber is growed right and some timber is growed crooked; and when its growed crooked it gits leaky, and no 'mount o' tar and pitch kin stop it. Every twist the ship gives it opens the seams, and the pumps is goin' all the time. When your timber is growed right you kin all go to sleep and not a drop o' water'll git in. Your sister Lucy ain't growed right. Maybe she kin help it and maybe she can't, but she'll

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leak every time there comes a twist. See if she don't."

But Jane never lost faith nor wavered in her trust. With the old-time love strong upon her she continued to make excuses for this thoughtless, irresponsible woman, so easily influenced. "It is Maria Collins who has written the letter, and not Lucy." she kept saying to herself. "Maria has been her bad angel from her girlhood, and still dominates her. The poor child's sufferings have hardened her heart and destroyed for a time her sense of right and wrong—that is all."

With this thought uppermost in her mind she took the letter from her desk, and stirring the smouldering embers, laid it upon the coals. The sheet blazed and fell into ashes.

"No one will ever know," she said with a sigh.

XII

SCOOTSY'S EPITHET

LYING on Barnegat Beach, within sight of the House of Refuge and Fogarty's cabin, was the hull of a sloop which had been whirled in one night in a southeaster, with not a soul on board, riding the breakers like a duck, and landing high and dry out of the hungry clutch of the surf-dogs. She was light at the time and without ballast, and lay stranded upright on her keel. All attempts by the beach-combers to float her had proved futile; they had stripped her of her standing rigging and everything else of value, and had then abandoned her. Only the evenly balanced hull was left, its bottom timbers broken and its bent keelson buried in the sand. This hulk little Tod Fogarty, aged ten, had taken possession of; particularly the after part, of the hold, over which he had placed a trusty henchman armed with a cutlass made from the hoop of a fish barrel. The henchman—aged seven—wore knee trousers and a cap and answered to the name of Archie. The refuge itself bore the title of "The Bandit's Home."

This new hulk had taken the place of the old schooner which had served Captain Holt as a landmark on that eventful night when he strode Barnegat Beach in search of Bart, and which by the action of the ever-changing tides, had gradually settled until now only a hillock marked its grave —a fate which sooner or later would overtake this newly landed sloop itself.

These Barnegat tides are the sponges that wipe clean the slate of the beach. Each day a new record is made and each day it is sponged out: records from passing ships, an empty crate, broken spar or useless barrel grounded now and then by the tide in its flow as it moves up and down the sand at the will of the waters. Records, too, of many foot-prints,—the lagging steps of happy lovers; the dimpled feet of joyous children; the tread of tramp, coast guard or fisherman—all wiped clean when the merciful tide makes ebb.

Other records are strewn along the beach; these alone the tide cannot efface—the bow of some hapless schooner it may be, wrenched from its hull, and sent whirling shoreward; the shattered mast and cross-trees of a stranded ship beaten to death in the breakers; or some battered capstan carried in the white teeth of the surf-dogs and dropped beyond the froth-line. To these, with the help of the kind south wind, the tides extend their mercy, hiding for a time with blankets of sand, their bruised bodies, covering their nakedness and the marks of their sufferings. All through the restful summer and late autumn these derelicts lie buried, while above their graves the children play and watch the ships go by, or stretch themselves at length, their eyes on the circling gulls.

With the coming of the autumn, however, all this is changed. The cruel north wind wakes, and with a roar joins hands with the savage easter; the startled surf falls upon the beach like a scourge. Under their double lash the outer bar cowers and sinks; the frightened sand flees hither and thither. Soon the frenzied breakers throw themselves headlong, tearing with teeth and claws, burrowing deep into the hidden graves. Now the forgotten wrecks, like long-buried sins, rise and stand naked, with every scar and stain. This is the work of the sea-puss—the revolving maniac born of close-wed wind and tide; a beast so terrible that in a single night, with its augur-like snout, it bites huge inlets out of farm lands—inlets deep enough for ships to sail where but yesterday the corn grew.

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In the hull of this newly stranded sloop, then, sitting high and dry, out of reach of the summer surf, Tod and Archie spent every hour of the day they could call their own; sallying forth on various piratical excursions, coming back laden with drift-wood for a bonfire, or hugging some bottle, which was always opened with trembling, eager fingers in the inmost recesses of the Home, in the hope that some tidings of a lost ship might be found inside; or with their pockets crammed with clam-shells and other sea spoils with which to decorate the inside timbers of what was left of the former captain's cabin.

Jane had protested at first, but the doctor had looked the hull over, and found that there was nothing wide enough, nor deep enough, nor sharp enough to do them harm, and so she was content. Then again, the boys were both strong for their age, and looked it, Tod easily passing for a lad of twelve or fourteen, and Archie for a boy of ten. The one danger discovered by the doctor lay in its height, the only way of boarding the stranded craft being by means of a hand-over-hand climb up the rusty chains of the bowsprit, a difficult and trouser-tearing operation. This was obviated by Tod's father, who made a ladder for the boys out of a pair of old oars, which the two pirates pulled up after them whenever an enemy hove in sight. When friends approached it was let down with more than elaborate ceremony, the guests being escorted by Archie and welcomed on board by Tod.

Once Captain Holt's short, sturdy body was descried in the offing tramping the sand-dunes on his way to Fogarty's and a signal flag—part of Mother Fogarty's flannel petticoat, and blood-red as befitted the desperate nature of the craft over which it floated, was at once set in his honor. The captain put his helm hard down and came up into the wind alongside the hulk.

"Well! well! well!" he cried in his best quarter-deck voice—"What are you stowaways doin' here?" and he climbed the ladder and swung himself over the battered rail.

Archie took his hand and led him into the most sacred recesses of the den, explaining to him his plans for defence, his armament of barrel hoops, and his ammunition of shells and pebbles, Tod standing silently by and a little abashed, as was natural in one of his station; at which the captain laughed more loudly than before, catching Archie in his arms, rubbing his curly head with his big, hard hand, and telling him he was a chip of the old block, every inch of him—none of which did either Archie or Tod understand. Before he climbed down the ladder he announced with a solemn smile that he thought the craft was well protected so far as collisions on foggy nights were concerned but he doubted if their arms were sufficient and that he had better leave them his big sea knife which had been twice around Cape Horn and which might be useful in lopping off arms and legs whenever the cutthroats got too impudent and aggressive; whereupon Archie threw his arms around his grizzled neck and said he was a "bully commodore" and that if he would come and live with them aboard the hulk they would obey his orders to a man.

Archie leaned over the rotten rail and saw the old salt stop a little way from the hulk and stand looking at them for some minutes and then wave his hand, at which the boys waved back, but the lad did not see the tears that lingered for an instant on the captain's eyelids, and which the sea-breeze caught away; nor did he hear the words, as the captain resumed his walk: "He's all I've got left, and yet he don't know it and I can't tell him. Ain't it hell?"

Neither did they notice that he never once raised his eyes toward the House of Refuge as he passed its site. A new door and a new roof had been added, but in other respects it was to him the same grewsome, lonely hut as on that last night when he had denounced his son outside its swinging door.

Often the boys made neighborly visits to friendly tribes and settlers. Fogarty was one of these, and Doctor Cavendish was another. The doctor's country was a place of buttered bread and preserves and a romp with Rex, who was almost as feeble as Meg had been in his last days. But Fogarty's cabin was a mine of never-ending delight. In addition to the quaint low house of clapboards and old ship-timber, with its sloping roof and little toy windows, so unlike his own at Yardley, and smoked ceilings, there was a scrap heap piled up and round and over the back yard which was a veritable treasure house. Here were rusty chains and wooden figure-heads of broken-

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nosed, blind maidens and tailless dolphins. Here were twisted iron rods, fish-baskets, broken lobster-pots, rotting seines and tangled, useless nets—some used as coverings for coops of restless chickens—old worn-out rope, tangled rigging—everything that a fisherman who had spent his life on Barnegat beach could pull from the surf or find stranded on the sand.

Beside all these priceless treasures, there was an old boat lying afloat in a small lagoon back of the house, one of those seepage pools common to the coast—a boat which Fogarty had patched with a bit of sail-cloth, and for which he had made two pairs of oars, one for each of the "crew," as he called the lads, and which Archie learned to handle with such dexterity that the old fisherman declared he would make a first-class boatman when he grew up, and would "shame the whole bunch of 'em."

But these two valiant buccaneers were not to remain in undisturbed possession of the Bandit's Home with its bewildering fittings and enchanting possibilities—not for long. The secret of the uses to which the stranded craft had been put, and the attendant fun which Commodore Tod and his dauntless henchman, Archibald Cobden, Esquire, were daily getting out of its battered timbers, had already become public property. The youth of Barnegat—the very young youth, ranging from nine to twelve, and all boys—received the news at first with hilarious joy. This feeling soon gave way to unsuppressed indignation, followed by an active bitterness when they realized in solemn conclave—the meeting was held in an open lot on Saturday morning—that the capture of the craft had been accomplished, not by dwellers under Barnegat Light, to whom every piece of sea-drift from a tomato-can to a full-rigged ship rightfully belonged, but by a couple of aliens, one of whom wore knee-pants and a white collar,—a distinction in dress obnoxious to the lords of the soil—encouraging in them not only contempt for the wearers but ofttimes resulting in assault.

All of these denizens of Barnegat had at one time or another, climbed up its chains and peered down the hatchway to the sand covering the keelson, and had more than once used it as a shelter behind which, when swimming time had come, they had put on or peeled off such mutilated rags as covered their nakedness, but no one of them had yet conceived the idea of turning it into a Bandit's Home. That touch of the ideal, that gilding of the commonplace, had been reserved for the brain of the curly-haired boy who, with dancing eyes, his sturdy little legs resting on Tod's shoulder, had peeped over the battered rail, and who, with a burst of enthusiasm, had shouted to Tod below: "Oh, cracky! isn't it nice, Tod! It's got a place we can fix up for a robbers' den; and we'll be bandits and have a flag. Oh, come up here! You never saw anything so fine," etc., etc.

When, therefore, Scootsy Mulligan, aged nine, son of a ship-caulker who worked in Martin Farguson's ship-yard, and Sandy Plummer, eldest of three, and their mother a widow—plain washing and ironing, two doors from the cake-shop—heard that that French "spad" Arch Cobden what lived up to Yardley, and that red-headed Irish cub Tod Fogarty—Tod's hair had turned very red—had pre-empted the Black Tub, as the wreck was irreverently called, claiming it as their very own, "and-a-sayin' they wuz pirates and bloody Turks and sich," these two quarrelsome town rats organized a posse in lower Barnegat for its recapture.

Archie was sweeping the horizon from his perch on the "poop-deck" when his eagle eye detected a strange group of what appeared to be human beings advancing toward the wreck from the direction of Barnegat village. One, evidently a chief, was in the lead, the others following bunched together. All were gesticulating wildly. The trusty henchman immediately gave warning to Tod, who was at work in the lower hold arranging a bundle of bean-poles which had drifted inshore the night before—part of the deck-load, doubtless, of some passing vessel.

"Ay, ay, sir!" cried the henchman with a hoist of his knee-pants, as a prelude to his announcement.

"Ay, ay, yerself!" rumbled back the reply. "What's up?" The commodore had not read as deeply in pirate lore as had Archie, and was not, therefore, so ready with its lingo.

"Band of savages, sir, approaching down the beach."

"Where away?" thundered back the commodore, his authority now asserting itself in the tones of his voice.

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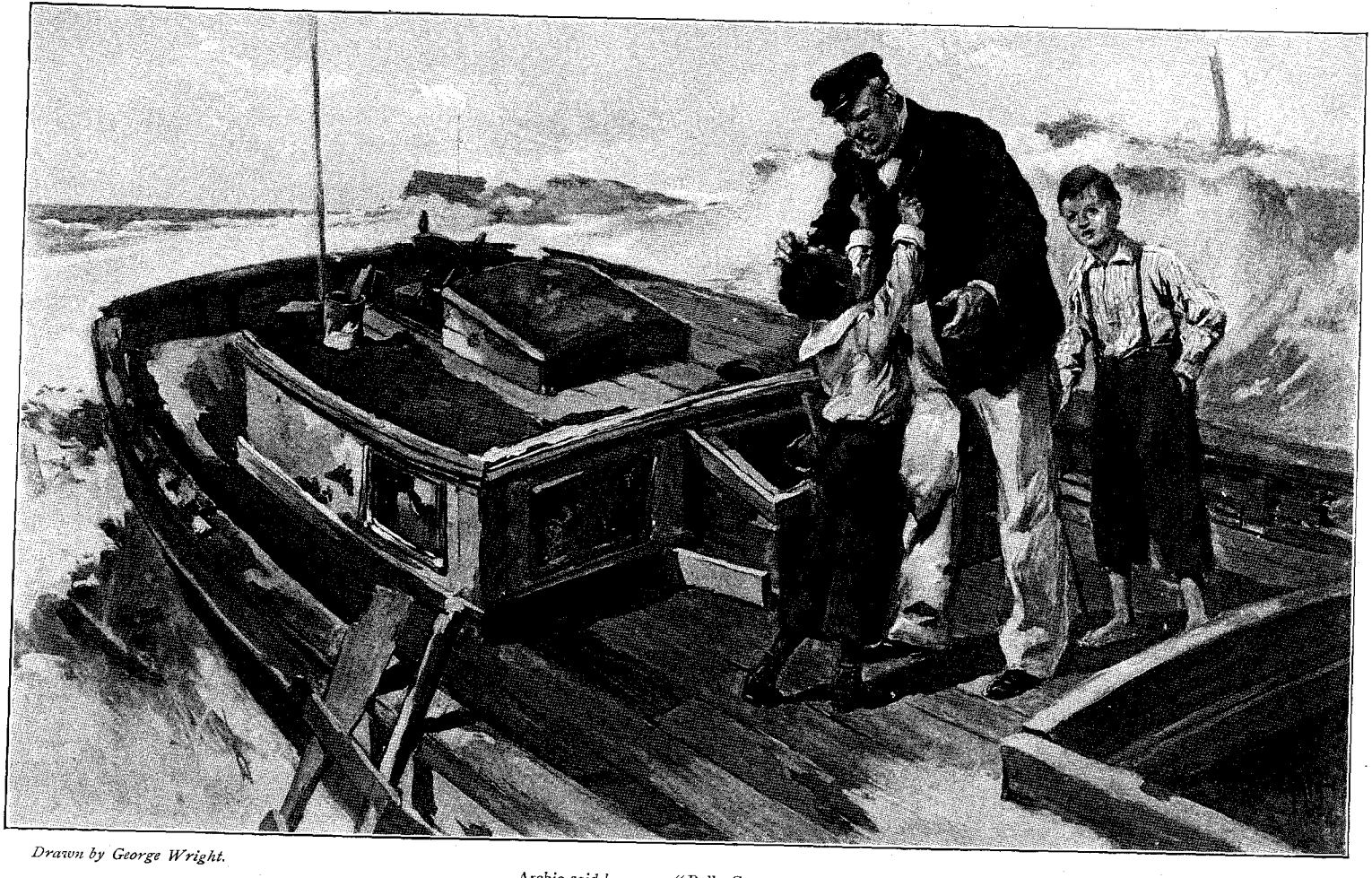

Drawn by George Wright.

Archie said he was a "Bully Commodore."

—"The Tides of Barnegat."

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"On the starboard bow, sir—six or seven of 'em."

"Armed or peaceable?"

"Armed, sir. Scootsy Mulligan is leadin' 'em."

"Scootsy Mulligan!" "Crickety! he's come to make trouble," shouted back Tod, climbing the ladder in a hurry—it was used as a means of descent into the shallow hold when not needed outside. "Where are they? Oh, yes! I see 'em—lot of 'em, ain't they? Saturday, and they ain't no school. Say, Arch, what are we goin' to do?" The terminal vowels softening his henchman's name were omitted in grave situations; so was the pirate lingo.

"Do!" retorted Archie, his eyes snapping. "Why we'll fight 'em; that's what we are pirates for. Fight 'em to the death. Hurray! They're not coming aboard—no sir-ee! You go down Toddy, (same free use of terminals), and get two of the biggest bean-poles and I'll run up the death flag. We've got stones and shells enough. Hurry—big ones, mind you!"

The attacking party, their leader ahead, had now reached the low sand heap marking the grave of the former wreck, but a dozen yards away—the sand had entombed it the year before.

"You fellers think yer durned smart, don't ye?" yelled Mr. William Mulligan, surnamed "Scootsy" from his pronounced fleetness of foot. "We're goin' to run ye out o' that Tub. 'Tain't yourn, it's ourn—ain't it, fellers?"

A shout went up in answer from the group on the hillock.

"You can come as friends, but not as enemies," cried Archie grandiloquently. "The man who sets foot on this ship without permission dies like a dog. We sail under the blood-red flag!" and Archie struck an attitude and pointed to the fragment of mother Fogarty's own nailed to a lath and hanging limp over the rail.

"Hi! hi! hi!" yelled the gang in reply. "Oh, ain't he a beauty! Look at de cotton waddin' on his head!" (Archie's cropped curls.) "Say, sissy, does yer mother know, ye're out? Throw that ladder down; we're comin' up there—don't make no diff'rence whether we got yer permish or not—and we'll knock the stuffin' outo' ye if ye put up any job on us. H'ist out that ladder!"

"Death and no quarter!" shouted back Archie, opening the big blade of Captain Holt's pocket knife and grasping it firmly in his wee hand. "We'll defend this ship with the last drop of our blood!"

"Ye will, will ye!" retorted Scootsy. "Come on fellers—go for em'! I'll show 'em," and he dodged under the sloop's bow and sprang for the overhanging chains.

Tod had now clambered up from the hold. Under his arm were two stout hickory saplings. One he gave to Archie, the other he kept himself.

"Give them the shells first," commanded Archie, dodging a beach pebble; "and when their heads come up over the rail let them have this," and he waved the sapling over his head. "Run, Tod,—they're trying to climb up behind. I'll take the bow. Avast there, ye lubbers!"

With this Archie dropped to his knees and crouched close to the heel of the rotting bowsprit, out of the way of the flying missiles—each boy's pockets were loaded—and looking cautiously over the side of the hulk, waited until Scootsy's dirty fingers—he was climbing the chain hand over hand, his feet resting on a boy below him—came into view.

"Off there, or I'll crack your fingers!"

"Crack and be——"

Bang! went Archie' hickory and down dropped the braggart, his oath lost in his cries.

"He smashed me fist! He smashed me fist! Oh! Oh!" whined Scootsy, hopping about with the pain, sucking the injured hand and shaking its mate at Archie, who was still brandishing the sapling and yelling himself hoarse in his excitement.

The attacking party now drew off to the hillock for a council of war. Only their heads could be seen—their bodies lay hidden in the long grass of the dune.

Archie and Tod were now dancing about the deck in a delirium of delight—calling out in true piratical terms. "We die, but we never surrender!" Tod now and then falling into his native vernacular to the effect that he'd "knock the liver and lights out o' the hull gang," an expression the meaning of which was wholly lost on Archie, he never having cleaned a fish in his life.

Here a boy in his shirt-sleeves straightened up in the yellow grass and looked seaward. Then Sandy Plummer gave a yell and ran to the beach, rolling up what was left of his

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trouser legs, stopping now and then to untie first one shoe and then the other. Two of the gang followed on a run. When the three reached the water's edge they danced about like Crusoe's savages, waving their arms and shouting. Sandy by this time had stripped off his clothes and had dashed into the water. A long plank from some lumber schooner was drifting up the beach in the gentle swell of the tide. Sandy ran abreast of it for a time, sprang into the surf threw himself upon it flat like a frog, and then began paddling shoreward. The other two now rushed into the water, grasping the near end of the derelict, the whole party pushing and paddling until it was hauled clean of the brine and landed high on the sand.

A triumphant yell here came from the water's edge and the balance of the gang—there were seven in all—rushed to the help of the dauntless three.

Archie heaped a pile of pebbles within reach of his hand and waited the attack. What the savages were going to do with the plank neither he nor Tod could divine. The derelict was now dragged over the sand to the hulk, Tod and Archie pelting its rescuers with stones and shells as they came within short range.

"Up with her, fellers!" shouted Sandy, who since Scootsy's unmanly tears had risen to first place. "Run it under the bowsprit—up with her—there she goes! Altogether!"

Archie took his stand, his long sapling in his hand, and waited. He thought first he would unseat the end of the plank, but it was too far below him, and then again he would be exposed to their volleys of stones, and if he was hurt he might not get back on his craft. Tod, who had resigned command in favor of his henchman after Archie's masterly defence in the last fight, stood behind him. Thermopylæ was a narrow place, and so was the famous Bridge of Horatius. He and his faithful Tod would now make the fight of their lives. Both of these close shaves for immortality were closed books to Tod, but Archie knew every line of their records, Doctor John having spent many an hour reading to him, the boy curled up in his lap while Jane listened.

Sandy, emboldened by the discovery of the plank, made the first rush up and was immediately knocked from his perch by Tod, whose pole swung around his head like a flail. Then Scootsy tried it, crawling up, protecting his head by ducking it under his elbows, holding meanwhile by his hand. Tod's blows fell about his back, but the boy struggled on until Archie reached over the gunwale, and with a twist of his wrist, using all his strength, dropped the invader to the sand below.

The success of this mode of attack was made apparent, provided they could stick to the plank. Five boys now climbed up. Archie belabored the first one with the pole and Tod grappled with the second, trying to throw him from the rail to the sand, some ten feet below, but the rat close behind him, in spite of their efforts, reached forward, caught the rail, and scrambled up to his mate's assistance. In another instant both had leaped to the sloop's deck.

"Back! back! Run, Toddy!" screamed Archie, waving his arms. "Get on the poop-deck; we can lick them there. Run!"

Tod darted back, and the two defenders clearing the intervening rotten timbers with a bound, sprang upon the roof of the old cabin—Archie's "poop."

With a whoop the savages followed, jumping over the holes in the planking and avoiding the nails in the open beams.

In the mêlée Archie had lost his pole, and was now standing, hat off, his blue eyes flashing, all the blood of his overheated little body blazing in his face. The tears of defeat were trembling under his eyelids. He had been outnumbered, but he would die game. In his hand he carried, unconsciously to himself, the big-bladed pocket knife the captain had given him. He would as soon have used it on his mother as upon one of his enemies, but the Barnegat invaders were ignorant of that fact, knives being the last resort in their environment.

"Look out, Sandy!" yelled Scootsy to his leader, who was now sneaking up to Archie with the movement of an Indian in ambush; —"he's drawed a knife."

Sandy stopped and straightened himself within three feet of Archie. His hand still smarted from the blow Archie had given it. The "spad" had not stopped a second in that attack, and he might not in this; the next thing he knew the knife might be between his ribs.

"Drawed a knife, hev ye!" he snarled. "Drawed a knife, jes' like a spad that ye

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are! Yer oughter put yer hair in curl-papers!"

Archie looked at the harmless knife in his hand.

"I can fight you with my fists if you *are* bigger than me," he cried, tossing the knife down the open hatchway into the sand below. "Hold my coat, Tod," and he began stripping off his little jacket.

"I ain't fightin' no spads," sneered Sandy. He didn't want to fight this one. "Yer can't skeer nobody. You'll draw a pistol next. Yer better go home to yer mammy, if ye kin find her."

"He ain't got no mammy," snarled Scootsy. "He's a pick-up—me father says so."

Archie sprang forward to avenge the insult, but before he could reach Scootsy's side a yell arose from the bow of the hulk.

"Yi! yi! Run, fellers! Here comes old man Fogarty! he's right on top o' ye! Not that side—this way. Yi! yi."

The invaders turned and ran the length of the deck, scrambled over the side and dropped one after the other to the sand below just as the Fogarty head appeared at the bow. It was but a step and a spring for him, and with a lurch he gained the deck of the wreck.

"By jiminy, boys, mother thought ye was all killed! Has them rats been botherin' ye? Ye oughter broke the heads of 'em. Where did they get that plank? Come, shore, did it? Here, Tod, catch hold of it; I jes' wanted a piece o' floorin' like that. Why ye're all het up, Archie! Come, son, come to dinner; ye'll git cooled off, and mother's got a mess o' clams for ye. Never mind 'bout the ladder; I'll lift it down."

On the way over to the cabin, Fogarty and Tod carrying the plank and Archie walking beside them, the fisherman gleaned from the boys the details of the fight. Archie had recovered the captain's knife and it was now in his hand.

"Called ye a 'pick-up' did he, the rat, and said ye didn't have no mother. He's a liar! If ye ain't got a mother, and a good one, I don't know who has. That's the way with them town-crabs, allus cussin' somebody better'n themselves."

When Fogarty had tilted the big plank against the side of the cabin and the boys had entered the kitchen in search of the mess of clams, the fisherman winked to his wife, jerked his head meaningly over one shoulder, and Mrs. Fogarty, in answer, followed him out to the woodshed.

"Them sneaks from Barnegat, Mulligan's and Farguson's boys, and the rest of 'em, been lettin' out on Archie: callin' him names, sayin' he ain't got no mother and he's one o' them pass-ins ye find on yer doorstep in a basket. I laughed it off and he 'peared to forgit it, but I thought he might ask ye, an' so I wanted to tip ye the wink."

"Well, ye needn't worry. I ain't goin' to tell him what I don't know," replied the wife, surprised that he should bring her all the way out to the woodshed to tell her a thing like that.

"But ye *do* know, don't ye?"

"All I know is what Uncle Ephraim told me four or five years ago, and he's so flighty half the time and talks so much ye can't believe one-half he says—something about Miss Jane comin' across Archie's mother in a horsepital in Paris, or some'er's and promisin' her a-dyin' that she'd look after the boy, and she has. She'd do that here if there was women and babies up to Doctor John's horsepital 'stead o' men. It's jes' like her," and Mrs. Fogarty, not to lose her steps, stooped over a pile of wood and began gathering up an armful.

"Well, she ain't his mother, ye know," rejoined Fogarty, helping his wife with the sticks. "That's what they slammed in his face to day, and he'll git it ag'in as he grows up. But he don't want to hear it from us."

"And he won't. Miss Jane ain't no fool. She knows more about him than anybody else, and when she gits ready to tell him she'll tell him. Don't make no difference who his mother was—the one he's got now is good enough for anybody. Tod would have been dead half a dozen times if it hadn't been for her and Doctor John, and there ain't nobody knows it better'n me. It's just like her to let Archie come here so much with Tod; she knows I ain't a goin' to let nothin' happen to him. And as for mothers, Sam Fogarty"—here Mrs. Fogarty lifted her free hand and shook her finger in a positive way—"when Archie gits short of mothers he's got one right here, don't make no difference what you or anybody else says," and she tapped her broad bosom meaningly.

Contrary, however, to Fogarty's hopes and surmises, Archie had forgotten neither Sandy's insult nor Scootsy's epithet. "He's

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a pick-up" and "he ain't got no mammy" kept ringing in his ears as he walked back up the beach to his home. He remembered having heard the words once before when he was some years younger, but then it had come from a passing neighbor and was not intended for his ears. This time it was flung square in his face. Every now and then as he followed the trend of the beach on his way home he would stop and look out over the sea, watching the long threads of smoke being unwound from the spools of the steamers and the sails of the fishing-boats as they caught the light of the setting sun. The epithet worried him. It was something to be ashamed of, he knew, or they would not have used it.

Jane, standing outside the gate-post, shading her eyes with her hand, scanning the village road, caught sight of his sturdy little figure the moment he turned the corner and ran to meet him.

"I got so worried—aren't you late, my son?" she asked, putting her arm about him and kissing him tenderly.

"Yes, it's awful late. I ran all the way from the church when I saw the clock. I didn't know it was past six. Oh, but we've had a bully day, mother! And we've had a fight. Tod and I were pirates, and Scootsy Mulligan tried to——"

Jane stopped the boy's joyous account with a cry of surprise. They were now walking back to Yardley's gate, hugging the stone wall.

"A fight! Oh, my son!"

"Yes, a bully fight; only there were seven of them and only two of us. That warn't fair, but Mr. Fogarty says they always fight like that. I could have licked 'em if they'd come on one at a time, but they got a plank and crawled up——"

"Crawled up where, my son?" asked Jane in astonishment. All this was an unknown world to her. She had seen the wreck and had known, of course, that the boys were making a playhouse of it, but this latter development was news to her.

"Why, on the pirate ship, where we've got our Bandit's Home. Tod is commodore and I'm first mate. Tod and I did all we could, but they didn't fight fair, and Scootsy called me a 'pick-up' and said I hadn't any mother. I asked Mr. Fogarty what he meant, but he wouldn't tell me. What's a 'pick-up,' dearie?" and he lifted his face to Jane's, his honest blue eyes searching her own.

Jane caught her hand to her side and leaned for a moment against the stone wall. This was the question which for years she had expected him to ask—one to which she had framed a hundred imaginary answers. When as a baby he first began to talk she had determined to tell him she was not his mother, and so get him gradually accustomed to the conditions of his birth. But every day she loved him the more, and every day she had put it off. To-day it was no easier. He was too young, she knew, to take in its full meaning, even if she could muster up the courage to tell him the half she was willing to tell him—that his mother was her friend and on her sick-bed had entrusted her child to her care. She had wanted to wait until he was old enough to understand, so that she should not lose his love when he came to know the truth. There had been, moreover, always this fear—would he love her for shielding his mother, or would he hate Lucy when he came to know? She had once talked it all over with Captain Holt, but she could never muster up the courage to take his advice.

"Tell, him," he had urged. "It'll save you a lot o' trouble in the end. That'll let me out and I kin do for him as I want to. You've lived under this cloud long enough—there ain't nobody can live a lie a whole lifetime, Miss Jane. I'll take my share of the disgrace along of my dead boy, and you ain't done nothin', God knows, to be ashamed of. Tell him! It's grease to yer throat halyards and everything'll run smoother afterward. Take my advice, Miss Jane."

All these things rushed through her mind as she sood leaning against the stone wall, Archie's hand in hers, his big blue eyes still fixed on her own.

"Who said that to you, my son?" she asked in assumed indifference, in order to gain time in which to frame her answer and recover from the shock.

"Scootsy Mulligan."

"Is he a nice boy?"

"No, he's a coward, or he wouldn't fight as he does."

"Then I wouldn't mind him, my boy," and she smoothed back the hair from his forehead, her eyes avoiding the boy's steady gaze. It was only when some one opened

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the door of the closet concealing this spectre that Jane felt her knees give way and her heart turn sick within her. In all else she was fearless and strong.

"Was he the boy who said you had no mother?" she continued.

"Yes. I gave him an awful whack when he came up the first time, and he went heels over head."

"Well, you have got a mother, haven't you, darling?" she continued, with a sigh of relief, now that Archie was not insistent.

"You bet I have!" cried the boy, throwing his arms around her.

"Then we won't either of us bother about those bad boys and what they say," she answered, stooping over and kissing him.

And so for a time the remembrance of Scootsy's epithet faded out of the boy's mind.

(To be continued.)

AD THALIARCHUM

By Charles Edmund Merrill, Jr.

WHEN mountain-tops are white with snow
And on Soracte's crest you see
The laden beeches bending low,
And when the frost with icy key
Locks tight each little rivulet,
Come, Thaliarchus, and with me
Old cares forget.

The fire invites us; take thine ease,
Nor seek to fathom from afar
The hearts of the Eumenides;
Leave to the gods the unending war
Of wind and wave; this, too, shall cease
When they from whom all counsels are
Shall counsel peace.

To-morrow? Shall the fleeting years
Abide our questioning? They go
All heedless of our hopes and fears.
To-morrow? 'Tis not ours to know
That we again shall see the flowers.
To-morrow is the gods'—but oh!
To-day is ours.

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SOME IMPRESSIONS OF LINCOLN

By E. S. Nadal

SOME years ago I went to the State Fair at Springfield, Ill. The object of my visit was to see the horses there, and I wrote an account of them for this magazine. But while there I became more than ever interested in another subject. Lincoln is the most representative and characteristic of American great men. In no other man does the national character see itself so illustrated and dignified. The description of his mind and nature will always be an inviting task to the American. I do not doubt that in the future every artist, every poet, every critic, will wish to try his hand at him. I became possessed of a strong desire to try mine.

Certainly the visitor to Springfield does not for et that he lived there. Wherever I went I could feel the presence of that mighty and kindly shade, which seemed to stand in the midst of the flat country, like some colossal monument visible everywhere. The character of the country itself, it seemed to me, was appropriate to Lincoln. His people had come westward over the Virginia and Kentucky mountains, and after various sojournings in Kentucky and Indiana, had found their way to this region. The migration was a fortunate one. This prairie country, less fitted to please poets and artists than to breed and raise men, was a more appropriate home for him than any mountain region with hills too steep for the plough would have been. His genius was nourished by the rude plenty and success of the new country. The contagious well-being and happiness of the thrifty, money-producing neighborhood were good for him. The power and audacity of his humor, I thought, was in some degree the result of a bringing up among a successful and a happy people.

Then for his education in knowledge of men and in the acquisition of skill in their control, the society that occupied as much of level country as could be seen from the court-house cupola was sufficient. What better training as an observer and leader of men and as a politician could he have had than was afforded him by his daily business of advising farmers who came to consult with him about their affairs and of dealing with and handling juries. Men are much the same everywhere and may be learned as well in one place as another. Young men are apt to think that knowing men means wide travel or knowing celebrated people or people who are in the newspapers; whereas some old rustic, who has rarely been out of sight of his own village, may know men far better than much travelled people or so-called men of the world, because he has the head and the eyes for the study.

I tried to learn something from the older people of Lincoln in his every-day life in Springfield. But I heard only this at first hand. A lawyer, who had been as a young man in Lincoln's office, said to me: "Old man Lincoln thought a good deal of money. When we were on a case together and the jury were out and the client in court, Lincoln would say: 'You had better try and get your money now. If the jury comes in with a verdict for him, you won't get anything.'" This, as he said, was "fatherly" on the part of Lincoln. He did not wish the youngster to lose his money.

This country had another celebrated man, who was very unlike Lincoln, the type, indeed, of men who are just the reverse of him. It is odd that these two men should have come from the same neighborhood, one the most constructive and beneficent of American statesmen, the other the man who, whether from blindness and want of foresight or because he preferred his own ambitions to the interests of his country, did more harm than any other man who ever lived in the country. When I was a boy at school in Washington, I often saw Stephen A. Douglas. He was a very short man, almost a dwarf. But he had more presence in his five feet one than Lincoln had in his six feet four. At least that was my boyish impression. It is perhaps true that men of his kind are more likely to have this gift than

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men of observation and humor like Lincoln, who are made to see rather than be seen; men like Douglas have it, as the unconscious powers of nature have it, as strong animals, such as lions and bulls, have it. He was at that day the most talked of candidate for President, but there were people who said he would never be President, because his coat-tails were too near the ground. His diminutiveness, however, was chiefly in stature, due to the shortness of his legs. His shoulders were broad and his chest deep. Above a short neck was set a noble head and powerful countenance, the strong features corrugated with thought and force of character. His whole bearing showed the custom of command and of a universally conceded kingship. He had the negligent ease of manner to be observed in men to whom such a position is allowed. "Easy as an old shoe" I have heard a woman who knew him describe him—a quality, by the way, especially agreeable to women, who are pleased by implied, rather than expressed, strength in men.

I say he was a type of that class of men and politicians who are the reverse of the far rarer type to which Lincoln belonged. He was a man of the moment, of expedients, half-truths—lies, if you like to express it extremely. I have heard him in the Senate Chamber fib by the hour with vigor and eloquence. It was when he was spreading his sails to win the Southern favor, which he had lost by his opposition to the Lecompton Constitution.

If Douglas was a type of men who speak with reference to the situation rather than with an eye upon the truth, Lincoln was one of the kind of men who necessarily speak the truth. That he was very truthful has been widely remarked of him. For one thing, he was a man of genius, and men of genius are apt to speak the truth; this because of their greater mental fineness, and because they see the truth clearly. Not only are they apt to speak the truth, but they are inept at telling lies—that is, they usually are. Then Lincoln belonged to the class of humorists, and they are, I fancy, the least skilful of all liars. The manner of the humorist is to compare the motions of his own mind with a standard of truth and right; the staple of his humor is largely a sense of the discrepancy between these detected motions and truth. He is thus always watching himself, and is the last man to be deceived as to the real nature of the processes of his mind, and to become one of the scarcely conscious speakers of falsehood. Lying is a gift. The Pathfinder says to the young man in Cooper's novel, speaking upon the subject of falsehoods: "I know your gifts don't lie that away." Lincoln's gifts did not lie that way. It is told of him in Nicolay and Hay's "Life" that he was engaged with a Judge Parks as counsel for a man accused of larceny, whom he believed guilty. He said to Judge Parks: "If you can say anything for the man, do it; if I attempt it, the jury will see that I think he is guilty and convict him." It was Lincoln's good fortune that the gift he had suited his time. It was the day of truth. In our ordinary work-a-day world the half-truths, the evasions, for the most part have it, and it is perhaps right that it should be so. But the period of 1855–1865 was an exception.

One other relation Lincoln had with truth. Anyone must observe the good taste with which he spoke. It was because he had such a mind for truth that he spoke so. An education is spoken of as "liberal," I suppose, because it affords its possessor a liberation from the illusions and misconceptions of uneducated men. In Lincoln's case it was the truth that accomplished what Greek and Latin do for other men. It was the truth that made him free. Truth was the thread of Theseus, by holding to which he found his way with sureness and safety through those labyrinths of misconception and vulgarity in which the unlearned are so often lost. If you would see in what bad taste and with what misconception an uneducated man of genius can write, read some of the prose writing of Burns. Lincoln having such a mind as he had, was it necessary that he should know Greek and Latin before he should be able to express correctly what he saw in mankind and human life? "Come," I have fancied such a person saying to him from Oxford, "you have three words to one of mine. Yes, and you have culture, which must be a fine thing, and I recognize that your words have a grace and finish, as if breathed upon by influences from an enchanted past that is strange to me; but shall you therefore see life and man more strongly than I, or express the truth more closely than I can do in that vernacular which I have learned from a child?"

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He is universally recognized as very American. I remember that Mr. James Bryce in his book on this country has picked out two qualities as especially American. He says that no people abhor cruelty as the Americans do, and that in no other country is the sense of humor so wide-spread. Both of these qualities Lincoln had very strongly. Everyone knows how merciful he was. Spies and deserters were continually being sentenced to death. His sense of duty compelled him in some cases to let these sentences stand, but he was always reluctant to do so. He got out of it where he could. It is probable that he did not have the mighty faith in the efficacy of hemp and lead that a professional soldier has. But of course the real cause was the mercifulness of his heart. There are on record innumerable illustrations of this quality of his. The following is an incident of which I had personal knowledge.

During the Christmas vacation of the last winter of the war I had an opportunity to go to the front for the Christian Commission. I had thus a chance to visit City Point. While there, one Sunday evening in a restaurant, I heard a chaplain relate this incident. He was a red-headed little man, of a sanguine complexion, very vulgar, but evidently with a good heart and a great deal of vigor and full of red blood. Two young men in his regiment, who were deserters, were to be shot. On the day before that set for the execution, he went to Washington to try to save the lives of these men. Lincoln was standing in his office, surrounded by people, and very busy. The chaplain got a place in the crowd about Lincoln. An attendant presently came in and said to Lincoln, "The mother of one of those men who are to be shot to-morrow is outside." Lincoln cried out angrily, "There is no use of her coming here crying about me. I can't do anything for her." The chaplain here stepped forward and said, "I have come here about those men." He said they were very young men. "Well," said Lincoln, "suppose they were old men, with families to support, would that make it any better?" But the chaplain said that he did not ask for the men's lives on the ground of reason and justice. "I put it on the ground of mercy," he said, and he exhorted the President with a fervor practised in addressing innumerable religious bodies, and which, because it came right from the heart, I could see must have been most effective. Presently Lincoln, his feelings in the meanwhile, as the man could see, working strongly within him, called out, "Orderly, telegraph General —— to stop that execution until he hears from me." The men were not shot.

Theoretically I don't suppose such action as this can be justified. He ought to have given the man an emphatic refusal, and that is what almost any good man of business would have done. But that he found it so difficult to do this is a characteristic of Lincoln which must always endear him to the hearts of the people. His chief motive, as has been said, was his natural mercifulness. But he doubted the wisdom of the policy of severity in favor with military men. He probably thought it another sort of red tape. Once they arranged to shoot twenty deserters at one time. Very red tape that would have been. A general went to Washington to make a vigorous protest to Lincoln against his expected interference. "It is no use, general," said Lincoln, "I won't do it." Lincoln was as wise as he was humane in refusing to consent to such a proceeding. The effect on enlistments would surely have been unfavorable. It would have helped resistance to the draft. The President, of course, had to see over the whole field. The general was thinking only of the effect on the army. But even there it is questionable whether the effect would have been good. It would have been of the nature of an insult to the honest private soldier, who was, after all, doing the whole thing, to intimate to him that he was in need of such a drastic reminder of his duty. Lincoln believed that kindness and forbearance would be more efficacious.

Humor is the other American characteristic which Mr. Bryce fixes upon, and it was one of Lincoln's marked traits. He is the most humorous figure in our history. None of our great political men before him, with the possible exception of Franklin, have been remarkable for this quality. It is not a quality you expect to find in a statesman, although some of the very great men, like Cromwell and Frederick, have had it. Humor, certainly of the kind his was, is not favorable to greatness in action. In many cases it affects the strength of will of men. It is very apt to weaken ambition in men. On the other hand, the want of it often

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seems to increase their force and efficiency. It was so in the case of Sumner, no doubt. Anyone must have noticed, for instance, that sentimental people are apt to have strong wills. The fact that Lincoln's possession of this quality in no way affected the serious strength of his character or his vigor as a man of action is an indication of his greatness.

A humorist he certainly was. Upon the question of just how good he was in that way men will differ. Our national pride might lead us to wish to put him as a great humorous hero by the side of Swift. I doubt whether we can do that on the strength of such well-authenticated specimens of his humor as are recorded. They are good, no doubt, but scarcely so good as those ancient favorites "Dearly Beloved Roger" or the story of the "Meditation on a Broomstick." Regarding the most widely quoted of the jokes attributed to him, that he proposed to send a barrel of the whiskey drunk by General Grant to every general in the army, which Mr. Brooks claims for him, an old friend of mine, the late Moses F. Odell, once asked Lincoln if this joke was his. "No," he said, "that is too good for me." It is what I should have expected. The best things are usually anonymous. This particular joke dates from much before Lincoln's day.

But there are plenty of good things that are Lincoln's, of which the following are perhaps as good as any. Ben Wade once said to him: "Mr. President, I have come to tell you that your government is going straight to hell; you're within a mile of it now!" "Well, Senator," said Lincoln, "I believe that is about the distance from here to the Capitol." A well-known writer relates that when a boy he attended a reception given to Lincoln near the close of the war at the Union League Club in Philadelphia. A line of people was passing Lincoln and shaking his hand. Just ahead of the youth was a well-known local bore, who, of course, had to take advantage of the occasion to make something like a speech. He said: "I am glad to take the hand of the man who, with the help of Almighty God, put down this unholy rebellion." Lincoln twigged his man in a minute. "You're half right, sir," said he; "you're half right. Pass on, sir; please don't keep the line waiting."

The following may not be worth telling, where there are so many better things about him to be had, but it comes to me at first hand and it shows his accessibility and friendliness and that humorous disposition which was always near at hand with him. A tax had been levied on oxen. An owner of a pair came to Lincoln, who had more on his shoulders than any other man in the world, to see if he would not help him to get rid of the tax. Lincoln knew the man, and remembered the oxen, and said, "Are those the oxen I see standing at the corner whenever I go to the Treasury? I never saw them move. Maybe they're not movable property. Perhaps we may get them put down as real estate." In this incident Lincoln appears in a patriarchal character, which was certainly his, reminding us of an Oriental prince seated at the gate of his palace, or rather of the representation of one in a comic opera.

If this and many of the things recorded of him do not seem remarkable in themselves and when looked at separately from him, I may say, that, like so many of the utterances and the actions of the great, they resemble sea-water, which is colorless when held up in a glass, but is blue when seen in the vast ocean.

We only know of the humor of Lincoln as a man of mature years. I should have liked to have heard him when he was young, careless, and obscure, as Senator McDougall heard him, on the back porch of a prairie hotel in Illinois. The incident is related to me by a gentleman who vouches for the truth of it. I give it in his words. He tells the story as illustrating the union in Lincoln of a wild mirth with his well-known constitutional melancholy.

"When Senator McDougall, of California, was a young lawyer in Troy, N. Y., he was sent to attend to a suit in Illinois. He arrived at the country town late in the afternoon, and after supper listened for an hour to Western stories told by a tall young man to a group of idlers on the porch, which elicited shouts of laughter, in which the narrator loudly joined. McDougall went to bed in a double-bedded room, and, when the occupant of the other bed appeared, it proved to be the tall young man, Lincoln, who took a seat on the side of McDougal's bed and asked questions, which were answered in a cheerful tone. Lincoln then told his own life history. He had tried

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farming, log-rolling, boating, and finally practising law, but all had been failures. He thought that the Lord was against him. McDougall said he talked like one on the verge of suicide, and it seemed hardly possible that it was the same man who an hour before had laughed so boisterously at his own jokes."

Another American characteristic that Lincoln had was a keenness of direct perception. He was a man of intuitions and direct perceptions. This is an American characteristic. A keen, attentive way of looking out is, I think, an American quality.

He was an American also in appearance, of the tall, lean type which is supposed to belong to this country. It is often said that the American type of face and figure is getting to resemble that of an Indian. It is reasonable to expect that it will be so more and more, the Indian being the natural result of the physical conditions of this country. I for one do not regret this, for that race is physically a fine one. They have not only strong physiques, but strong countenances as well. Nowhere do you see more powerful features—features that show more natural strength, physical, and in a sense moral—than among the best specimens of the Indian race. Lincoln's face and figure were not unlike this type. He was very dark and he had the high cheek-bones of an Indian, and in some degree an Indian cast of features.

The man with whom his name is constantly mentioned, and with whom it is natural to compare him, is Washington. It is surely remarkable that we should have had in our short history two such characters. In a thousand years England has had only one, Alfred, and he is almost legendary. Washington was, of course, a man of much less salient characteristics than Lincoln. The young Chastellux found his distinction to be in the harmonious blending of his characteristics, rather than in the existence of marked special qualities.

It is not difficult to guess which of the two men, Washington or Lincoln, will be the greater favorite with women. How Mrs. Abigail Adams, with her artless eighteenth-century vivacity, expresses the admiration with which she saw Washington review the troops at Cambridge! At a dinner which Washington gave shortly before retiring from the presidency, when he arose and spoke of his approaching retirement, the British minister's wife, who was present, burst into tears. Another lady, who has left an account of her first meeting with Washington, has told us that she wept upon this occasion. Washington had beauty, and had besides the gift of looking great. Of this gift of making a fine public appearance Lincoln had none. I was jammed in the crowd in front of the Astor House, when Lincoln, standing up in a barouche and bowing to the crowd, was driven down Broadway. This was when he was on his way to Washington to be inaugurated. He looked very good-natured and anxious to please, but the figure he presented was ungainly, certainly not imposing. His beard, which about the time of his election he had allowed to grow, disguised the lower part of his face, the carving of which was singularly fine, the line of the chin having a fine sweep and the fall of the cheek nervously and strongly chiselled. He had not the kind of looks to impress a crowd, although I am sure he must have looked great to those who saw him intimately and who had eyes to see.

Ladies did not weep when they met Lincoln. One might guess that he was not especially endowed with the power of pleasing them. I have received from a lady, and give below, an account of an interview which she had with Lincoln, which will give an idea of the way in which women regarded him during his lifetime. Of course, they would think differently of him now in the vast fame into which he has come, for they love fame. Perhaps I should say something about the writer. She was at that time a brilliant and handsome girl. She was such a character as only appears in times of great public agitation, when people's minds are full of exciting ideas. Her characteristics were an intense sympathy with any kind of suffering, whether of human beings or of animals (at that time, of course, her whole heart was with the slaves), transparent, impulsive honesty, great ardor of feeling, and a very high, courageous tone.

"We made our call, which was by prearrangement, on the President. I think it was the autumn of '64. There were three or four of us. The call was made about twelve o'clock, noon. At the door we had a slight altercation with the servant, who said the President would not or could not

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see anyone that day. One of our number, the Hon. Robert Dale Owen, once our minister to Naples, and a former congressman, was a personal friend of Mr. Lincoln. The President gave us a cordial welcome, and seemed annoyed when we told him that the servant had refused to admit us. He was cordial to us, extremely so, and, on hearing that I was an abolitionist and had once manumitted a few slaves, he addressed the most of his conversation to me and, as I was young, wild, and chatty, he seemed amused and perhaps pleased at my audacity. He asked me what I thought the best way to destroy slavery. I quickly replied, "It is always well to do right, without delay and on the instant." He smiled ironically, saying that that could not be right, to do things without reason or order, to which I replied: 'Mr. William Lloyd Garrison, the greatest man that had ever lived [again he smiled] has informed me that there was no delay or tarrying in doing right or in rendering justice.' The President said, as he patted me on the shoulder, 'What a little enthusiast you are! I am neither a red nor a black Republican.' 'I am both,' was my reply. 'So I perceive,' was his rejoinder. He seemed both amused and startled at my intensity, and when taking leave of us, he again patted me on the shoulder and said: 'I like your enthusiasm and earnestness. I hope we shall meet again.' Alas, I never saw him again. I might have told you in confidence that during the interview Mr. Lincoln sat with his foot and leg lifted on a rather high table."

The charitable reader will attribute the peculiarity of manners mentioned in the last sentence of the above quoted remarks to his origin and bringing up. I don't believe that. It seems to me that it was a personal deficiency of his own.

One hears now and then objections to the position which people of this country have given Lincoln. An eminent English critic has ventured the remark that he had no distinction. If he means class distinction—and I think an idea something like this is in his mind—of course not. That he was a gentleman, however, I am sure. Genius tends to make gentlemen of plain men, just as it tends to make men who belong by birth to the other end of society plainer and more human, by freeing them from that narrowness and rash superficiality which is their besetting fault. His goodness, his sincerity, his clear perceptions (all gentleman-like qualities) made impossible for him those pretences which are such a fruitful source of vulgarity. Class distinction, of course, he had not. But if by distinction is meant individuality, an unmistakable peculiarity and identity, what great man of history had more of it? What a contrast he presents in this respect to the great contemporary English statesman, Gladstone. The Englishman reminds one of those California peaches that are so large and handsome but have little flavor. There was little in his mind that was peculiar. Gladstone seems to have been anybody else raised to the η^{th} power. Lincoln, on the other hand, both in his utterances and his nature, possessed a marked peculiarity. The quality which I have mentioned above as Lincoln's might be called by any one of half a dozen names; "distinction" or "peculiarity" would answer. Anyone will know what I mean. A great statesman almost always has this quality. Napoleon had it; Cromwell had it. But I don't see that the quality is necessary to make a great statesman. It is not all the same thing as a power to acquire knowledge or even as intellectual power. If a statesman has the power to know what should be known and to judge this knowledge and to act upon this judgment, why is that not enough? It was enough in Gladstone's case. It is not difficult to think of great statesmen besides Gladstone who did not have this quality. In our history I think that Hamilton was such a man. He is admittedly one of the greatest American statesmen. Yet I should doubt if he had this peculiarity of mind of which I speak. He certainly did not have another quality that always goes with this peculiarity, which I might call visibility or familiarity. Where a man has a peculiar mind, the world can see him very clearly. I think the country does not have a clear sense of the personality of Hamilton. The people believe him to be great, because of what he achieved in connection with the early history of the nation. But they do not see him. Nor did he have another quality, which almost always goes with the peculiar mind, literary power, the power of interesting speech that reaches the minds of men, such as Napoleon or Lincoln or Bismarck had. Hamilton has left eleven big volumes, but not a sentence or a phrase of it all, so far as I

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know, has got into popular mind. If you look in Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations," under "Hamilton" you will find what Webster, a literary man, said about Hamilton ("He struck the dry rock of public credit," etc.), but not a word of Hamilton's.

Unlike certain great men, you understand Lincoln. It by no means follows that, because a man has great peculiarity and visibility, that we see him in the sense of understanding him. Napoleon is externally the most visible of men, but you do not understand him. That is perhaps the great fascination of him. He is such a conundrum. The constant additions that are being made to our knowledge of what he did and said do not seem to have made his mind any clearer to us.

But we feel that we comprehend Lincoln. I think one reason of that is that he was an honest man and a good man. As you take him by the hand and look into his eyes, you feel that you know him. If you were having any kind of a business transaction with him, you would feel that you knew where you were. With Napoleon, of course, you would not know that at all. Perhaps the difference between the good great men and the bad great men is that you understand the former and do not understand the latter. It is hard to understand the bad men, because they are so much less simple than the good. No man being wholly bad, the bad men are such a mixture and so hard to unravel.

And yet the mind of Lincoln has its mysteries. How difficult it would be to understand by what power it is that he is able to know when to act and when to wait! That power of choosing the moment for action, which the world agrees was his, how can you explain that? Of course, you may say that this knowledge is the result of an intense study of the situation by a powerful mind. Or you may say that it is a genius. Can you get any nearer to it than that? Lincoln seems to have had something like the "demon" of Socrates, an inner light to which he looked for instruction.

One gets a little tired of the uniformity of laudation with which Lincoln is so often spoken of. There is a good deal of gush, and now and then something like cant in what one hears. In particular there can be no merit in the doctoring of contemporaneous impressions to suit the taste of later times. If men are telling us of their relations with Lincoln during his lifetime, they should tell us what they thought then. Mr. C. F. Adams, in his life of his father, has given us his father's contemporaneous impressions, and he is to be thanked for doing so. They are very interesting. He describes an interview which his father had with Lincoln early in 1861.

Mr. Seward took Mr. Adams, who had just been appointed minister to England, to call upon the President. In the writer's words: "Presently a door opened, and a tall, large-featured, shabbily-dressed man, of uncouth appearance, slouched into the room." Mr. Adams, having been introduced by the Secretary, expressed his thanks for the appointment in the usual manner. Lincoln said that the thanks were not due to him, but to Mr. Seward, upon whose recommendation the appointment was made. Then, we were informed, he swung his long arms to his head with an air of great relief, and said: "Well, Governor, I have this morning decided the Chicago post-office appointment." That was all he had to say. Mr. Adams was very much shocked and never got over the impression this first interview made upon him. To the admirer of Lincoln, however, Lincoln's behavior upon this occasion will seem to have been very much in character, and he will continue to be as fond and proud of him as before.

What was there that was necessary to say—that Mr. Adams's task would be one of great delicacy and difficulty, that the course he would pursue would depend upon the way in which events should shape themselves—or some such remark? Didn't Mr. Adams know all this? Why not speak of the Chicago post-office? It was business that had to be done.

The facts are as given above, but it is seldom that one meets with an interview between two distinguished characters that is so interesting, and I may be permitted a little guess work of my own upon it. Lincoln's manner, we are told, was "shy and constrained." With his eyes, we may be sure that he knew at a glance that his visitor was a considerable person. He was probably not blind to the dignified bearing and quiet, simple distinction of Mr. Adams, and he was very likely not insensible to his name and connections. In those days to

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people on the prairies Boston and things Bostonian looked very polite and superior. We may be sure also that Lincoln, with his keen susceptibilities, was aware that he was himself misjudged, and this did not tend to make him less "shy and constrained." Of course, a practised man of the world—no, I won't say that, for, in the truest and deepest sense of the term, it would be hard to find a better man of the world than Lincoln was—but a man accustomed to the usages of good society would have concealed this, and such Lincoln was not.

The writer of this biography has no doubt that Lincoln was a great man, but reconciles the fact of this greatness with the unfavorable impression received by Mr. Adams by the consideration that the Lincoln who had received the education of four years of office was a different man from the Lincoln Mr. Adams met in the spring of 1861. A simpler explanation, and one that will commend itself to most readers, is that Mr. Adams was mistaken. He was neither by nature nor training the kind of man to understand Lincoln.

It is interesting to inquire what would have been the effect upon the fame and position of Lincoln if things had happened differently from the way they did happen. Suppose he had not been nominated, and someone else had been nominated and elected. I believe he would have remained the most interesting personality of the time, owing to his literary gifts and his gifts of leadership. There was no man who spoke with such genius. There were eloquent writers and speakers, but none had his insight and power of consummate expression. If he had gone into the Senate, which he preferred to the presidency (and that is no doubt what he would have done), he would probably have been the wisest and most unselfish counsellor and supporter of the Government, and the most trusted leader and adviser of the people, and, when the day of restoration came, the chief restorer. We should have had the leader and the seer and the consummate speaker. But we should not have had, what is perhaps the greatest Lincoln, the enduring, silent man of action and responsibility.

But suppose him President and that the South had won. What effect would the victory of the South have had upon his fame? I remember well during the war there was a close connection between the military success of the North and the apparent greatness of Lincoln. When the Union arms were successful, the figure of the President, with that visibility in which he was so gifted, would loom up very large; on the other hand, when defeat came, the figure would dwindle and fall into a kind of dilapidation. But that was because, although he was so familiar to us, we did not really know him. But now that we know him so well, probably better than any man was ever known before in the world's history, what bearing has success had upon his fame? Or rather, what would have been the effect upon that fame of the victory of the South? There is no doubt that victory is very becoming to a great man, and we are glad that the fame of our hero has received this final ornament. But if after 1864 the North had failed, Lincoln would have still been the same man we know now, the seer, the genius, and the master of consummate speech, and the silent man of business and action. His qualities, it may be said, are of a kind that would still be interesting in adversity. That is by no means true of all great men. Napoleon, for instance, is chiefly interesting in a palace or at the head of his victorious armies. Notwithstanding the fact, which I presume to be a fact, that it is scarcely possible to get too much of a great man, that one almost always wants more, I fancy it is easy to get too much of Napoleon at St. Helena. The fact, of the truth of which I am assured, that there is a great deal of perfectly authentic information about Napoleon at St. Helena existing in manuscript which is not published because it is not thought that the world would be interested in reading it, would seem to be proof of this. But we are sure that the interest and affections of men would have followed Lincoln into retirement after defeat.

I saw him several times, but I met him only once face to face. It was during the Christmas holidays of the winter of 1864–65. I was in Washington for a vacation, and went to the White House one evening at the usual weekly public reception. I followed the crowd and the President gave me, as I passed him, a limp shake of the hand. Later in the evening, after the greater part of the people had gone, I was walking through the rooms, and I entered one in which I came upon Lincoln sitting in a chair. I think there was only one other person in the room

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sitting with him. Lincoln was evidently resting and was sitting in a posture which, though easy and comfortable, was dignified and, it seemed to me, refined. The expression of his countenance was pleasant, not tired and sad, as one often hears, cheerful rather. It was after his second election. Sheridan had been victorious in the Valley and Savannah had fallen, and the end was in sight. The plot was working toward the final chapter, when the good characters, great and small, should be made happy forever, and even the naughty and defeated were to be dismissed with that magnanimity usual in last chapters. In particular, what a pleasing future is to be assigned the chief hero. With the perfect confidence of his countrymen, and with vast personal authority, he is about to enter upon that work of pacification and restoration for which his qualities are so eminently fitted. All this seemed to be expressed in his face and figure. His eyes met mine for a moment, and his countenance wore a slightly quizzical expression, as if somewhat amused at the eagerness with which I no doubt regarded him. I had not come into the room meaning to look at him, or knowing that he was there; but coming upon him suddenly, I dare say I took a good look at him. But his expression was very friendly, and I thought he looked out of his eyes, not as a statesman or a man of business does, but rather like an artist or humorist. I might perfectly well have known him, if I had taken the trouble. I have always heard he liked young people. There was an honest youth, at that time connected with the Christian Commission in Washington, who made his acquaintance in this manner. He was anxious to get the use of transports to take some things to the front. He tried to get them at the War Department, but was denied. An officer who had heard him make the application followed him out and said: 'I am a soldier, and cannot say anything to contravene the views of my superiors, but there is nothing to prevent my pointing," and he pointed in the direction of the White House. The young man accordingly went there, and got admission to Lincoln, who said, "Well, young fellow, what do you want?" He told him, and Lincoln said; "You had better leave that to me. I'll tell you what to do." Lincoln, I dare say, in an instant "twigged" the situation, recognizing with a humorous side-glance the natural feeling of the officials of the War Department that the work of these outside commissions was a reflection upon them. He was great upon the things to make note of without comment, and loved the mix-up of motives in people's minds. The young man told me the story thus: "I said, 'There is nothing I should like better than to have you tell me, Mr. President!' He saw I was not a bit stuck on myself, and seemed pleased. He said, 'You go to Secretary Welles' (giving him some details as to how to proceed), 'but be sure not to tell him I sent you.'" The young man went to the Secretary and got what he wanted. He went afterward to Lincoln, and reported the successful issue of the matter, and Lincoln said: "Mind, when you get into such a scrape again, you come to me."

Lincoln was fond of doing things of this sort. One would have thought that he would have wished to avoid the bother of such small matters. But it is likely that he found a relief in them from more trying business. He was always looking for such distractions. One of the greatest bores I ever knew once told me that Lincoln said to him that he might come to see him when he liked, and told of a certain knock which he (Lincoln) would recognize. Besides being a great bore, this individual was a very foolish man. I have scarcely ever known in my life a man I could without hesitation call a fool—that is, a man with such an excess of folly as to separate him sharply from the mass of his fellow-creatures. I don't know that he was such a man, but he was certainly very foolish. He told me sadly that there was a frivolity about Lincoln that depressed him. He said that when he wished to speak to Lincoln seriously upon the state of public affairs, Lincoln would always have some absurd story to tell him. I can quite understand that Lincoln found a relief in the sociable fatuity of this gentleman.

I went to the Tenth Street Museum when in Washington last winter, and saw many photographs of Lincoln. They are all interesting, but two especially so. One is by Hessler, taken in Chicago in 1859. There is no beard, and you see the fine sweep of the lower part of his face. A young lady who writes novels has lately said that her hero had a jaw and a chin like the prow of a ship. The outline of the lower part of Lin-

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coln's face is like that. But it is the expression in the photograph of the countenance and the look out of the eyes that is most interesting. Up to that time he had been doing little but think and speak, and the eyes are full of meditation and contemplation. They have a sweet and steady and indolent power, a power latent and asleep rather than in action—the musing, dreaming look of the poet and thinker. The expression of the countenance is singularly lovely and winsome, has a wonderful niceness. I have tried hard to define the charm of that expression. It must have been there. Lincoln's face must have worn at that moment just that look. It is not the individual fancy of some clever portrait painter that you see. There is nothing but the sun between us and him. There it is, and there it will remain to tantalize with its elusive beauty the poets of distant ages in search of a verbal equivalent.

The other was taken at City Point the Sunday before his death. He is sharpening a pencil for Tad and laughing. He looks tired and pale, but his face is beaming with happiness and relief—infinite relief—, reminding one of Bishop Butler's remark that the greatest happiness is the cessation of pain.

The relation of Lincoln to the boy Tad will always be a subject of popular interest. I once spent an hour in the company of Tad. He was then a young fellow of eighteen or nineteen. He had a slight impediment in his speech, and his mind seemed to have a kind of slowness and heaviness. But he was a sensible fellow, and had a look of great honesty and simple friendliness. I had a feeling that his nature still felt the influence and reflected image of that great kindness which had shone upon his childhood. A lady, who is Lincoln's descendant and in whose countenance it was easy to trace the outlines of Lincoln's features, told me, in speaking of Tad: "He was a very nice boy, and his death was more than his mother could stand. It was the last straw, and she died."

I went over the house in Springfield in which he lived, which is now public property, and which during certain hours is shown to visitors. Two iron cannon stand in the yard behind the house. The lady who showed me over the house was a relative of Lincoln's family. She showed me a sofa where, she said, "Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln did their courting." If the homely phrase should offend you, I am not of your way of thinking. The influences which moulded Lincoln's character, the family ties, the relations of "father, son, and brother," those "charities" (Milton's exquisite word) of the family life which, anyone must have observed, impart to the eyes and voices of men a peculiar seriousness and sincerity, are they not matters of interest to all of us who would understand him?

I went to the grave, which is on the top of what is a considerable rise of ground for that country. It is somewhat apart from the town. A walk through one of those sparse groves, bare of underbrush, which belong to the Mississippi Valley, leads to it, and numbers of the visitors to the fair were making the pilgrimage. The monument over the tomb contains a kind of museum, in which are shown relics relating to Lincoln. I found something appropriate in the casual and perhaps inadequate character of the structure. It seemed to me to signify the silence and the patience of death and to be a suggestion that the task of raising a fitting memorial might be left to the fulness of time and to some more ideal and perfect future age, if such there is to be.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

DR. JOHNSON, vilipending his own occupation, after the manner of men since and before the time of Horace, remarked that while all other authors might aspire to praise, the lexicographer could hope only to escape reproach. It was not true of himself;—the very preface in which the disparagement occurs is his own most eloquent and pathetic composition, perhaps his most memorable piece of writing. And the dictionary itself is a shining, if not a unique exception to the rule of dulness in dictionaries. As those who have acquired the Johnsonian habit are aware, it is distinctly good reading, by reason of the force and perspicuity of the definitions, the illustrative aptness and the intrinsic merit of the citations. Samuel did himself an injustice in his disparagement, as he must really have been conscious; for in the same preface, contradicting himself, he proudly and justly declares, "Useful diligence will at last prevail."

"Useful Diligence"

It has prevailed in his case. It has prevailed in the work of another scholar, a modest scholar who limited his literary ambition to what most men would have regarded as the drudgery of compilation. "An attempt to trace to their sources sentences and phrases in common use"—such was the humble aspiration of John Bartlett. Whether he could have succeeded in a more pretentious undertaking does not appear, and is indeed beside the question, since he succeeded supremely in this. When he put out his first little twelvemo, two generations ago, he probably considered it as but one contribution out of many to the verbal anthologies. So it was. It had rivals, and they were in possession of the field. There have been dictionaries of quotations ever since men began to quote one another, projected on all manner of lines and under a bewildering variety of classifications. One calls itself a "Practical Dictionary of Quotations," the practicality being, one supposes, its availableness for the uses of one who does not know of what he is in quest, except that it is of ornaments wherewith to garnish his discourse. And many others there be, of which some have at times attained the rank of publishers' assets if not of literary classics.

"But useful diligence will at last prevail." When John Bartlett died, at a ripe age, the other day, the "Familiar Quotations," expanded without dilution to two or three times its original volume, had no rivals. Aaron's rod had absorbed all the other rods, and possessed the field. No American writing man, hardly any American reading man, can afford not to have it within reach. And the literary Briton must be very often and very much to seek who has not acquired familiarity with it.

Of course there must have gone intelligence along with the diligence. "The all-important question of familiarity," as the compiler describes it in one of his prefaces, must be continually arising in his work, and be rightly decided on each emergency, under penalties—the penalty on the one hand of swelling your book with surplusage, the penalty on the other of disaffecting the student who turns to it in vain for something he thinks himself entitled to require of it. These questions have been decided with so keen a judicial acumen that "Bartlett" is a classic as well as a convenience amounting to an indispensability. If but a single word sticks in your memory of what you are sure ought to be a quotation familiar to you, you turn to the index with a confidence born of experience that you will find it if it deserves to be there. The Shakespearean phrase-book which was the compiler's other monument may be equally a monument of useful diligence. But it can never become a *vade mecum*, for the obvious reason that it will not go with you in any receptacle short of a trunk. It is a ponderous "apparatus" which will scarcely supersede the more manageable product of the useful

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diligence of Mary Cowden Clarke. But the "Familiar Quotations" "at least is secure." It has superseded all other attempts in its own kind and it seems entirely safe against supersedure.

And the long life of the compiler must have been happy as well as useful. What an interest in life the incessant pursuit, what fun the frequent capture! And when one's years are as lengthened as John Bartlett's, not many of the shyest and most elusive of quotations can escape. "Useful diligence will at last prevail." Bartlett was a fisher of phrases, as we know from Lowell's ingeniously triple-rhymed verses on receiving from him "a seven-pound trout" that he was more literally a fisherman. His vocation and his avocation were happily allied; and both associated him with good men and good scholars, and endeared him to them, as witness Lowell's lines:

> The friend who gave our board such gust
> Life's care may he o'erstep it half
> And when Death hooks him, as he must,
> He'll do it handsomely, I trust,
> And John H. write his epitaph.

Poverty and Fiction

THE suffering of poverty among those reared to another standard of life and in constant contact with it may be said to have grown into a leading theme in fiction only within a century. Not the sordid and squalid suffering that tells its own unhappy story with the brevity of an axiom, and like disease and the physical fact of death is felt by all but the extreme realists to be outside the domain of art; or poverty merely as an obstacle to the immediate hopes of the lover —the suffering of the *jeune homme pauvre* in its simplest form, which is a *motif* as old as any romance; but the handicap upon ambition, the bitter sense of impotence in the face of higher designs, the limit to liberty and well doing that poverty imposes —this is a side which first becomes really prominent in the nineteenth-century novel, and increases with its increase. Balzac is conspicuously given to it; one of his critics has said of him that he was the first to realize that in modern civilization money was as necessary to a young man of ambition as a sword and a suit of armor to a mediæval knight. Thackeray has phases of it in every novel but Esmond. George Eliot gives one of its most modern and poignant applications in the career of Lydgate. George Meredith applies it to a woman in the case of Diana. The list might be indefinitely prolonged.

It is easy to say that modern fiction has given the subject the same place that it has come to take in modern life—a place, that is, almost second to the greatest topic of all. But is the apparent corollary true—that we may estimate the increase of it in life by the increase of it in fiction? May not the fiction, once started, run ahead of the facts, as the fiction of chivalry notoriously did? If not, the situation is worth examining; it is certainly not hopeful. For while with most of the older writers poverty was treated from a normal point of view, as one, even if a chief one, of the difficulties to be faced with courage and fought with as a fair foe, from whom some of the goods of life at least could be successfully defended—while the older novels generally treated the contest with a certain amount of exhilaration and *gaudium certaminis*, the latest social fiction shows signs of accepting this element in the *comédie humaine* in a new spirit. It is not only that it is beginning to fill the part of fate in a Greek tragedy, that people no longer overcome it with courage and spirit; but that the effort to do so, where it is not a thing of the past altogether, is treated with a certain discouraged contempt, as something not worth while and on the whole rather silly. The comparative happiness contemporary heroes and heroines may attain comes chiefly from evading poverty by a successful device, or yielding to its apparently irresistible power to force them into an ignoble compromise which shall secure the material at the cost of the moral escape. The possibility of a life in which comparative poverty can be borne with equanimity, associated with any compensations, or overcome by straight industry and simplicity, is more and more ignored. In its lighter aspect poverty is the "modern obstacle," and apparently nobody gets over it; only certain clever persons get around it, who come back into the great road of success again by some devious method, as *Formalist* and *Hypocrisy* came tumbling over the wall in the "Pilgrim's Progress." In its darker aspect it is accepted unquestioningly as the modern doom, the last abyss

> From which no plummet nor rope
> Ever drew up the silver sand of hope.

Our young lovers have given up to it;

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love in a cottage and love in a flat have no consolations—or none in which they have either the sympathy or respect of the writer, if of the reader. The *mariage de convenance*, with the attendant distractions and divorces, abhorred of the older American at least, is in full swing. The memory of struggles and difficulties met together, which has been one of the good possessions of the husbands and wives of the past generations —the George Warringtons and Theos and their successors—will not belong to the next, or will survive only in its ugly form of the things they did to keep in the swim with the brazen pots among their contemporaries—struggles which leave them as unhappy as before, since success therein can never be absolute but only relative.

A good deal of all this state of mind is nonsense, and we need not be greatly disturbed about its permanence as long as we agree with Dr. Jenkinson of "The New Republic" in his cautious statement: "I don't think in seventy years, or even in three hundred, you will be able to show that human nature has *very* much changed. I don't think so." All the same it is a wearisome tendency in its latest manifestation and would point to a spiritless literature; so that it is interesting to notice one or two things that are likely to give it a severe shock. One is, of course, too obviously to need argument, the recent and current demonstrations that the converse of its proposition is at least not true—that if poverty is the last evil money in itself is not the first good. Another is that by far the finest and strongest of recent novels is a blow to it of the most powerful and damaging kind. "The House of Mirth" can only be cited as a sermon in the sense that any convincing work of art is one; but certainly one of the things it accomplishes is to show the essential inadequacy as well as the incidental tragedy of the modern sacrifice. Lily Bart, helpless in the face of the one power in submission to which her whole will has been trained, is a figure to startle the sharers in her infirmity.

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THE FIELD OF ART

THE ALBRIGHT GALLERY, BUFFALO

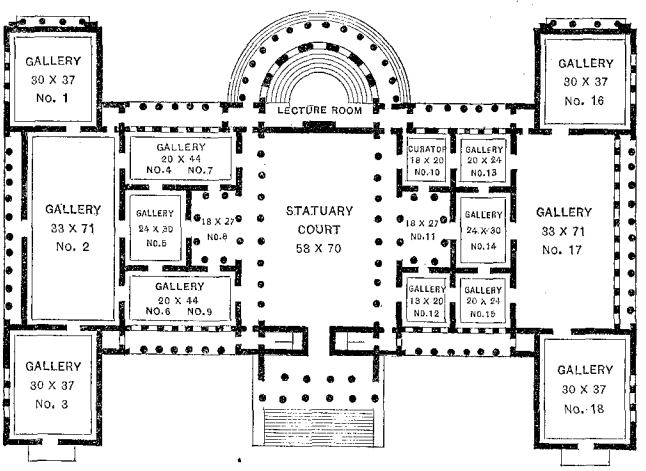
IN 1861 the first public art exhibition in Buffalo was held under the auspices of the Young Men's Association. This led to the organization of the Fine Arts Academy a year later. It was through this tentative exhibition, begun with many qualms, but resulting in a proven success, that Buffalo became the first city west of New York to create a permanent art gallery. It has seemed worth while to mention something of the origins of this gallery, for it has developed from small growth into an expanding flower of civilization.

A Print Department was established in 1901, and this will surely be followed up by provision for other arts and crafts. The present gallery or museum, the princely gift of J. J. Albright to his adopted city—architects Messrs. Green and Weeks—is a white marble structure two hundred and fifty feet long (north and south) and one hundred and fifty feet deep (east and west).

One enters through the Statuary Court, a reminder of the court of antiques at the École des Beaux-Arts, Paris, but on a more restricted scale. This hall runs through the central depth of the building, and opening out of it on either side are the galleries for paintings, engravings, etchings, and other works of art. Ample openings into these are secured without the sacrifice of too much wall space, and all are admirably lighted from above. This successful lighting is not only that of day; at night the illumination comes from powerful electric lights so placed above the ground-glass ceiling that the effect is that of daylight; and by the elimination of visible rows of lights and reflectors the appearance of the gallery is at all times improved.

This by way of approach to the contents of the museum; and if the exterior represents years of organization resulting in this finished gift, the interior, the possessions themselves, are a promise of as complete a culmination. For where an institution can point to a collection, say, of prints so intelligently selected, catalogued, and placed as that presented to the Academy by Willis O. Chapin, the promise, in one branch at least, approaches something very like fruition.

The catalogue, with introduction and notes prepared by Mr. Chapin, is a model pamphlet to be placed in the hands of the layman interested in engraving.



Plan of the Albright Art Gallery.

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Mr. Chapin has been only satisfied with the most perfect examples to be found. His "notes" give a brief review of the processes of line engraving, etching, dry-point, mezzotint, stipple, aquatint, wood engraving and lithography, the origin of engraving, and short sketches of its practice in different countries. The catalogue is profusely illustrated, and contains notes also on special prints to be found in the collection. Here are impressions of engravings by Dürer retaining the freshness of yesterday, and that doubtless have been handled by the great painter himself. The prints, which range from Andrea Mantegna, the earliest shown, to J. F. W. Müller, the latest, cover a period of about four hundred years, and among the two hundred and five numbers of the collection examples of the schools of Italy, Germany, the Netherlands, France, and England are represented.

As there is space only to mention the scope of this collection of prints, we may say that it is perhaps the fullest expression of a single art that the Academy at present possesses. We must now move on and examine other objects, mainly paintings, that already provide this museum with true artistic interest.

Of course if the gallery were at present restricted to its actual possessions it would be somewhat barely provided with exhibits. Its dimensions are such that there is room for it to grow in. It is therefore a wise policy to extend the contents into a kind of loan exhibition. On the left of Statuary Court as one enters from Delaware Avenue is, at the moment, a collection of water-colors from artists' studios, and they are mainly for sale. It is the present purpose of the Academy to hold such exhibitions from time to time, and as Buffalo is a picture-buying community this will doubtless encourage the presence of work by our best painters.

On entering gallery No. 1 we are confronted by a full-size repetition of Saint-Gaudens' Shaw Memorial, which fills the east wall. It suffers somewhat, as does everything designed for a particular place, by surroundings it was not destined for, and also through being on a lower line than it is on Boston Common. In this room also is placed the Elizabeth H. Gates collection, numbering from one to nineteen, containing a fine Van Marcke, an Édouard Detaille, a Clays, a Madrazo and a Vibert.

We will, as we have begun, confine ourselves to those works that are the property of the Academy itself. With this intention in mind, we may say, then, that an institution with a nucleus of work which includes examples by Mesdag, Van Marcke, Jacque, Detaille, Lhermitte and Franz Thaulow among foreigners, and by Saint-Gaudens, George Inness, Childe Hassam, F. W. Benson, D. W. Tryon, R. Swain Gifford, F. S. Church, J. Siddons Mowbray, Worthington Whittredge, and Jervis McEntee among native painters, gives the pledge of a sturdy growth.

Many other painters, some of much significance also, are to be seen here, but these are placed temporarily, as loans by either private individuals, artists, or dealers.

It is really the significance of the actual possessions that interest us—to note what kind of art is permanently accessible to the cities that are establishing museums for the education and cultivation of the people.

In Buffalo, it is a pleasure to observe that those who are capable of enriching the gallery and are disposed to do so are of cosmopolitan taste, in sympathy with the art movements of the day, and we have only to stroll through these rooms to verify this fact. Under the administration of Charles M. Kurtz, the director, this spirit is sure to be kept alive; indeed, Mr. Kurtz has lately returned from abroad and, at this writing, is installing a representative exhibition of Scotch painters, that Glasgow school which has shown such force and freshness in its outlook on nature in the productions of its recent past.

It is, as will be seen, of importance to those who have the art interests of the country at heart to learn of the æsthetic assets, so to speak, of the more prominent museums that are being created or that are growing up in towns away from such centres as New York, Boston, and the larger cities of our land.

In the case of Buffalo, then, an inspection of the pictures owned by the Academy there, whose home is the Albright Gallery, rewards one by presenting a range of painting that has struck the writer as peculiarly significant in its object lesson revealing former and present methods of using pigment.

One could receive no more pointed lesson on the practice of the painters of the school of Delaroche and the Vernets compared with that of the painters of to-day if one

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were to step from certain rooms in the Louvre to the Galerie Georges Petit during an exhibition, say, of Besnard than is furnished by this interesting museum we are discussing. For here, by some hazard, chance, accident, or good fortune, we find opportunity for the comparative study of the misuse and correct use of the medium of oil-painting.

The public cannot be too frequently reminded of the legitimate use of a given medium in any branch of art, and for an art museum, which is, or should be an educational institution, the placing of a work there that presents an idea through a mistaken vehicle of expression is, for purposes of instruction, a valuable possession.

Having said this, we will now mention a picture by a Frenchman, because it emphasizes a point that this collection, by contrast, and as a whole, happily illustrates. A huge canvas by Félix Phillipoteaux, named "The French Revolution," meaning the Revolution of 1848, is the picture in question. This work is so far removed, in conception, treatment, inspiration, from any impulse that would be likely to urge a painter of the present to the selection of a theme, that the interest it arouses in the intelligent mind is that of curiosity in examining so obvious an example of a vanished school.

It belongs in the same class of pictorial representation as that practised by Géricault, Delaroche, the Vernets—painters who failed to feel that art, in painting, meant interpretation, and who trained their talents into the service of a kind of heroic illustration. Representation for them seemed to be the end and aim of painting, and they strove to become impressive through sheer bigness. The idea of this picture appears to be the calling a halt to anarchy by the compelling influence of superior mind—a literary theme, not an artistic one. It is given a page and a half in the catalogue by way of explanatory text—this fact in itself goes to show that the artist has mistaken the medium by which to tell his story.

There is nothing in the canvas that the painter who works to-day would find as lending itself to the happy use of brush and color. The innumerable figures are not wrought and welded into a grand mass through which we can trace some splendid, constructive line that would, if thus managed, give an æsthetic *raison d'être* to the choice of subject. It is a theatrical *mise en scène*, with all the studied grouping and stage business of a stage manager—in short, it is a *tableau*. But it is interesting, as we have said; for in it we find striking contrast to our latter-day appreciation of the use of pigment and the practice of painting as a means of expressing our feeling in relation to things of the outside world; and to go through these galleries and note, as we shall, instances of a legitimate employment of these means may be productive of a certain illumination on the subject of the right and wrong uses of paint. From this point of view, then, the possession of such a work as this by a public museum is fortunate, instructive, regarded as an example of a vanishing phase of art. There are some canvases of this kind in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, which are also of service in the way of "horrible examples" of the misapprehension of the function of painting as a fine art. After seeing this picture by Phillipoteaux, we are likely to understand more clearly the right employment of painting as shown in some pictures we may be able to point out in examining the treasures collected here.

We cannot conveniently take the galleries by numbers in sequence, for all are not in use at present as exhibition rooms, so we will merely mention the number of the gallery in which certain pictures are to be found. In gallery 2, then, hangs a breezy spirited picture by George Inness, "The Coming Storm," a characteristic canvas by this distinguished painter. It marks the period when he was breaking away from the close and somewhat rigid method which he, in common with many other ultimately free painters, pursued in the early stages of their craft. Wind-driven clouds, in this picture, sweep across the upper part of the canvas, and in the middle distance the trees are tossing in the breeze. The meadow receives the cold light that is often a quality of such atmospheric conditions, and this is an added testimony to the fidelity of observation that has been present in the production of the work.

In gallery 12, "An Evening in May" is the title of an exquisite hour in nature which D. W. Tryon has rendered with a subtle artistic touch. Sensitiveness of observation and a rare delicacy of color mark this canvas, for it has all the fragile and evanescent charm of springtime. "Gloucester Harbor," in gallery 3, by Childe Hassam, is an-

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other phase of nature expressed by other means, and no less successfully than that depicted by Tryon; and it is a pleasure to discover by what different methods truthful results may be obtained. The silvery quality of this canvas is of another time of day, while the juxtaposition in small particles of pure pigment has not destroyed the simplicity of the impression the artist has conveyed. The unity of effect produced by these touches of color happily placed makes in itself an appeal to one's sense of harmony that is peculiarly satisfying, and when added to this we realize a certain topographical character imparted to the scene we become conscious of a mastery that is impressive.

It would be a pleasant task, if space permitted, to stop longer before certain canvases forming the permanent collection of this museum and speak of their charm and the reason for it, and note how receptive this institution has been to the new outlook of painters. The *plein-air* workers are favorites here, and no wonder when so sunny a transcription as "The Sisters," by F. W. Benson, can be secured as a keynote to all out of doors. This delightful picture in gallery 5 fairly throbs with open air, and is a justification, if one were needed, of this kind of return to nature. "The Haymakers," by Léon A. Lhermitte, gallery 1, is another subject "in the open," but not perhaps so successful in its conclusions as the essay by Benson. It is a work of much competence in both drawing and composition, but in producing it the painter has relied more on his memory, and preferred the seclusion and deliberation afforded by the studio to the brilliant but distracting inspiration of out of doors. "A Mountain Brook," by Wyant, in gallery 2, is a page of nature interpreted in a way most characteristic of this painter. What he lacked in virility he made up in rare appreciation of the sylvan charm of woods and brooks, and in the possession of a palette that contained in great purity the myriad hues of the natural world. Few give so successfully and with so loose and free a touch the shimmer and the glint of light through leaves and on wet pebbly banks of murmuring streams. He is a poet of the woods and sings his song legitimately through the medium of pigment. We find, also in gallery 2, a picture by William Graham which is of a fine quality in its grays and has a sky of much fidelity of feeling, receding in distance with such effective truth that the foreground objects stand up against it and in the air, with their light-bathed surfaces convincingly before you. This is a statement made by one not technically skilful, perhaps, but of artistic feeling—it is better than clever—it is truly "seen."

If more of the paintings are not mentioned it is not because there are not more of importance, but rather that we are urged on to brief mention of other objects deserving of notice.

It must be told, and it is a pleasure to tell it, that here may be found, presented by Dr. Frederick H. James, one of the most complete collections of the etchings of Sir Seymour Haden, and that in itself is a distinction. Etchings in different "states," trial proofs, proofs marked as being in rare intermediate state, before the signature, before numbered impressions, and in every condition that the fastidious amateur could wish for when he tastes, with the delight of an intellectual gourmet, this feast of fine art.

Naturally here, as in all organizations of the kind, the high quality of certain acquisitions has not been reached at once, and there is the usual background of possessions relegated to the semi-obscurity of below-stairs. They are retained, and rightly; for perfection of craft is not the only quality that influences the selections made for museums, and some of these works are reminders of a past phase of our landscape art, and historically are interesting, though failing perhaps in æsthetic significance. This is the seed that has flowered above stairs, and it is of interest, not only as we have said, on the historical side, but as illustrating the growth of taste in a community, and herein a lesson lies of encouraging omen to other centres that would sow likewise.

FRANK FOWLER.

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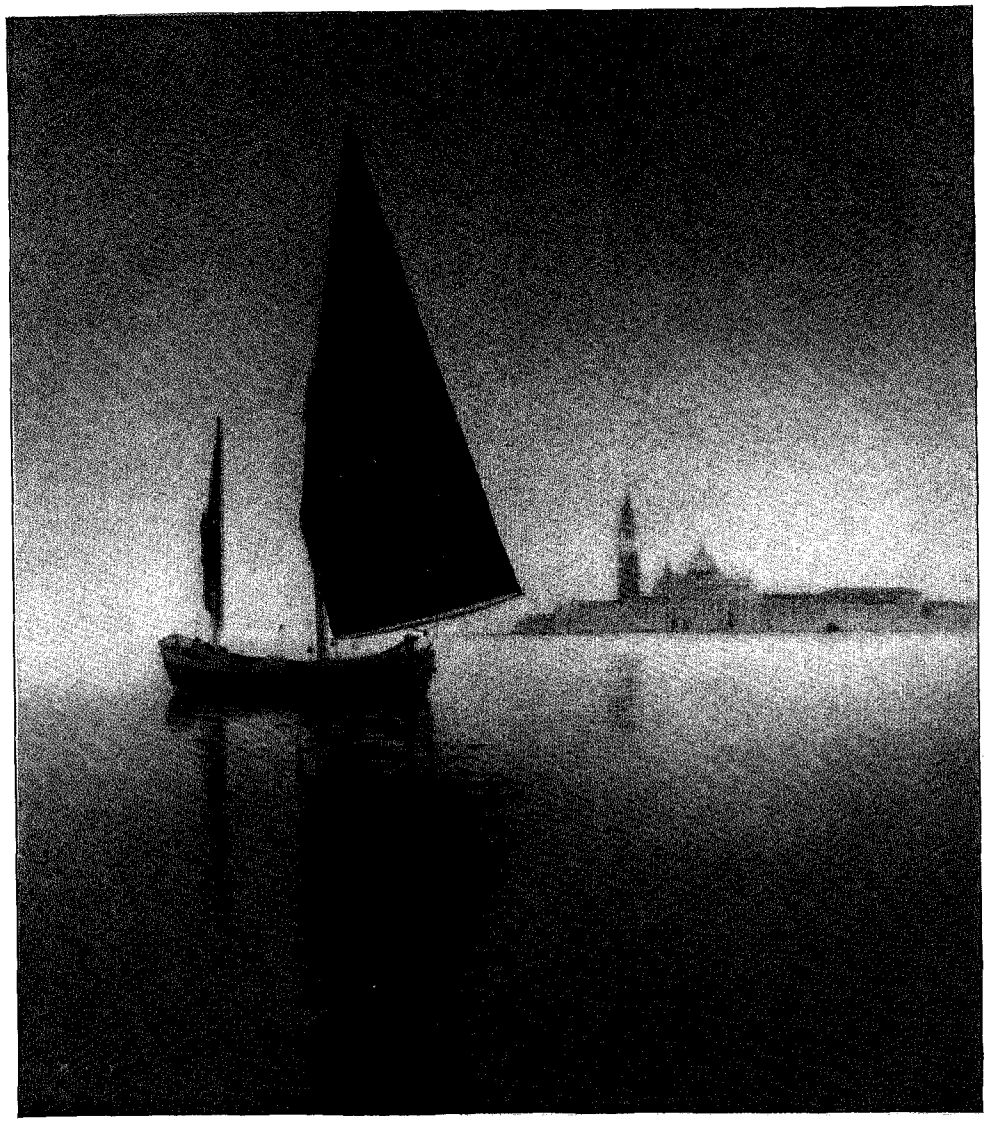

Drawn by Maxfield Parrish.

VENICE —TWILIGHT.

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